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OUR MONSTER TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

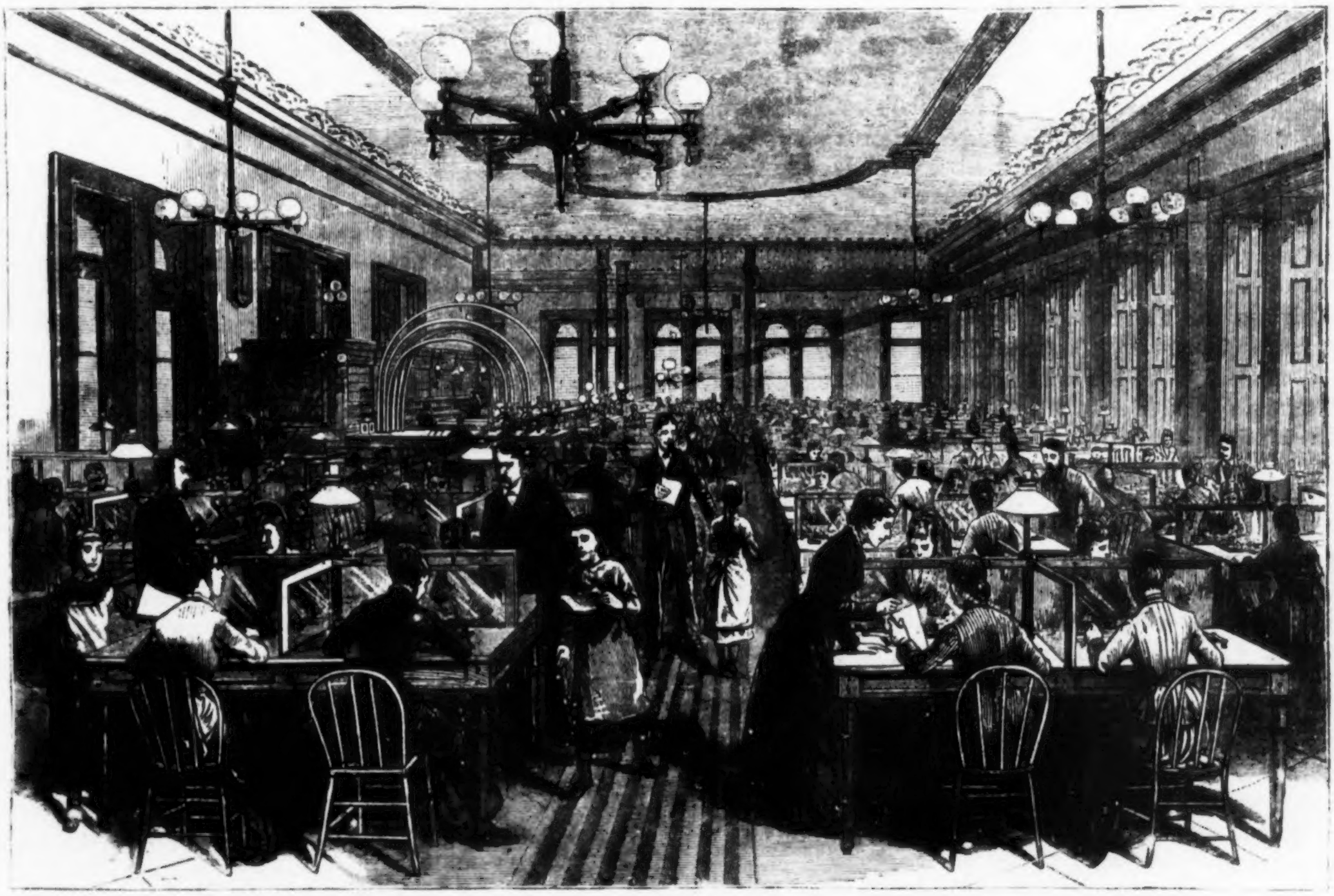
As, on a very recent occasion, I struggled with the tide in Broadway, *en route* to the gigantic and magnificent building of the Western Union Telegraph Company, my thoughts instinctively reverted to the marvelous discovery of the "linked lightning"; and, tracing its progress as I elbowed my way in the ruck of breathing automata, my memory stood me in good stead.

The phenomenon of electrical attraction produced by friction of bodies was, in some instances, known to the ancients. It was first noticed about six hundred years before the Christian era, by Thales, the founder of Ionic philosophy. He observed that when amber was subjected to friction, it acquired the power of attracting light substances, such as bits of feathers.

Three hundred years later, Theophrastus observed that a hard stone (supposed to be tourmaline), when rubbed, attracted straws and little pieces of sticks in its vicinity. Pliny, as well as other naturalists, both Greek and Roman, remarked, at different dates, the same phenomenon, which they regarded, in the spirit of the times, with superstitious reverence. Fain would I follow Mr. R. Sabine, and other able authorities, in their learned description of the progress of "hand lightning," but the exigencies of space will admit but of a flash glance, and this, too, at but distant intervals.

The first systematic inquiry into the subject was undertaken by Dr. Gilbert, toward the close of the sixteenth century. Dr. Wall, in the middle of the seventeenth century, discovered the electric spark on rubbing a cylinder of amber with a piece of flannel. On approaching the cylinder with his finger, he obtained, for the first time, the spark, and noticed the noise which always accompanies it.

The first discovery on record of the power of transmitting the electric fluid to a distance through an insulated wire, is that of Stephen Grey. Having succeeded in



GENERAL OPERATING ROOM IN THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

XUM

electrifying a glass tube open at both ends, Grey was desirous of finding out whether he could obtain the same result if he stopped up the ends with corks. The experiment succeeded, and he was surprised to find the corks also highly electrified. On presenting the corked ends of the tube to a feather, he found that the feather was at first attracted, and then repelled. This led him to infer that the electricity which the tube had acquired by friction, passed spontaneously to the corks. From the communication of electricity from tubes to corks, Grey was led to transmit it through strings and wires; and in 1727, we find him employing a wire seven hundred feet long, suspended in the air by silk threads, to one end of which he brought his excited glass tube, whilst another person at the other end observed the electrification.

After Grey came Desaguilliers, who assorted Grey's discoveries into two classes, namely, "electrics" or non-conductors, and "non-electrics" or conductors. On making experiments on the attraction of any light substance by an electrified body, it had been observed by Grey that the former was repelled from the moment it was itself electrified by contact. It was further remembered that when the electrified body was a rod of glass, the light body would be strongly attracted by a stick of resin, also electrified by friction. In 1733, was concluded, from the combination of these facts, the existence of two electricities. It was supposed that all bodies in their natural state contained an equal amount of each of these electricities in equilibrium, but that from the moment the equilibrium was upset, and until it was re-established, the elements would divide themselves between the rubber and the rubbed body—those identical with the electricity of a glass rod showing themselves in some bodies, and in others those of the same nature as the electricity of a piece of resin. This occasioned the former to be called *vitreous electricity*, and the latter *resinous electricity*.

Benjamin Franklin, believing in only one fluid, gave the name of *positive electricity* to that which had been called vitreous, and *negative* to that called resinous. Dufay, without the remotest idea of the transmission of signals for practical purposes, and out of pure curiosity, made some excellent attempts to ascertain the distance to which electric attraction could be observed in an insulated wire. In 1746, Winckler, in Leipsic, and in 1747 Bishop Watson in England, took up the same inquiry; while the discovery of the Leyden jar by Muschenbroeck, of Leyden, in the former year, came very opportunely for the experimenters in the transmission of electrical power. Muschenbroeck was the first man who received an electric shock, and he exclaimed to his friend Réamur, after describing the sensation, "For the whole Kingdom of France I would not take a second shock."

In 1747 Watson stretched a wire across the River Thames, over the old Westminster Bridge. One end was fixed to the exterior coating of a Leyden jar, the interior coating being connected to earth through the body of the experimenter, and the other end held by a person who grasped an iron rod. The moment the latter dipped the rod into the river both felt the shock. Subsequently, in the same year, Watson transmitted an electric discharge through 2,800 feet of wire, and an equal distance of earth; and on the 14th of August, in the same year, repeated his experiments on a considerably larger scale, transmitting the electric impulse through 10,600 feet of wire suspended between wooden poles. In 1748 Franklin made similar experiments across the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, and Le Duc across the Lake of Geneva.

But up to this time the experiments had been conducted without suspicion of the glorious results to which they were leading; and to a correspondent in the *Scot's Magazine* for 1753, under date of February 1st, signing C. M., on the page headed "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence," must the credit be given of being the first who published the idea of applying electricity to the telegraph. This interesting communication, of which I quote the first portion, runs as follows:

> "RENFREW, Feb. 1st, 1753.
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> "*To the Editor of the 'Scot's Magazine':*
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> "SIR—It is well known to all who are conversant in electrical experiments, that the electric power may be propagated along a small wire, from one place to another, without being sensibly abated by the length of its progress. Let, then, a set of wires, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet, be extended horizontally between two given places, parallel to one another, and each of them about an inch distant from that next to it. At every twenty yards' end let them be fixed in glass, or jeweler's cement, to some firm body, both to prevent them from touching the earth or any other non-electric, and from breaking by their own gravity. Let the electric gun-barrel be placed at right angles with the extremities of the wires, and about one inch below them. Also, let the wires be fixed in a solid piece of glass, at six inches from the end; and let that part of them which reaches from the glass to the machine have sufficient spring and stiffness to recover its situation after having been brought in contact with the barrel. Close by the supporting glass, let a ball be suspended from every wire; and about a sixth or an eighth of an inch below the balls place the letters of the alphabet, marked on bits of paper, or any other substance that may be light enough to rise to the electrified ball; and at the same time let it be so continued that each of them may re-assume its proper place when dropped. All things constructed as above, and the minute previously fixed, I begin the conversation with my distant friend in this manner: Having set the electrical machine a-going as in ordinary experiments, suppose I am to pronounce the word *Sir;* with a piece of glass, or any other *electric per se*, I strike the wire *S*, so as to bring it in contact with the barrel, then *i*, then *r*, all in the same way; and my correspondent, almost in the same instant, observes these several characters rise in order to the electrified balls at his end of the wires. Thus I spell away as long as I think fit; and my correspondent, for the sake of memory, writes the characters as they rise, and may join and read them afterward as often as he inclines. Upon a signal given, or from choice, I stop the machine, and taking up the pen in my turn, I write down whatever my friend at the other end strikes out."

To Lesage, however, belongs the honor of having established in practice the first telegraph wire for the transmission of signals. This system was almost the realization of the Scotchman. Lesage erected at Geneva, in 1774, a telegraph line of twenty-four metallic wires, insulated from each other; each wire was connected at the further end to a separate pith-ball electroscope, and corresponded to one of the letters of the alphabet. In this way any letter could be indicated by bringing to the end of the wire corresponding to the letter to be sent a source of static electricity, produced by friction, which would immediately cause the divergence of the pith-balls of that particular electroscope.

In 1787, Lomond, by the employment of a delicate electroscope, and combinations of signals, given by the divergence of pith-balls, succeeded in transmitting intelligence with the aid of a single line of wire. In 1794, Reusser proposed the construction of a telegraph by means of electrical discharges passing over the parts of a broken conductor inclosed in a glass tube, or by letters formed by spaces cut out of parallel strips of tinfoil pasted on square plates of glass. In Spain, at the same date, telegraphy was done on a single line of wire stretched in the air between Madrid and Araujnez—a space of twenty-seven miles. Cavallo, in 1795, professed to transmit letters by means of sparks and pauses.

Galvanic electricity commenced to occupy public attention at the beginning of the present century. In 1790, Madame Galvani, wife of the Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, being attacked by a slight cold, her physician prescribed her a "frog bath." Frogs were provided for the purpose, skinned, washed and laid upon a table in the laboratory of the professor, to await the moment when they were to undergo the culinary operation. Madame Galvani was there with one of the professor's assistants, who was at the moment engaged in some experiments with a large electrical machine which stood upon the same table. Whenever the assistant, in the course of his experiments, took sparks from the conductor of the machine, Madame Galvani was astonished to observe a twitching resembling life in the limbs of the dead frogs. This circumstance excited the lady's curiosity in the highest degree, and she related her observation to her husband, who immediately repeated the experiment, and found the convulsions return whenever he took sparks from the machine.

Galvani followed up, by experiments in animal electricity, and on his heels came Volta, who, in 1800, contended, and successfully, that the simple contact of two dissimilar metals was sufficient to develop electricity, and that the strength of the electricity excited depended upon the nature of the metals. To Volta is due the apparatus known to all electricians as the Voltaic Pile.

In the year 1808, Herr Sömmering invented a system of telegraphy based upon the discovery of the British chemists, Nicholson and Carlisle, that water is decomposed into its constituents of oxygen and hydrogen by the Voltaic current. At the same date, Prof. Coxe, of Pennsylvania, published a system, described by him in a paper published in "Thomson's Annals of Electricity," 1810, which had for its *pied à terre* the same idea as that promulgated by Sömmering.

In 1820, Prof. Oersted, of Copenhagen, proved that a magnetic needle, suspended in the neighborhood of a wire in which a current of electricity was passing, was deflected from its position of rest. The brilliant discovery by Oersted of electro-magnetism was speedily followed by attempts to employ it for the telegraph, which made, from this time, gigantic progress toward its present state of perfection. At this date, too, Prof. Schweiger, of Halle, invented an apparatus, which he made by coiling a wire several times round a magnetic needle, and found that the deflecting force increased with the number of turns. This apparatus—the electro-magnetic multiple—has since become one of the most essential instruments for the measurement and indication of galvanic electricity. To Faraday, who commenced his experiments in 1831, we owe the two discoveries, not less important in physics than useful in relation to the telegraph—volta-electric induction and magneto-electricity.

Gauss and Weber's line, perfected by Prof. Sternhiel, of Munich, is worthy of special mention. The line wires were in three parts: the first included a length of 30,500 feet, erected in the air a few inches over the roofs of the houses, between the Royal Academy of Munich and the Observatory at Bogenhausen. The weight of this section was about 200 pounds. The greatest span between two poles was 400 yards. The second section of the line was 2,000 yards, and the third about 400 yards.

In 1834, Cooke and Wheatstone put up a telegraph on the London and Birmingham, and Great Western railway lines; but it was found to be too expensive, and was abandoned. The history of the subject so far shows us that no single individual can claim the distinction of having been the inventor of the electric telegraph.

And now a few words about Morse, ere I electrically leap to the telegraph system of the present day, in all its incomprehensible wonders.

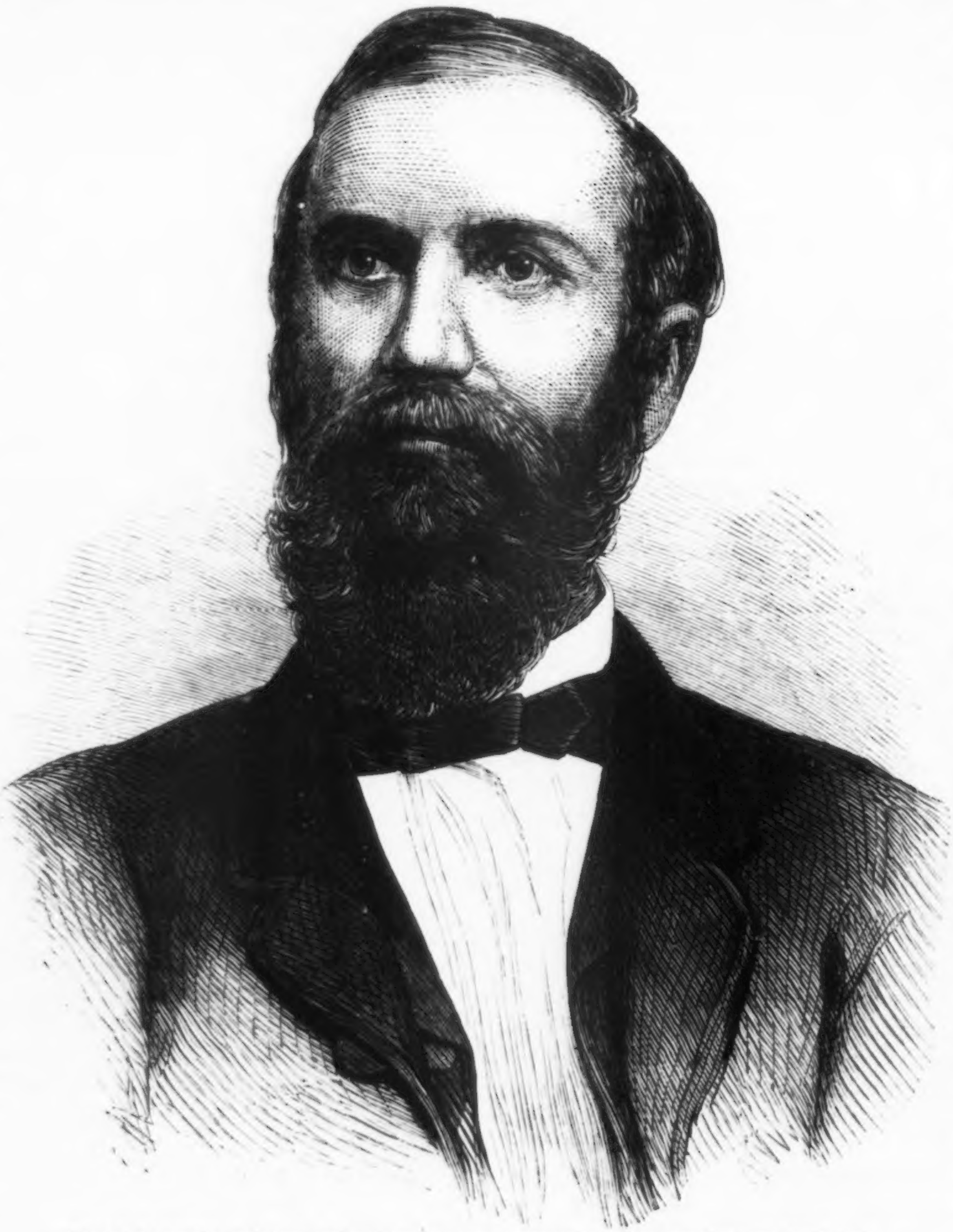
Samuel Finley Breeze Morse was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 27th, 1791, and died in New York, April 2d, 1872. He graduated at Yale in 1810, and went to England in 1811 with Washington Allston, to study painting under his tuition and that of Benjamin West. In 1813 he received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts, for an original model of a "Dying Hercules," his first attempt at sculpture. He returned to this country in 1815, where he practiced his profession, and took up his residence in New York in 1822. Morse's mind became saturated with electro-magnetism, consequent upon his familiar intercourse with Prof. J. Freeman Dana. Morse embarked, in the Autumn of 1832, at Havre, on board the packet-ship *Sully;* and in a casual conversation with some of the passengers, on the then recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity or relation of electricity and magnetism, Morse's mind conceived not merely the idea of an electric telegraph, but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. A part of the apparatus was constructed in New York before the close of 1832, but circumstances prevented its completion before 1835, when he put up a half-mile of wire in coils around a room, and exhibited a telegraph in operation. In September, 1837, he exhibited the operation of his system in the University of New York. In this year he filed his caveat in the Patent Office in Washington, and asked Congress for aid to build an experimental line from that city to Baltimore. The House Committee on Commerce gave a favorable report, but the session ended without action, and Morse went to Europe, in hope of interesting foreign governments in his invention. The result was a refusal to grant him letters patent in England, and the obtaining of a useless *brevet d'invention* in France, and no exclusive privilege in any other country.

He returned home to struggle again with scanty means for four years, during which he continued his appeals at Washington. His last hope expired on the last evening of the session of 1842-3; but in the morning, March 4th, he was startled with the announcement that the desired aid of Congress had been obtained in the midnight hour of the expiring session, and $30,000 placed at his disposal for his experimental essay between Washington and Baltimore. In 1844 the work was completed, and demonstrated to the world the practicability and the utility of the Morse system of electro-magnetic telegraphy.

It is doubtful if any American ever before received so many marks of distinction. In 1858, at the instance of Napoleon III., representatives of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, the Holy See, and Turkey, met in Paris to present a collective testimonial to him, and the result was a vote of 400,000 francs as a personal reward for his labor. In 1871 a bronze statue was erected to him in Central Park, New York, by the voluntary contributions of electric telegraph employés.

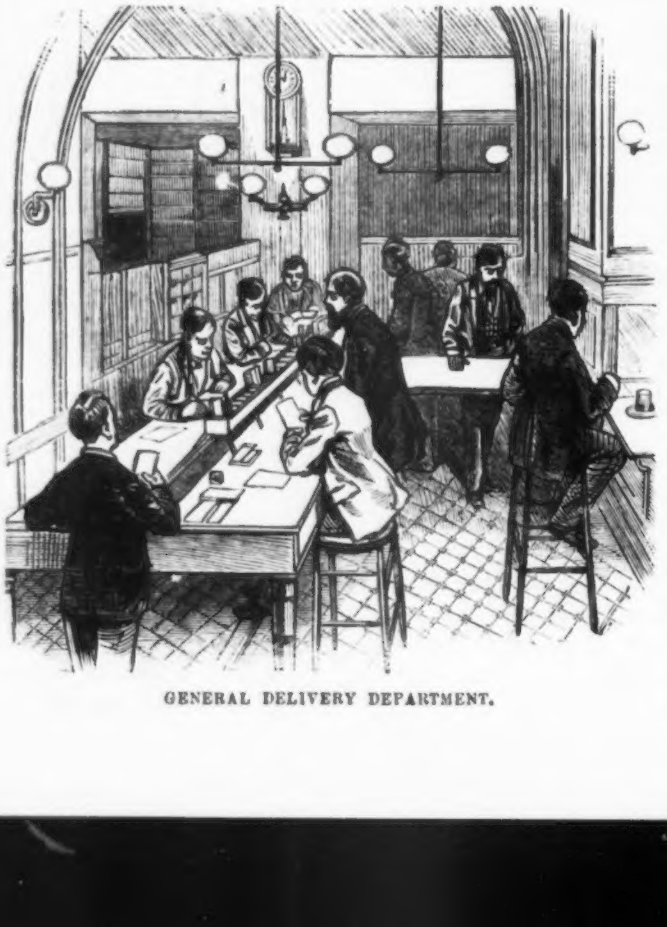
Submarine telegraphy also originated with Prof. Morse, and it was he who first suggested the Atlantic Cable.

Nothing so well illustrates the progress and spread of the telegraph in America as the massive building of ten stories and tower, erected in New York by the Western Union Telegraph Company for its central offices. It is located on the northwest corner of Dey Street and Broadway, in near proximity to the General Post-Office. The site cost $900,000, and comprises three lots, 25x100 feet, on Broadway, and two lots, 25x78, in the rear on Dey Street. The work of excavation commenced September, 1872. The building was ready for occupation February 1st, 1875, and the transfer from 145 Broadway was made at that time. The total cost was $2,200,000. Thirty years ago a basement room, at a rent of $500, was deemed adequate to all necessities.



WILLIAM ORTON, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The style of the building may be called, with some latitude, the French Renaissance. The outer wall is 140 feet in height. The distance from the pavement to the top of the tower is 230 feet. It is is fire-proof throughout. The walls of the first two floors are of granite, from Quincy, Mass., and Richmond, Va. The walls above are of Baltimore brick, with occasional belts of Richmond granite. The roof, embracing three floors, is of iron, so constructed as to require support only from the outer walls, thus leaving the seventh floor, which is the operating department, an unbroken area of 145x70, with a height from floor to ceiling of 23 feet. This is accomplished by the use of iron-truss beams of great strength, which span the walls. The tower, also of iron, derives support from four massive columns which rest on the east end of the seventh floor. The floors throughout are of iron beams, arched with brick and overlaid with artificial stone, known as the Beton Coignet flooring. The borders of the rooms and the whole of the main halls are laid with encaustic tile.

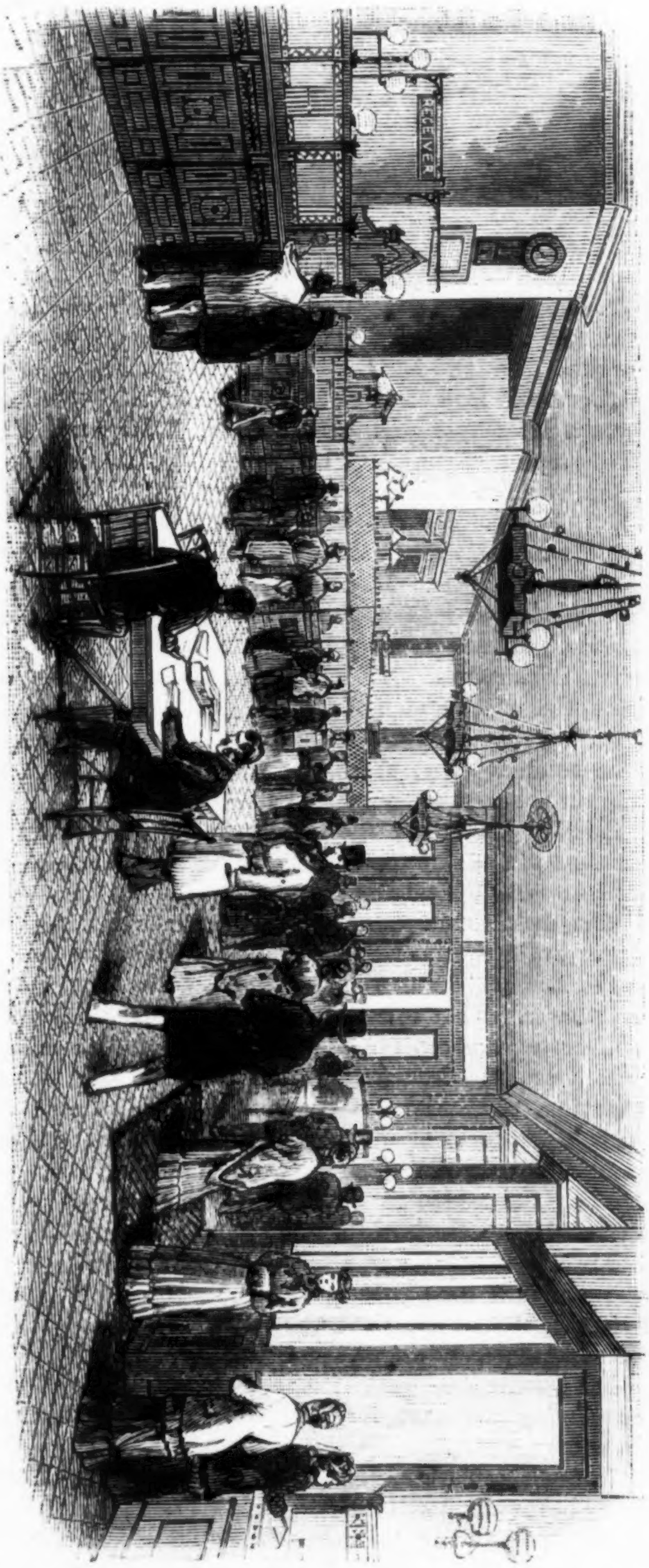


GENERAL DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.

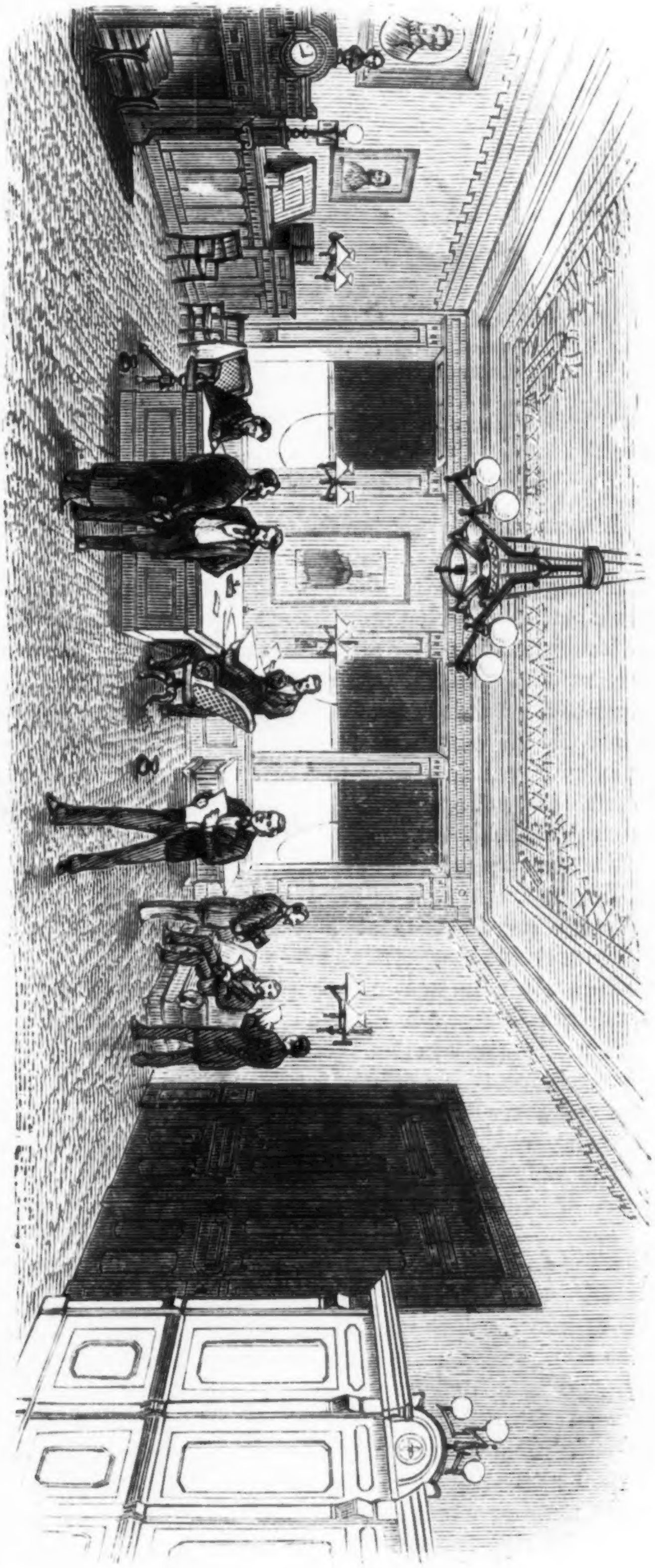
On the cellar floor are six forty-horse-power steam tubular boilers with furnaces. Three of these are for heating purposes. Three others supply power to the machinery which operates the elevators, pneumatic tubes, and hoisters. On this floor are 18 wells, having a united yielding capacity of 300 gallons per minute, and which are united by a common pipe to a Worthington duplex pump, capable of pumping 1,000 gallons per minute to tanks of great capacity, built on the northwestern angle of the eighth floor, and which are connected by large iron pipes with all the halls, where they are pierced by fire-plugs and supplied with abundant hose, ready for instant use in case of fire. These wells terminate in a water stratum below a hard pan which excludes all surface water, and is pure and unfailing.

In the space between the engine floor and the ground floor is the packing room of the Supply department. Here all packing is done. Sidewalk hoisters receive and discharge material. From this room are sent, at regular intervals, supplies for the officers in response to requisitions approved by the superintendents. These packages exceed 30,000 per annum.

The ground floor is occupied by the public message reception rooms, the Money Transfer department, the delivery and enveloping staff, the Treasurer, and keeper of stores. The treasurer's office has an independent entrance from Broadway, and has attached thereto a large vault encased with massive iron plate, beneath the main entrance. The receiving department is elegant and spacious. The main entrance is from the southeast corner of Broadway and Dey Street. Double doors protect from cold. The floor is laid with encaustic tile in mosaic. A space 80x19 is assigned to the public, and desks for the preparation of messages are amply provided. A man is constantly occupied keeping the apartment clean and properly provided with writing material. A floor-walker preserves order and gives information. In a neatly inclosed barrier at the entrance is the office of the cashier and his assistants, and of the Money Transfer Agent. Between this and the general receiving desks is a wide passage leading to a neatly arranged ladies' waiting-room, and to three elevators which run continuously to and from the floors above, and which carry on an average about 5,000 persons per day. In a continuous counter of much elegance are the Cable, General Message, City, and Delivery departments, in which may be seen men such as Edmund Clasback and John B. Oltman, who have been in the service almost since the wires entered Gotham. Four pneumatic tubes, one from the cashier's and three from the general delivery and receiving departments, connect with the operating room. A staff of about 100 messengers occupy a space in the rear of the delivery department, having an independent exit on Dey Street. The rear rooms are occupied by the keeper of stores, and the Supply department.



RECEIVING ROOM.



PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

The first and second floors are occupied by tenants. The exception to this is a single room occupied by the editor of *The Journal of the Telegraph*, the official paper of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The third, fourth and fifth floors are occupied by the Executive officers of the Company, with their assistants and subordinates, and also by the Electrician, Auditor, Tariff bureau, General Superintendents, and the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company. The sixth floor contains the batteries, averaging 15,000 cells. The wardrobes of the operators occupy apartments at each end of the sixth floor.

The operating room is the chief feature of the building. Its dimensions are 150 by 75 feet. It receives light from every side from 42 windows, and at night from 181 gas-burners, lighted by electricity, 80 of which are from ten chandeliers. The gas fixtures are in the style known as *verd-antique*. The room is warmed by fifteen steam radiators, and 20 ventilators carry off the foul air. The outlook from the windows, which overtop all adjacent buildings, is magnificent.

The operating tables number 84. These are of cherry frames with mahogany tops, flat, and intersected by plates of glass 12 inches wide, incased in light mahogany frames, which bisect the table at right angles, separating the sounds, and accommodate four sets of machinery. The tables are 5 feet 8 inches long, by 3 feet 8 inches wide. The machinery at present employed is as follows:

INSTRUMENTS IN USE.

Morse Sounders	10,306
Morse Recorders	1,639
Phelps Motor Printers	9
Repeaters	220
Duplex Instruments	183
Quadruplex Instruments	113
Cells of main and local battery	120,551

Pneumatic tubes enter the centre of the room, and connect with the receiving department, the Corn and Produce Exchanges, and with the auxiliary office on Pearl Street, from and to which messages are rapidly conveyed by circular boxes driven by atmospheric suction or pressure. A fine switch-board, tastefully arranged, and of capacity for the distribution of over 300 wires, occupies a conspicuous place in the centre of the north side of the room. On this, giving a fine view to visitors, is arranged a convenient platform approached by a private staircase entering from the sixth floor.

The manager of the operating department is Mr. Alfred S. Downer. After a faithful service of twenty-six years, commencing in 1855 at Montrose, Penn., and in later years with the New York and New England Union Company in New York, he became successively chief operator of the American Telegraph Company in 1861, of the Western Union Company in 1866, assistant manager in 1875, and was assigned to his present responsible post, the duties of which he performs with great skill and discretion, January 1st, 1876.

The office force under Mr. Downer numbers 317 persons, of whom 219 are young men and 98 young women.

The night service, numbering about 100 persons, is under the management of a telegrapher of long standing. The average time of day service is 9½ hours, and of night service 7½ hours. Relays of the staff come on duty at 8 A.M., 5.30 P.M., and at midnight. The work never ceases. The average monthly compensation of male service is $70.21, and of female service, which is limited to day duty, $43.37. The labor performed averages from 45,000 to 50,000 messages handled per day. In 1872, the average daily number was 3,500.

On the eighth floor is the book-keeping department. In this is included the department of check errors. On this floor also are lunch-rooms for the operating and other departments. They are light, cheerful, and convenient. The food is provided and served by the Company at the actual cost of the articles as purchased at the market, the Company paying for cooks, cooking and attendance. A similar arrangement is made on the third and fifth floors for officers of the Company. The bill of fare ordinarily embraces a variety of meats, milk, fruit, coffee and tea. By these lunch-rooms a vast amount of time is saved to the Company, and the lunch-rooms of the officers are utilized for exchange of views on questions of administration. A part of the eighth floor is occupied by the agents of the Associated Press, from whence dispatches for the press received by telegraph are distributed to the various papers.

On the ninth floor are the kitchen, washing and drying rooms, refrigerators, and a number of small sleeping apartments for the use of the janitor and his aids. The tenth floor is occupied as a storeroom for messages, where they are assorted and filed.

On the ridge of the roof and around the tower, well protected by iron railings, is an ample walk, from which, perhaps, the finest view of New York and its surroundings can be seen.

The tower is ascended by an easy flight of stairs. An electric clock with four faces is being made for the clock spaces.

The messenger department is in some respects the most interesting in the building. It occupies the rear of the ground floor, and has ample and well-ventilated accommodations. It is in charge of Mr. John Dauler, who in 1860 was a messenger of the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company, and afterward office-boy in the operating room of that company under Charles L. Whiting and A. S. Brown. He was made night delivery manager in 1863, and on the death of W. H. Hill, in 1872, entered upon his present duties. He conducts this important branch of the service with discretion, minuteness, kindness and devotion. He knows every boy, visits his home, and knows whence he comes. It is a department requiring the closest care, the effectiveness of the whole telegraph service depending largely on the messenger. The consciousness of this trust develops character. Some of the best men in the service were once messengers.

In New York City, at fifty delivery stations, there is an average of four hundred and fifty boys and men engaged in delivering telegraphic messages.

One hundred of these are at the central office. These latter are uniformed in Navy blue. They are paid two and a half cents a message for delivery and three cents for an answer. They earn from $5 to $10 a week. The daily delivery at the central office averages 3,000, one-third of which are night messages, delivered on the following morning. The night messengers are men, usually heads of families, some of whom have seen better days, who are paid $6 per week. The average time for delivery, including the return to the office, is nine minutes five seconds. Every message and the boy delivering it is recorded, and the time watched. An average delay beyond the standard time occurring five times subjects to dismissal. Delivery to the public over the whole extent of Manhattan Island is free.

Mr. Dauler has twenty-four assistants for preparing and enveloping messages for delivery. Almost all of these were messengers.

In the New York messenger service there is much talent. They have several associations. One is the Enterprise Dramatic Association. "Jumbo Gum" in their hands is no second-class production. They give occasional performances. They have also the "Electric Dramatic Association" and the "Electric Glee Club," and have now formed a brass and string band. In all this they find relaxation from their hard duties.

I am indebted to Mr. A. S. Reid, of the Western Union Service, for much of the foregoing information, and to his admirable work, "The Telegraph in America," dedicated, *in memoriam*, to Samuel F. B. Morse and William Orton, the pencil of which tells the reader the wondrous story of the rise and progress of the electric telegraph in this country. Mr. Reid has kindly furnished me with the following statistics :

NUMBER OF MESSAGES.		PROFITS.	
1867	5,879,282	1867	$2,624,919 73
1870	9,157,646	1870	2,229,965 54
1880	29,215,509	1880	5,833,937 79

1880 . Expended in Construction, Reconstruction and Repairs	$1,940,918 69
1880 . . Total number of Offices	9,077
1866 . . Total number of Offices	2,250
1870 . . Miles of Poles	54,100
1880 . . Miles of Poles	85,645
1870 . . Miles of Wire	112,191
1880 . . Miles of Wire	233,534
Number of Quadruplex Circuits	89
Number of Duplex Circuits	77
Miles of Phantom or Unseen Wire created, so called from one wire being equal to 2 in the Duplex and 4 in the Quadruplex, the Phantom Wires being the added capacity	107,491
Cost of Battery	$140,000
Number of Cells	146,000
Average Tolls per Message	39·8 cts.
Average Cost	22·3 cts.
New Offices Opened, 1870 to 1880	5,105
Employés	10,750
Feet of Cables	840,500
1880 . . Sets of Instruments in Use	15,881

In the management of the treasury department the chief has six assistants. Thirty years ago the post was one of mild honor, requiring the occasional service of a member of the Board, who glowed benignantly over a deposit of a thousand dollars per month, and who sometimes was called to supply a treasury deficit by a draft from his private purse. Now the monthly receipts average $1,000,000, and the number of daily remittances, by express and mail, an average of one hundred. Of this large income about one-sixth is the product of fifteen offices in the chief cities of the Union, whose managers make daily deposits to the credit of the Treasurer, in accredited local banks, which are announced by telegraph, and confirmed by postal card from the officers of the bank. These deposits average $6,000 per day. The remittances by express and mail from the smaller telegraph stations exceed $20,000 per day, the packages containing them averaging 2,700 per month. Besides these, remittances from railroad and transportation companies in settlement of current accounts, dues for rents, amounts received from superintendents for the sale of old material, payments for the United States Signal Service, the monthly dues of the various press associations, which alone aggregate $350,000 per annum, and from dividends on stock owned by the Company, swell the total receipts to a monthly average of $1,000,000. In addition to these, also, is to be added the large and growing business of the Money Transfer Service, which, during 1876–7, amounted to $2,464,172.82, the number of transfers having been 38,669. The system upon which all this transfer of money from the 9,000 offices of the Company is accomplished is so exact that losses are exceedingly exceptional and rare. Defalcation is prevented by a close and watchful limitation of the amount on hand, and the prompt audit of accounts. The losses by defalcation during the past ten years have been about one-twentieth of one per cent. Bonds are required from all persons holding fiduciary trusts.

It requires only a month to collate, audit and settle the reports of over 9,000 offices, situated between Cape Breton and Vancouver's Island, and from Cuba to Canada.

The staff of the auditor's department consists of fifty-two persons, twenty-five of whom are ladies. These ladies, who occupy commodious and agreeable apartments, devote themselves exclusively to the examination of what are styled "check reports." These are the records sent monthly by each office, stating how many messages were received, sent, and where paid, and how much, during the previous month. To be correct, the "received" of all offices should compare with the combined "sent," and the charge or check of all offices should correspond with the receipts. The free messages are under the inspection of ten clerks, who make a careful return of the use made of all free privileges, and their amount at ordinary tariff rates. The cable service with Europe is under the audit of five clerks. The general book-keeping with superintendents, railroad companies, leased lines, numerous contracts and the general accounts of the Company are under the care of thirteen clerks, some of whom are men of much ability and experience.

It was in the building of the Erie and Michigan Line that the first record of a man afterward conspicuous and successful as a telegraphic organizer appears. Mr. Jeptha H. Wade was a peripatetic portrait-painter, who, like Morse, earned his living for many years by his brush, and, curiously enough, like Morse also, who took the first daguerreotype in New York, took the first likeness by that mode west of Buffalo. In connection with Mr. Speed, Wade built the line from Detroit to Jackson, and opened and for a time managed the office at Jackson. Mr. Wade was sent to Milan, Mich., June 27th, 1848, where he was allowed a salary for himself and boy of $400 per annum, but where, like a genuine Yankee, he hung out his shingle as operator and portrait-painter.

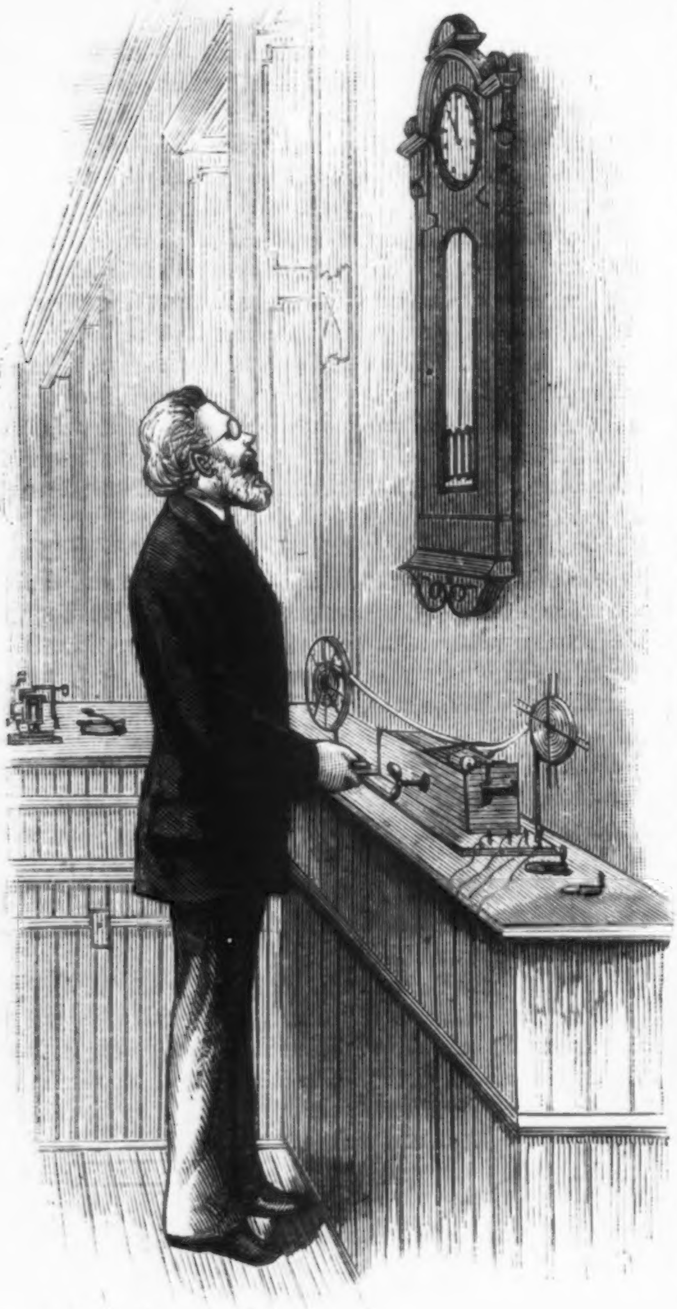
Mr. Wade was burned out at Milan, and, having given up both operating and painting, got the contract for a line from Cleveland to Cincinnati, 350 miles in length, which was called the "Wade Line," and of which Anson Stager became president ; and from this Mr. Wade's career was one of well earned and substantial success.

After performing a splendid service as President of the Pacific Telegraph Company—having also, by his personal presence, united with consummate skill, during 1860-1, the telegraph interests of the Pacific coast—Mr. Wade was, at the annual meeting of the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1866, unanimously elected President.

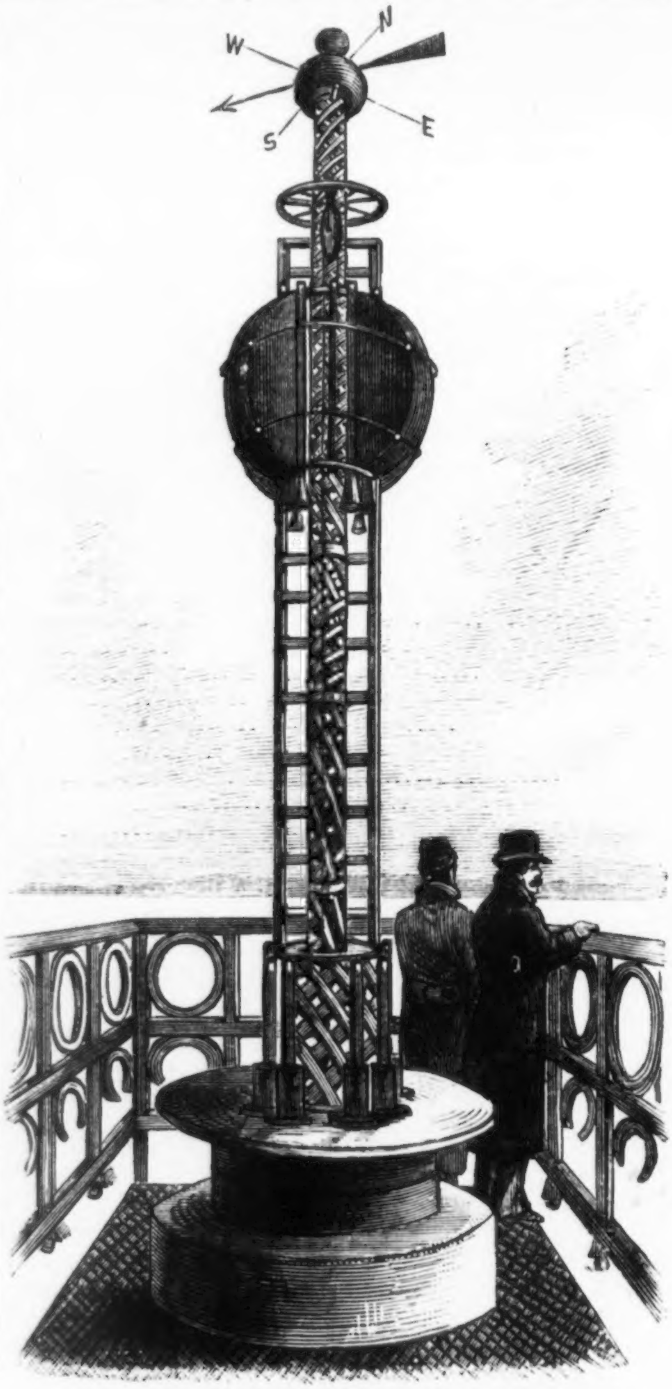
In 1862 Mr. William Orton was collector of internal revenue for the Sixth District of the City of New York. He was young, just past his thirty-sixth year, of delicate physical organization, but with an intellect unusually alert and keen, and of an industry which was earnest almost to ferocity. He was a native of Cuba, N. Y., where he was born June 14th, 1826. His early advantages were restricted, yet practical and thorough. In his early manhood he qualified himself for a teacher, and graduated with honor at the State Normal School at Albany.

In June, 1865, Mr. Orton, who, in connection with his official duties as collector, had, by his assiduity and able treatment of cases involving nice legal discrimination, attracted the attention of the officials of the Treasury Department, was appointed United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with his headquarters at Washington. He was elected President of the United States Telegraph Company, and subsequently of the Western Union Company. His masterful handling of the interests confided to him earned the splendid prize to be bestowed upon him, which reflected as much credit upon those who conferred it as to the recipient.

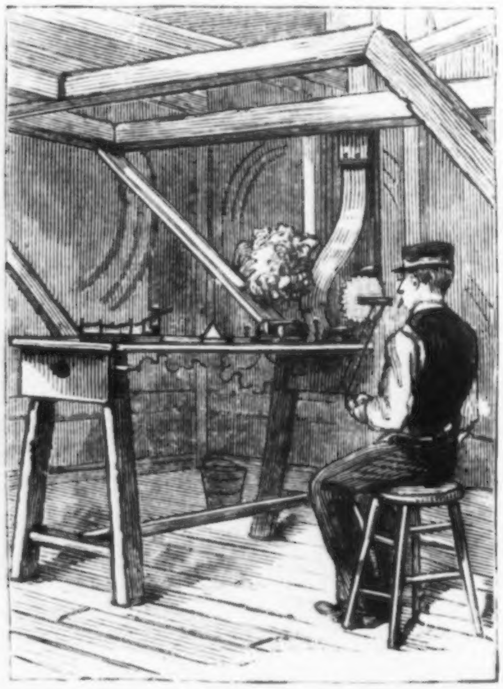
Pushing aside the great swinging doors at the basement entrance of the Western Union Building, I found myself in a large hall bearing all the semblance of the



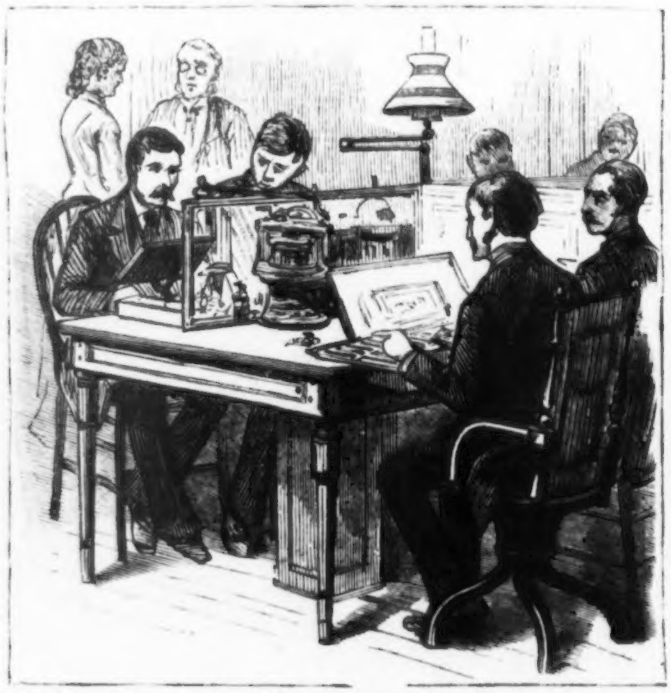
RECEIVING TIME FROM WASHINGTON.



WESTERN UNION TIME-BALL.

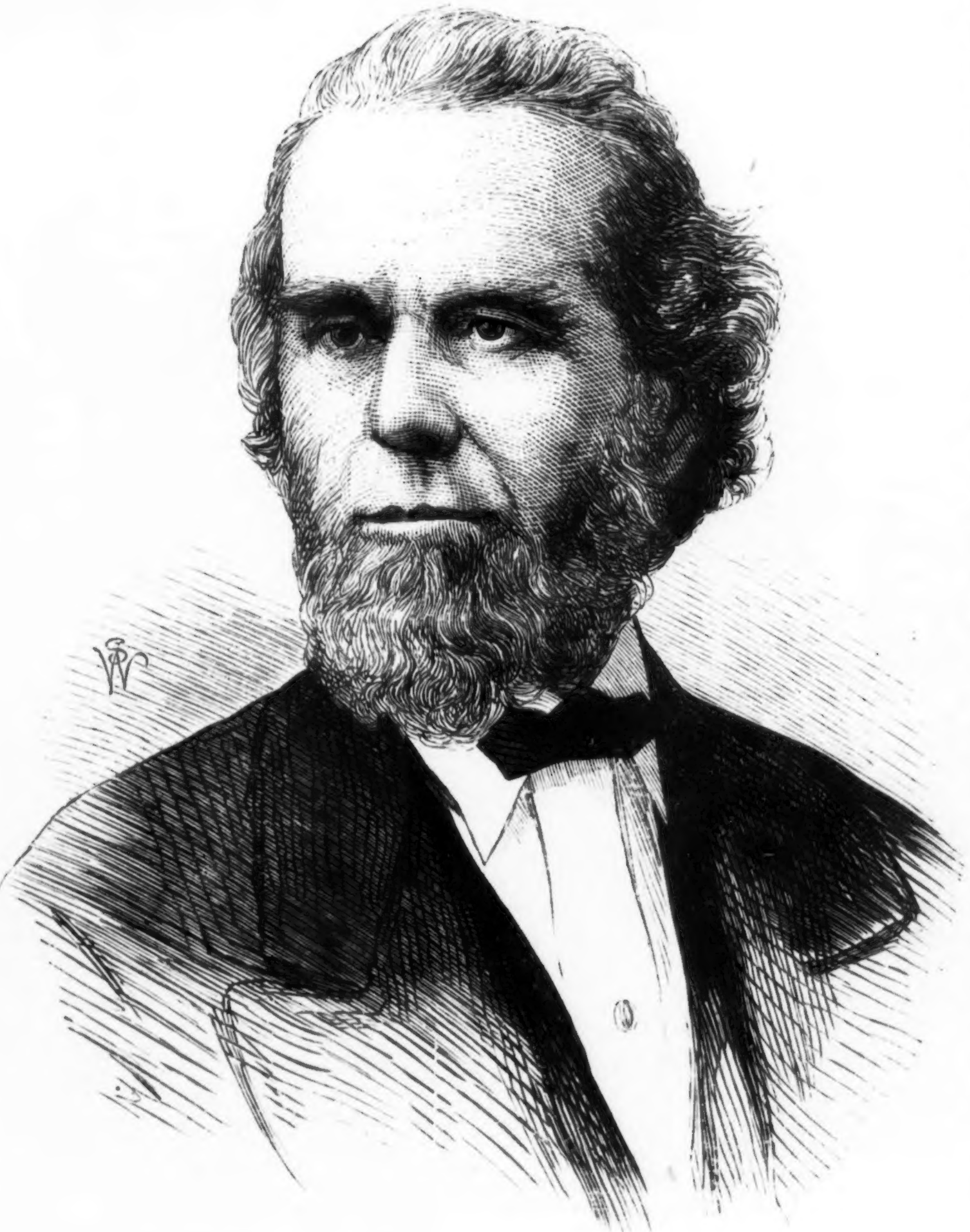


HOISTING THE BALL.

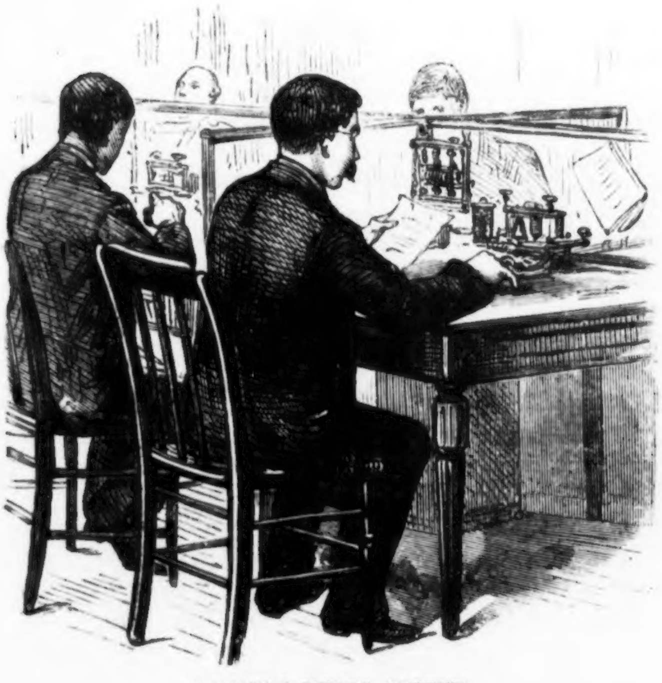


GRAY'S ELECTRIC MOTOR.

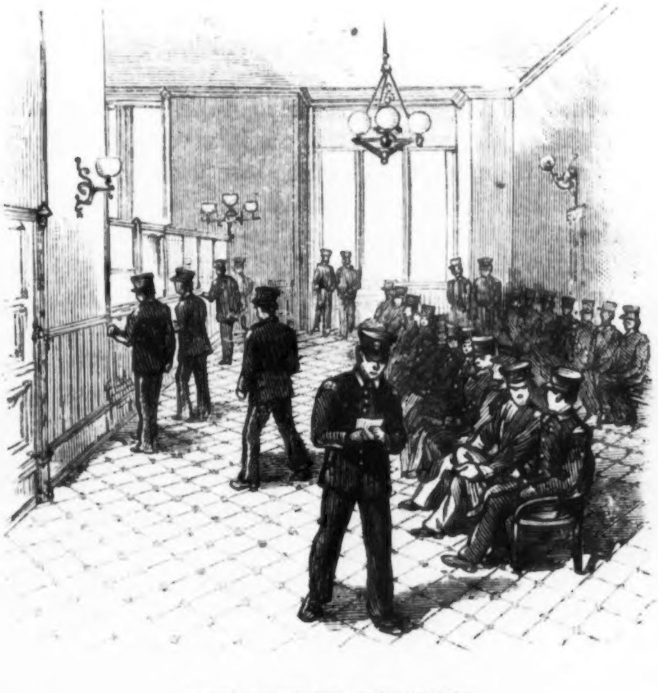
cashier's office in a highly prosperous bank. On all sides are brass and bronze railings—behind the railings, lynx-eyed officials. The floor is tessellated. Mahogany tables and counters—the real Domingo, shining like a new dollar—stand in convenient places. Elevators invite you to the upper regions; and courteous floor-walkers see, *mirabile dictu!* that paper and pens, wherewith anxious senders of messages can actually write without uttering full-flavored language, are provided. Would that our banks would follow this admirable lead! The great swinging doors never cease that "wheeze" which proclaims constant use. People, some pale, some red, and all in a hurry, rush in. The knowing ones proceed direct to the desks and write out their messages. The uninitiated wander, drift helplessly, until chucked up by the "lookout." A message is indicted, and handed in. It does not matter in what language, or whether the writing is as undecipherable as the hieroglyphics on the obelisk. The calmly intelligent but silent official glances over it, marks it, numbers it, receives the coin for its transmission, returns the change, rolls the precious bit of paper with a twist peculiar to himself, drops it into a leathern dice-box, or tube of three inches in



J. H. WADE, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.



HARMONIC DUPLEX MACHINE.



BOYS' DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.

XUM

length by one in diameter, open at the end, and ready to his hand—flings the loaded cartridge into a pneumatic tube, and—hey, presto! it darts up to the operating room, it is on its way for transmission to the nethermost parts of the earth.

From behind a trellis-work of bronze at the furthermost end of the vast office, comes the chatter of small boys, and I know that here the uniformed youth, who will persist in having the exact time marked on his book when he hands me the yellow envelope—so often a missive of direful tidings—most do congregate.

I take the elevator and ascend to the seventh floor, to the heart of this great electrical body—the operating room. The click of ten thousand sewing-machines worked by fairy fingers assails my ear as I wait while my card is being sent in to Mr. A. S. Downer, the superintendent. The sight that greets my eyes as I pause there is both unique and startling. In every available corner of the magnificent hall are seated men and women, silent as the grave, yet conversing in every known language with their *confrères* all over the world.

As I step up to Mr. Downer's desk, I brush by a lady, and a very handsome one, to boot, who is receiving a message from a sweet little village in England. A little further on a fiercely-whiskered gentleman is being informed upon the subject of the rise in cotton in Japan. At the next desk a young lady is acquiring a knowledge of how gold is going in 'Frisco; while a few paces distant, news is being poured into the ear of a sparkling brunette, anent the doings of the Canadian Parliament.

Mr. Downer is electricity itself. There is a spark in his soft brown eye; his fingers touch everything in that light way peculiar to operators; his conversation is sharp and to the point, every word telling. From his desk, perched on a platform about a foot above the level of the floor, he sees everything that is going on around him, his eyes flashing about the apartment, penetrating glass screens, twisting round pneumatic tubes, and darting into recesses where wily operators are engaged in putting "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." If he wants a messenger, he hangs out a small Fourth of July flag, and the instant the stars and stripes wave over his chair, a boy appears as if by electricity. To chat with Mr. Downer makes the smartest man feel slow. It can't be helped, but it's humiliating.

Facing Mr. Downer's desk, in the centre of the vast hive, are triumphal arches of brass. These are pneumatic tubes, connected with various exchanges and banks in the city, through which the written message, paper and all, as it leaves the operator, arrives in forty seconds. Behind these tubes stands the commutator, an immense dial, covered with brass keys, every key being connected with a wire, above which Mr. James Hamblet has placed the delicate machinery which regulates the time-ball and the time for anxious New Yorkers; while in different parts of the room are mysterious recesses, fitted up with instruments which it were utterly useless for the purposes of this article to name, even if the writer were capable of grasping their nomenclature. Standing, as I did, at the superintendent's desk, and gazing at the silent crowd of some two hundred operators, the "collectors" and "distributors" moving about like phantoms, while the click and hum and buzz filled the air with weird music, the marvelous conditions which placed these people beside these instruments came to me in a sort of rambling way, until my mind, in endeavoring to grasp the situation, seemed to lose its hold, and I was fain to turn to Mr. A. S. Downer, in order to come to earth on the leaden wings of sober statistics, and regain my mental equilibrium.

Mr. Downer took me for a stroll through the electrical cave, chatting the while.

"We send out about 45,000 messages a day in Winter from this room, and 50,000 in Summer. The reason of the difference lies with the "swells" in Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch. We leased four wires to Saratoga last season, at $1,000 each. We are principally working on quadruplex instruments. The quadruplex sends two messages one way, and we receive two the other simultaneously. This"—stopping opposite a table fitted with four quadruplexes—"is the cable table. They could receive a message in London now, while we would be putting a message to Boston on the wires. The rush of business commences in London at 6 A. M. striking us, allowing four minutes fifty-eight seconds difference. This is the Cuban instrument—see, some of the messages are in Spanish. Any message in Roman characters makes no difficulty, as the majority of messages are in arbitrary words. This," drawing my attention to a sort of miniature piano upon which a gifted professor was executing a brilliant but noiseless fantasia—some of Chopin's chromatic fireworks—"is a Phelps motor. It runs 3,500 words an hour."

"What is the most rapid handling on record in your books, Mr. Downer?" I asked.

"We have operators capable of handling 2,500 words an hour, and there is reliable record of 2,750 words having been made by Mr. Bagley at New York to Mr. Snyder at Philadelphia. We have two girls on the Albany squad who average $40\frac{32}{100}$ and $39\frac{70}{100}$ respectively. Any good Morse operator can easily handle 50 or 60 messages per hour. This," passing onward, "is the main table. From here there are a hundred people to send notices of steamship arrivals to, also to post-offices and custom-houses. This one is the Signal Service table; at certain regulated hours a set of operators come here and take off the signals. This is the Saratoga table. We only send about five messages a day at this time of the year—in Summer about 2,500. Newport in Winter is dead, but in Summer she takes 2,000 messages per diem. We send 3,000 a day to Chicago, also about 3,000 to Boston."

We had now paused beside a strange-looking instrument that emitted a musical hum.

"This is Gray's harmonic; it works 16 messages at the same time. It sent 2,124 messages to Boston in 5 hours, in 5 tones. It requires a large wire. Mr. Gray, the inventor, wants $100,000 for his invention. We are trying it. This table belongs to the Stock Exchange. New Haven, Hartford, Providence and Boston take copy, so do Philadelphia and Baltimore. This one is the New Orleans Cotton Market table. This one is used for the Chicago markets. This table connects with 200 banks and brokers' offices in the city here. Here is a table with $1,500 worth of instruments on it, all belonging to different firms, and all working to Boston. This table contains automatic repeaters, which we switch on when lines cannot be worked direct."

I was intensely interested in the "Phelps Electro Motor Printing Telegraph Instrument," which is the invention of George M. Phelps, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and is owned by the Western Union Company. It has been in operation about four years between the principal cities of the United States, and transmits press matter and commercial messages at the rate of 3,600 words per hour, receiving in plain Roman characters. It can be worked either duplex, quadruplex, or with the recently introduced "Harmonic Multiplex" system of Prof. Gray, in which latter application the amount of business within its capacity would be almost illimitable.

We had now reached the great brass screen called the "switch," but whose proper title is the "commutator." To this gigantic instrument come thousands of wires, and when Mr. Downer opened a door beneath it, a very grove of wire appeared, tangled in clustering festoons.

"Now," observed Mr. Downer, "let us take a look at the pneumatic tube," turning in the direction of the arches of brass, of which I have already spoken. "This one runs 3,000 feet, to the Cotton Exchange; this one 2,000, to No. 8 Broad Street; this one 600, to No. 145 Broadway. The message travels 3,000 feet, in its leather boat, in about forty seconds. We send between 5,000 and 6,000 messages a day. See, here is our record—638 messages have already traveled, and it's now 11.30 A.M. I'll send one to the Cotton Exchange; this bell will ring on its arrival."

Mr. Downer took the paper on which the message was written, rolled it, thrust it into its leather cartridge, and dropped the cartridge into the tube. I held my watch, and in forty-six seconds the bell announced its arrival 3,000 feet away.

"See what a draft there is," exclaimed Mr. Downer, as he held his handkerchief over one of the orifices, protected in a sort of glass case.

We paused at one of the windows.

"Just look at that stretch of wire!" exclaimed Mr. Downer, admiringly, directing my attention to a number of wires strained to almost a dead level. "It is 400 feet without a support. Those poles are 85 feet high each, and cost $130 apiece. Over a thousand wires come into this building.

We now proceeded into the stationery room, where a million of message blanks are ready for use, 75,000 being cable blanks. We next examined a sextaplex, an instrument capable of sending and receiving three messages simultaneously, or six in all; and from there we came to a large upright case, which was in connection with fifty-eight city wires to public buildings, hotels, and the New York *Herald*, Ward's Island, etc. I would gladly have lingered in this marvelous place, but Mr. Downer's time was precious, and so was mine, and I left to descend to the battery room, where, after passing through an iron gate, as if to serve a term in a penitentiary, I found myself in the midst of 14,000 glass cells, shining in luminous bluish green, and with coils of ropes of wires suspended in festoons over my head, while the great whir of revolving machinery announced the presence of the batteries. There are a hundred miles of wire in this room, each cable containing eight wires.

As it was close to noontime I retraced my steps to the operating room, where I found Mr. James Hamblet, who is the manager of the time service, preparing to drop the ball.

It was from the necessities of railway management that the electric time service grew up. The safety of life and property demanded that the servants of each road should not only have trustworthy timepieces, but that they should all be regulated by some common standard.

Many of our distant readers may not know that the standard time of New York City is determined by the dropping of a ball above the Western Union Telegraph building, at the corner of Broadway and Dey Street, precisely at noon each day; and few of those who daily avail themselves of the means thus afforded for regulating their timepieces understand the mechanism by which the ball is dropped at the right moment, by an operator seated in the National Observatory at Washington, two hundred and forty miles away.

Though from a distance the ball appears to be solid, it is in reality composed of a dozen thin vanes of sheet copper, disposed radially, half of them semi-circles, the rest crescents. By this device the visual effect of a solid ball is secured, with the least possible resistance to the wind, or to the air when falling. The man standing in the tower is 230 feet above the street, and the ball rises 28 feet higher. The ball falls 23 feet, and is received by six plungers, which enter the closed cylinders attached to the ball, providing as many air-cushions for the arrest of the motion of the ball without the shock. The moment the ball begins its downward course it is noon.

The operating of the ball is a matter easily explained. Five minutes before noon the officer in charge of the station raises the ball nearly to the top of the pole. This is done by means of a drum fixed at the right-hand end of the table; the cord from the drum passing upward through a box to the foot of the tower, thence through the air to the top of the pole, where it passes over a pulley, and is attached to the ball. Two minutes before noon a signal is received from Washington that all is ready, whereupon the ball is raised to the top of the pole, and the crank removed. The ball is now held in position by means of a lever, one end of which engages the rachet wheel of the drum, the other being caught in the notch in the little standard to the left. The latter is attached to the armature of an electro-magnet, which is placed in telegraphic connection with the National Observatory at Washington. At the moment of noon, New York time, the officer in charge at Washington closes the circuit; the armature is retracted, the lever disengaged, and the ball drops. The instant the ball reaches the base of the pole the fact is automatically reported at Washington through an electric tell-tale. Owing to the great height of the ball when raised, it is visible for many miles around; and, directly or indirectly, the clocks and watches of some two millions of people are thereby kept from straying far from the true time. Even as far off as Bayonne, N. J., according to a local paper, the principal of a public school regulates his clock daily by the falling ball.

The ball and its discharging apparatus were designed by Mr. George M. Phelps, Superintendent of the Western Union Manufactory. The public service thus rendered by the Western Union Telegraph Company is wholly gratuitous, and affords not only a notable illustration of the public spirit of our great commercial corporations, but also an illustration of the far-reaching, indirect benefits which applied science is constantly conferring upon modern life, free of expense to the recipients.

The central regulator, under the care of Mr. W. J. Hamblet, is stationed in the Western Union Telegraph Company's building, and is so constructed as to keep time with the highest attainable accuracy. In addition, it is every day compared with the clock of the National Observatory at Washington, and checked by the daily time observations made at the observatories at Allegheny, Pa., and Cambridge, Mass., with which it is in telegraphic connection. By this it must not be inferred that the clock in question is kept in exact accord with either or all of the observatory clocks, that being a mechanical impossibility. The range of variation, however, is kept within a few hundredths of a second.

The reader must not be incredulous; it is possible to measure, nay more, to record, the hundredth part of a second. A paper tape of the chronograph is used in comparing the standard clock with the clock of the Washington Observatory. The chronograph is electrically connected with both clocks, and records the pendulum beats of each on the strip of paper. If the beats are exactly synchronous the dots stand side by side. If the beats are not synchronous the dots will be separated by an interval,

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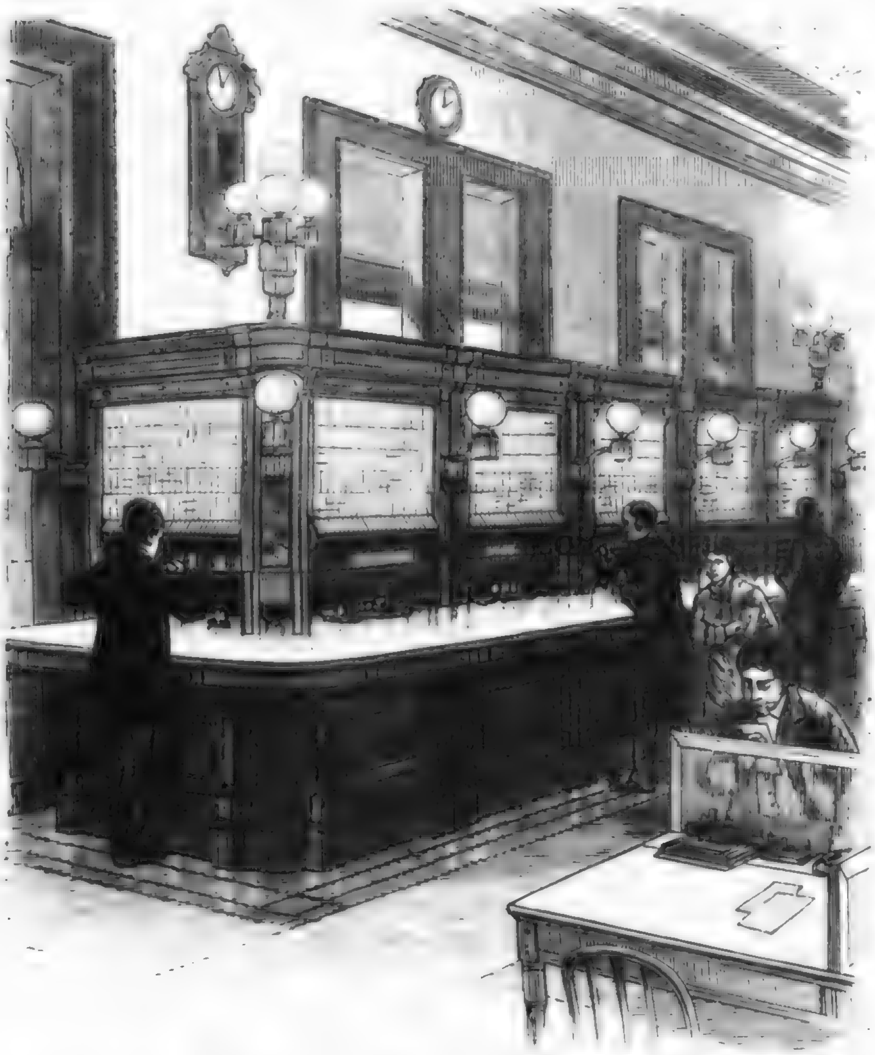


THE SWITCH—GENERAL OPERATING DEPARTMENT.

long or short, according to the difference of the clocks—that is, the difference in time between the beginnings of corresponding beats—and the speed of the chronograph. Supposing the clock to be beating seconds, and the chronograph to discharge an inch of tape each second, it is obvious that the dots recording the beats of each clock will stand one inch apart. It is obvious, too, that the lineal space between the recording dots of two clocks not beating exactly together can easily be measured, and difference in time exactly determined.

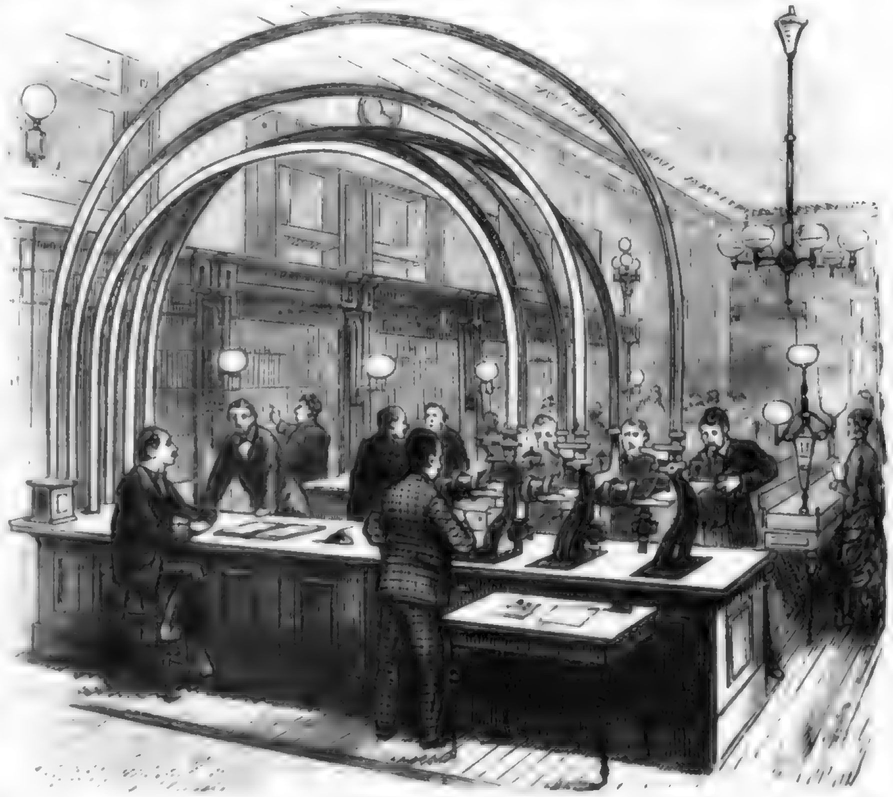
The next step in the time service is to distribute the accurate time thus maintained to such as want it, which is done through an electrical attachment to the standard clock. This controlling clock was constructed by E. Howard & Co., of Boston, from designs by Mr. Hamblet, and has a Dennison gravity escapement. The wheel in the centre with the second hand revolves once a minute. One of its thirty teeth has been filed away, the vacant space causing the omission of the tick which would otherwise mark the fifty-eighth second of the minute. The remaining teeth act upon a delicate jeweled spring, which breaks an electric circuit at the passage of each tooth. The two wires connecting with this spring and its banking operate the relay at the left of the figure, and through it the sounder, which indicates the beginning of each minute by a pause of two seconds. The beginning of each five minutes is identified by a pause of twenty seconds, obtained through the agency of the five-minute wheel to the left of the seconds wheel. At each revolution of the five-minute wheel, the lever at the top drops into the notch in the wheel, making electric connection between the two wires governing the relay, thus preventing the minute-wheel from breaking the circuit for the space of twenty seconds. At the right, near the top of the figure, is a sounder, which may be located at any point on the lines. It is by means of these sounders, with which the recipients of the service are supplied, that their timepieces are regulated.

The immediate direction of the New York Time Service is in the hands of Mr. Hamblet, Room 40, Western Union Telegraph Building; while the business generally is controlled by the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company.

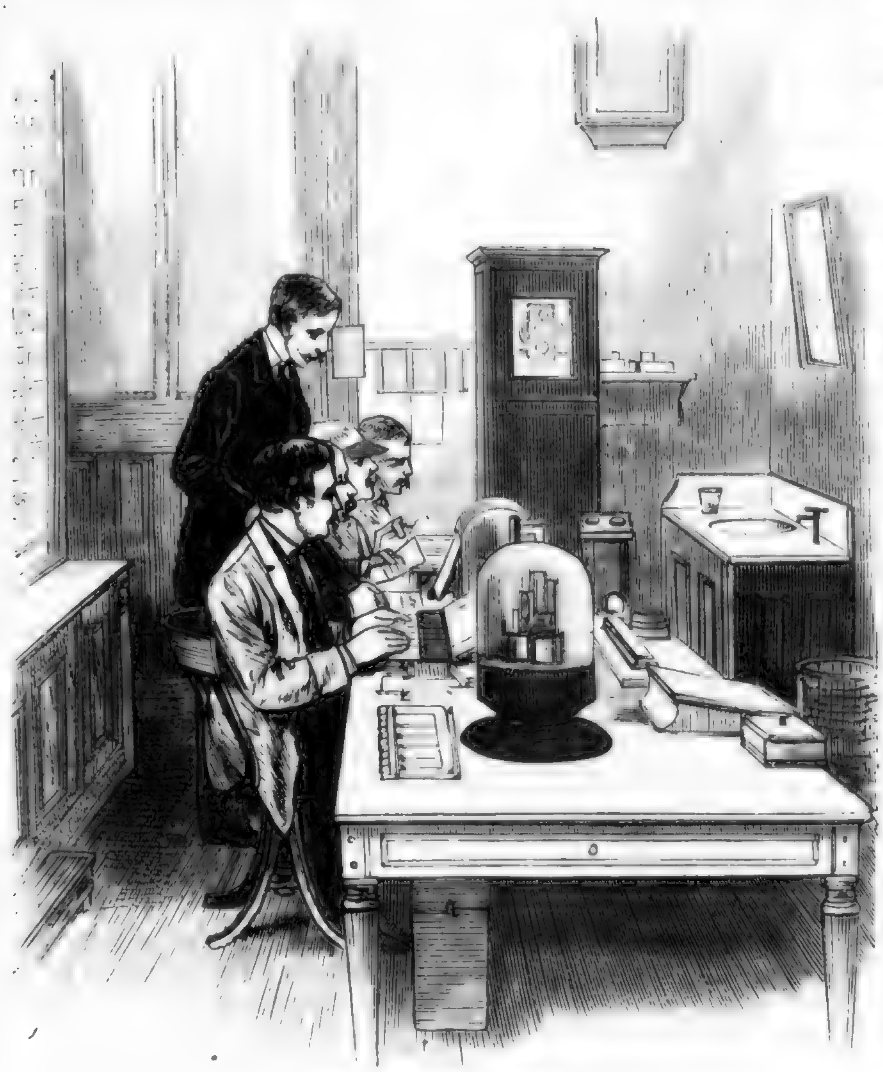
Of course I visited the tower, taking in *en route* the dining-rooms fitted up for the employés, which are admirably lighted and scrupulously clean, while a most appetizing perfume assailed my nostrils—that twelve-o'clock odor, which, to the hungry man, is sweeter far than—

> "Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Arabie the blest."

Turning my olfactory organ in the direction from whence came the "appetizing perfume," I beheld, near-by a gentleman—who had just been conversing with a friend in Scotland—a cut of underdone roast beef which would have tickled the palate of a London alderman; while the mince pies and apple tarts were in shrill demand from the lady operators.



PNEUMATIC TUBES.



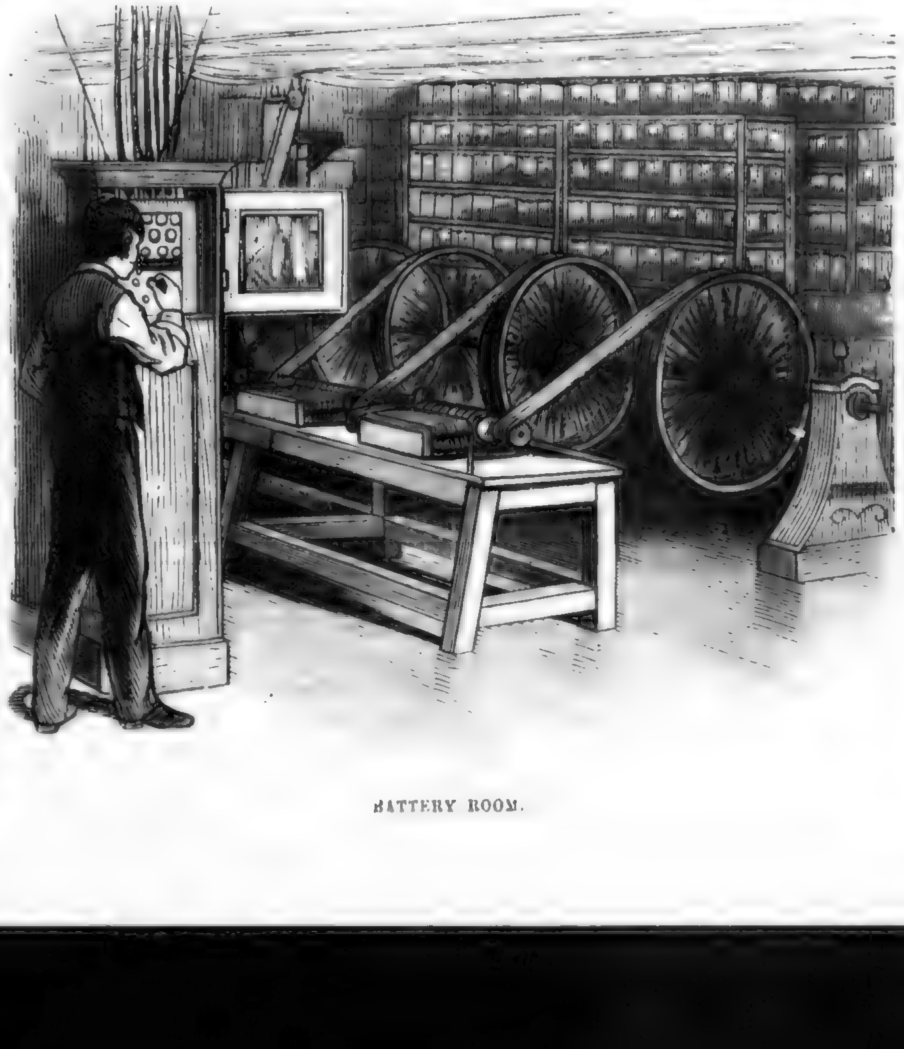
GOLD AND STOCK ROOM.

The climb to the tower means business, but the view would repay a victim to asthma. Such a panorama! the broad Atlantic, the Orange Mountains, the glorious Hudson, the beautifully indented lands stretching away beyond Yonkers, the picturesque Sound, the interminable Long Island. Below us, and far beneath, the roofs of houses; and down, down, the pygmies that represented horses and men.

I did the Gold and Stock Room, and penetrated within the august regions sacred to the President and his colleagues. This room is a large, gloomy, somewhat scantily furnished apartment, where, like Robinson Crusoe, on an island of desk sat the president, Dr. Green. On his left hand were a number of knobs, to touch any one of which meant the appearance of the slave of the lamp of the particular department about to be queried. The room is fitted up in mahogany, the mantelpiece being of that wood inlaid, while a qaint little clock is inserted over a wide tiled medieval fireplace. The furniture is of mahogany, upholstered in green morocco. Great mahogany book-cases run round like a dado. Enlarged photographs of Morse, ex-President Orton, and ex-Vice-President Mumford adorn the northern, while a map showing the cable lines of the world hangs on the western wall. The carpet is of brussels, black ground and yellow-flowered. *Facilis est descensus Averni.* I descended to the basement in a hydraulic elevator, which dropped me like a hot potato. Next to tobogganing, excursions on this elevator give one the correct idea of rapid transit. I duly visited the basement, where I cast a glance at the grim steam-engines with their attendant squat boilers, the storeroom with its acres of shelves, and ascended a set of iron steps to find myself "with the boys." On long benches sat, lounged, lay the messengers, awaiting their turns to fly on their respective errands of joy or sorrow, caring not a whit; little recking that the slips of paper in the flimsy envelopes bore heart-breaks or announced fortunes, kindled hope, or summoned despair. The little lads, pictures of neatness and general rosiness, mustered in considerable strength, and seemed as happy as the wires were long.

Down the pneumatic tubes come the messages received and written out by the operators in Mr. Downer's department. The instant they arrive at the glass depot, at the end of their journey, they are pounced upon by nimble fingers, handed to employés ready to take copies of them in the press, to number, to envelope and direct, and then to drop them on an ever-gliding strap, four inches wide, working in a groove, which bears them to the delivery clerks, who in turn hand them to the messengers.

This is but a brief description of a visit which was rendered so full of interest to me by the courteous and intelligent officials of the greatest telegraph institution in the world, a visit which gave me a peep into the wondrous inner life of the machine which tends so much to develop the prosperity of this great country.



BATTERY ROOM.

THE WHITE SPOONBILL.

The spoonbill affords an instance of the endless variety of forms assumed by the same organ under different conditions, both the beak and the windpipe being modified in a very remarkable manner.

The spoonbill has a very wide range of country, being spread over the greater part of Europe and Asia, and inhabiting a portion of Africa. This species is one of the waders, frequenting the waters, and obtaining a subsistence from the fish, reptiles, and smaller aquatic inhabitants, which it captures in the broad, spoon-like extremity of its beak. It is also fond of frequenting the seashore, where it finds a bountiful supply of food along the edge of the waves and in the little pools that are left by the retiring waters, where shrimps, crabs, sand-hoppers, and similar animals are crowded closely together as the water sinks through the sand. The bird also eats some vegetable substances, such as the roots of aquatic herbage, and when in confinement will feed upon almost any kind of animal or vegetable matter, providing it be soft and moist. The beak of an adult spoonbill is about eight inches in length, very much flattened, and is channeled and grooved at the base. In some countries the beak is taken from the bird, scraped very thin, and polished, and is then used as a spoon, and is thought a valuable article, being sometimes set in silver.

The breeding-places of the spoonbill are usually upon trees, the banks of rivers, or in little islands and tufts of aquatic herbage. In the latter cases, the nest is rather large, and is made of reeds piled loosely together, and set on a foundation of water-weeds heaped sufficiently high to keep the eggs from the wet. There is no lining to the nest. The eggs are generally four in number, and their color is grayish white, spotted with rather pale rusty brown.

The color of the adult bird is pure white, with the slightest imaginable tinge of soft pink. At the junction of the neck with the breast, there is a band of buffy yellow. The naked skin on the throat is yellow, the eyes are red, the legs and feet black, and the bill yellow at the expanded portion, and black for the remainder of its length. The total length of the male bird is about thirty-two inches, but the female is not quite so large, and her crest is smaller than that of the other sex. There are six or seven known species of these curious birds.

HOW NEW YORK STRIKES AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

By Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.

It is useless to compare New York with any other city I have seen. It is unique. Long ago, before I ever imagined that I should make my home here, I marveled at the enthusiasm of Americans of all classes. "Ah!" they would say, "but you should see New York!" I understand it better now; *then* I looked upon it as a weak but perhaps pardonable kind of national vanity, and never dreamt of retorting: "Ah, you should see London!"

Yes, New York is unique. It reminds me of a fascinating face, in which one vainly seeks some definite likeness, some predominating resemblance—finding now a suggestion of one relation, now of another, a look of the mother in the mobile mouth, of the father in the brilliant eye, or it may be, in some passing expression, the bygone drama of a life long dead. And so it is in this cosmopolitan city—so heterogeneous, yet so strongly individual; so practical, yet so improvident; so lavish, yet so thrifty, is the spirit that we meet.

The first thing that struck my British prejudice, was the fact that everybody was approachable. Here no "divinity doth hedge about" a man or woman. My letters of introduction guaranteed my respectability, and that was enough; kindly words of welcome met me everywhere. I had come at an unfortunate time. Every one was leaving the city. The heat was going to be terrible; but meanwhile I must not dream of leaving.

"Coming among us," said a friendly New Yorker, with a humorous smile—"coming among us at a time when the heat makes us feel murderous at the thought of inspecting a manuscript!—why, it is an insult to speak of work in such weather! No, no! wait. Keep as cool as you can, and in the Autumn we shall all be back."

Well, I kept as cool as I could; it wasn't *very* cool, and I set my mind to work to learn all that was possible whilst I was waiting. I did learn a good deal. I learned to drink ice-water; to sit in a rocking-chair and show my slippers; and to sit out on the "stoop" (I was some time acquiring the last habit; I always felt as if I ought to be behind a wall); and I learned to wonder whether I was not as well off in New York without malaria, as I should have been in the country with it. Everybody talked about malaria; a great many people had had it, or were having it, or expected to have it; but I could gain no very satisfactory evidence as to their having it more or less in the city than out of it.

The babies died very fast in the tenement-houses, poor little souls! but directly it was ascertained that they did die, there was a commission of inquiry, a report every four or five hours, an interest and a stir which it did my parochial British blood good to hear. I never once heard anybody ask whose parish they were in. It *was* somebody's business, and somebody attended to it.

I was very much tempted to go down and inspect a tenement-house, just to decide, in my own mind, whether they beat us in the filth as well as in their energy in removing it; but I had the fear of malaria before my eyes, so I contented myself with reading the reports.

The next thing was rather a strange commentary upon this energy: an unfortunate, miserable, unsexed girl was murdered, and no minister liked to bury her! That did seem a little strange to me. Of course, if she had been a Dissenter or a Baptist in my own glorious country it would have been all right, and highly commendable; but it did not appear that she was; she was only a wretched, cast-down, trodden-upon piece of humanity, whose God was nearer to her than her human brother. But they *did* bury her at last. I was glad they did.

Meantime a great deal of time and trouble and money were given for the city children. I do not believe that in any other city in the world floating hospitals were started to give the poor mites pure sea-air and a good time with their mothers, and hundreds of homeless boys had an outing. I felt quite sorry that they had to wait for hours in the hottest sun of a hot day before they started. I could not see why they need, as they hadn't a board of guardians at their back to contend with. Still, how much, how very much, was done! Organizations took the little ones picnicking until it made my very heart rejoice to remember how, in the coming days of trial and trouble, which are their sure inheritance, some memory of such joys may steal over them; perhaps—who knows?—turn them back to happier ways; poor little ones!

It seemed to me that there were a good many lives lost in steamboats; they had quite a monopoly; the register-general must have had his hands full of steamboat statistics. But, generally speaking, disasters arose from over-anxiety to please the public; and there never was any peace until the whole thing was understood, published and commented upon. That one fact in New York life is portentous—Publicity; public opinion, and not prejudiced opinion, either. Everything is sifted (except the ash-barrels on the sidewalks), and if anything *can* be done it *is* done, and no time lost. This is a real element of success; it always wins.

New York is growing fast; faster than any city on record. And why? Because it is the abode of a *practical* people, who work for it, live in it, and die for it. They lose no time in preliminaries. Show any business man in the city a good thing or a wise measure, and you'll gain a hearing; if you do not, you are wrong somewhere, and the wisest plan is for you to mend your views.

Another remarkable thing is that everybody in this city *thinks*. It seemed to me the oddest thing, at first. I *thought* that *I* thought, but I soon found out that I hadn't begun to. I had a few ideas that I had imbibed from various sources, but they were pretty nearly valueless. If I spoke upon any subject with which I thought myself fairly conversant, I soon found that if my American cousin took it up, he used his own mental machinery, and discovered fifty points which I had overlooked, because I employed somebody else's.

They use words differently here, but, generally speaking, they know what they mean. One expression I like very much—it hits a truth: they speak of "cultured" people. They don't *train* their boys and girls to be antiquated models of somebody else; they cultivate the qualities they have, and give them scope for native talents. This is an American secret—the secret of their originality both in conversation and literature.

I am not, of course, speaking of the ultra-fashionable—they are the same all the world over; the originality which civilization leaves, fashion stamps out—but I speak of the well-to-do middle classes, who constitute a nation's life.

We shouldn't much like it in London, if we had an elevated railroad whether we would or not; but we have fifty more objectionable things because we are used to them, or because our grandfathers had them. They don't do things here because they are used to them, or because their grandparents did; but because they see some good in them. If once they find out that there is no good in anything, they give it up—except the Broadway stage. Why they keep that up, a terror to inside passengers and a nuisance to every one else, I don't know. *That* is a New York anomaly; there are a few. Another one is, that they put up with the worst paving of any city I ever was in. In a little German town, you expect to trip a halting measure, up one stone and down another, or to find one foot three inches below the level of the street; but in a busy, go-ahead city, with every modern improvement and convenience, it *is* startling to the uninitiated.

There are positively *holes* in the roadway, and the inequalities of the paving-stones on the sidewalks are worthy of study. One feels that in New York there must be a reason for it, because the New York mind is pre-eminently reasonable; and so, although my prejudice is against it, I conclude that there *is* an advantage in unequal walking and a steep step up and down at the end of every block, which I am not able to fathom.

If *we* had an outbreak of typhoid fever, or intermittent malaria, in London—behind the age as *we* are—I verily believe that somebody would find out that there is perhaps some danger in the unlimited water-supply of the city; that conduct-pipes in every bedroom are apt, without great attention to traps and such small matters, to introduce gases into the houses which might advantageously remain somewhere else. Water for drinking purposes, too, is considered by us a prolific source of disease; and it seems possible (but I put the suggestion diffidently) that, although freezing may purify the quality of ice, the purification may not be so satisfactory when it is resolved back into its normal elements, and taken as water.

Malaria, in many urban districts in England, has been distinctly traced to drinking water supplied from impure sources. One instance I recall, in which the inhabitants of a village depended upon a *frozen* stream for water, melting the ice and using it, and a violent outbreak of malarial fever followed. The enterprise which has assured such a plentiful supply of water to New York is beyond all comparison, and to it, in no small measure, the city owes its growth, stretching, as it does, miles beyond its limits of a few years ago.

I do not think that the ordinary show places of New York interest me as much as the many indications of character that meet one in the ordinary resorts of the city. I admire the Park greatly—it is so suggestively laid out that it chimes in with the largeness which is essential to all one's thoughts about this city; but other parks can compare with it. So, too, the squares in various parts of the city are invaluable as air lungs, and many of the houses and public buildings are marvels of wealth and skill; but I do not find so much originality in them as I do in the other matters; as a rule, they are *not* distinctively American. The shops or stores are, and I do not think that I appreciate them.

I cannot call up any sympathy for the overworked shop-girls I heard so much about in the Summer. I think they have a very good time, a better time than the customers, and a vastly better time than they would in Europe. I think that whoever introduced cash girls and boys did a kind and wise thing.

One of my first questions in New York was, *Where* are the boys? I missed the street arab turning wheels in the thoroughfares, and showing the soles of his feet at the carriage windows. I walked about in the business streets, hunted out byways, and sought my tatterdemalion acquaintance of London lanes, but I did not find him. I came across a few barefooted children, but not many; they were neither absolutely in rags nor filthy; they looked like human beings, at any rate. After a while I found my boys in their proper places, being worked up into men. I found them in the shops, in the offices, everywhere except loafing about in the public thoroughfares; and having found them, I made their acquaintance, to my profit and amusement.

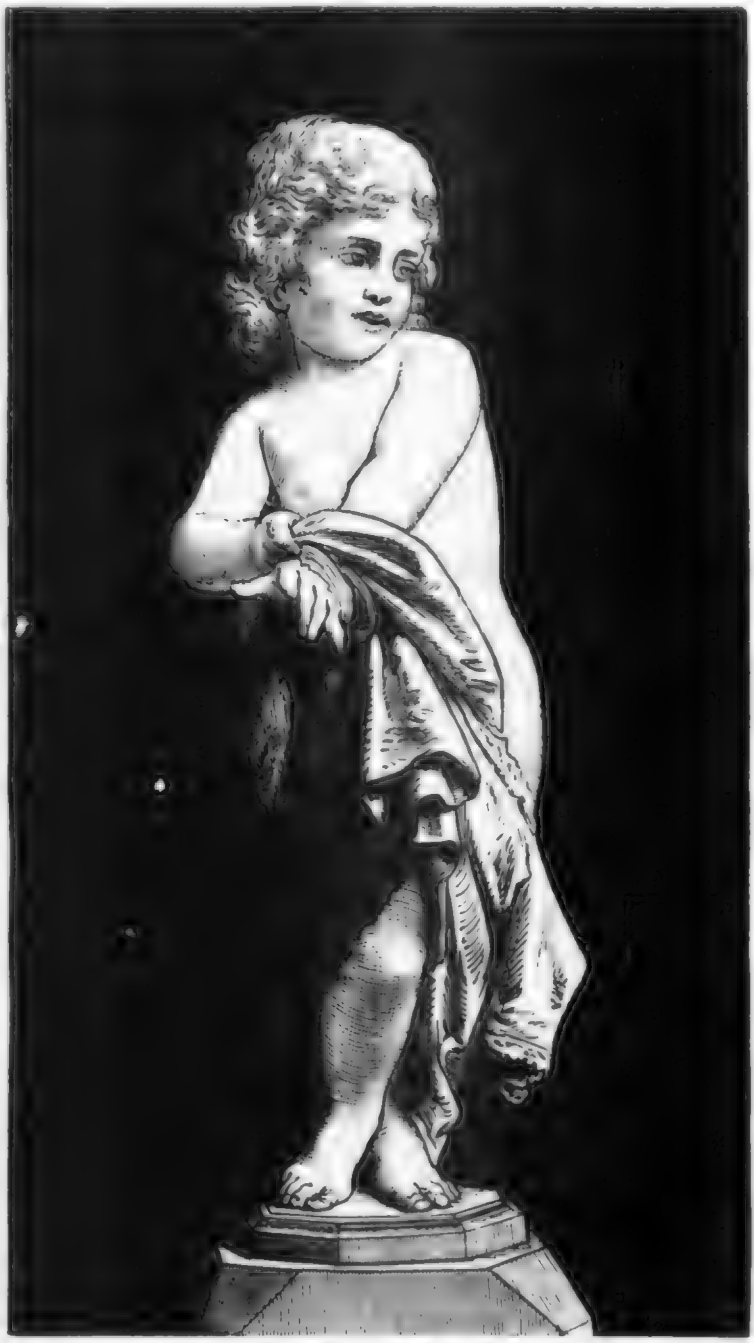
One small boy—he reached a little higher than my knee—kept guard over a tray of flowers. I cultivated him, and bought a five-cent bouquet every day or so as I passed. One day I laughed, and said: "No spare cents to-day." "Pay me in stamps," said my boy, and holding up a spray, he added, with a cunning smile: "Take this, it's just the color of your eyes." The little rogue ought to have been Irish, but he wasn't.

Newspaper boys here are quite unlike ours—they don't shout so much, they push more. I have seen them jump on to the car step, give a rapid glance round, spot one man or woman and offer their wares, then depart, losing no time in "warring against the inevitable"; they read the character at a glance.

Dress in New York is of course a great thing; what makes it remarkable is the way in which the practical element in the national character shows itself in that. Every Frenchwoman dresses well, yet the difference between a

XUM

New York lady of fashion and a Parisian is seen at once. A Frenchwoman elegantly dressed looks as if she had just come out of a shop; an American woman looks as if she had been born in her clothes. The reason is that the one studies her clothes, and the other herself. Every intelligent New Yorker knows her own value, knows her own good points, and subordinates fashion to herself; so she always has *style;* and every pretty face you see, and you see a vast number, is framed appropriately.



"PREPARING FOR BED."

The men do not dress so well, because they do not care about it, as a rule. They wear their clothes just like every one else, and do not stop to consider the outline of their noses, eyebrows, or general development; so, although a hat makes as much difference to a man as it does to a woman, nobody ever remembers the fact. They have not time, unless they are exquisites, and I have said already that my interest ceases with originality. I came to New York to see something that I could not see at home, and I think I have succeeded.

Yet one or two things more. I like a New York crowd; I go into one whenever I can. It isn't a bit like our crowds. I should not particularly like to find myself out in London on an election day, or a demonstration day, either. I went on both occasions here. I was for more than an hour in the thickest part of the crowd when General Grant spoke from the Madison Square Hotel in the evening. The gentleman I was with wanted me very much to talk. I couldn't; I was too much interested in the people. I did not hear any chaff. I do not think that New Yorkers ever do chaff. I did not hear any bad language, except one telling expression, which had a decided brogue to it. I heard absolutely *no* abuse. Here they seem to keep abuse for the newspapers; I imagine they have a monopoly of it. We do not. It is a good deal pleasanter for a lady here when she is in a crowd. I am not quite so sure that the newspaper reading is as desirable; but human nature must have a vent, I suppose.

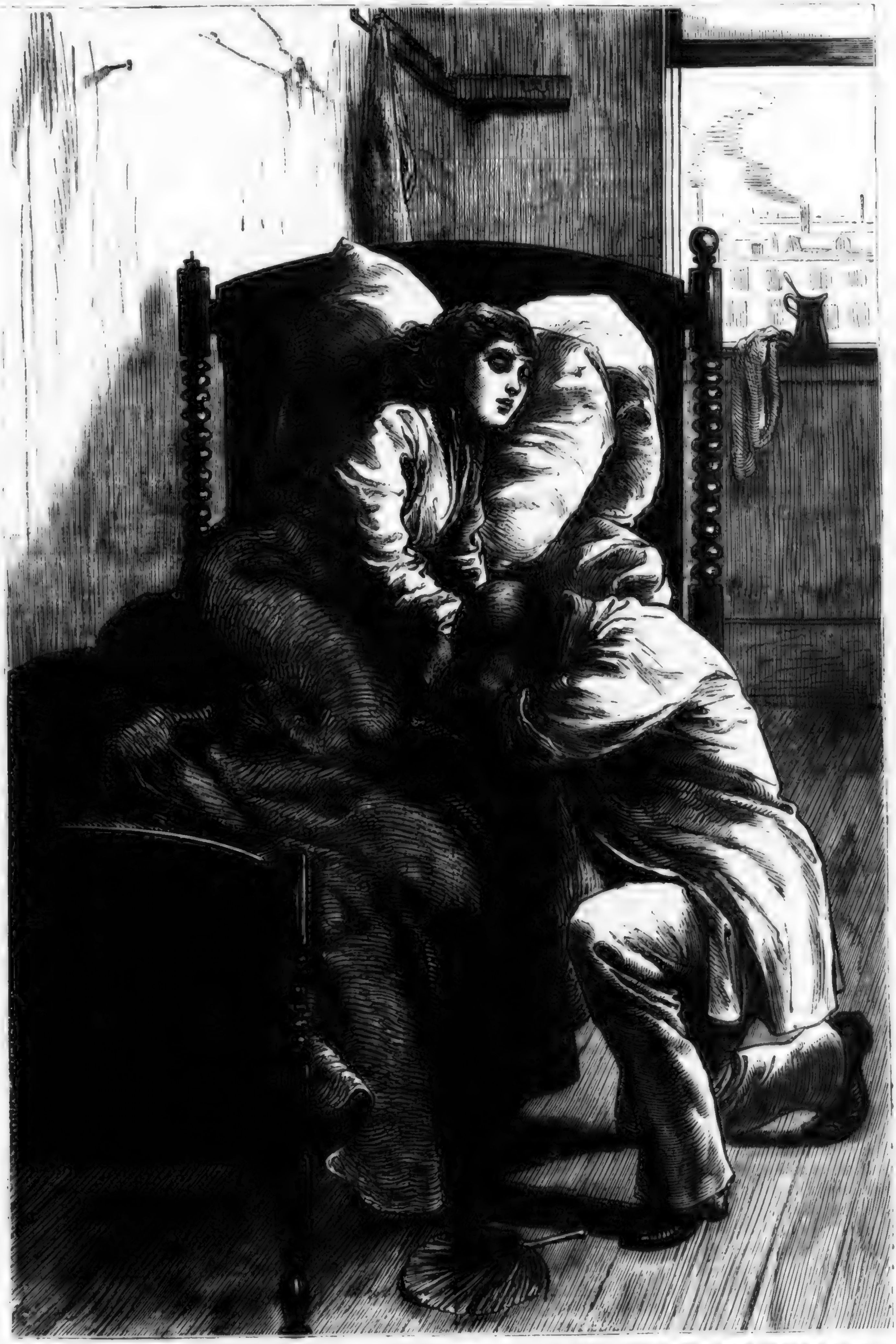
On election day I went to two or three polling places, just to see what they were like. They were very quiet, and the only visible token of excitement that I saw I saw next day, when the reports were being issued. I thought a good deal about it. I am beginning to use *my* own mental machinery, and I traced it back to the feeling of self-appreciation and self-respect which seems inherent in Americans.

This seems to me to be the difference between the man of the people here, and our man of the people at home. An Englishman of the lower orders (I limit my remark that I may not offend) is assertive *because* he is an Englishman ("he *might* have been a Prussian, etc."); an American, of the same class, is assertive because he feels that he has a chance. He *may* do, and be, something. A man is estimated here for what he does, not for what he is. They don't ask so often, Who is he? as, What has he done? It is again the thoroughly practical which wins. Merit of any kind is recognized—if it is merely the merit of making money. In the house where I live, an English servant once expressed her views upon America to me:

"Ma'am," she said, "the longer you live here, the better you'll like it. I didn't at first, but I do now, because here, what *you are*, you *are;* and what you've got, *you've got!*" I think she was right.

One or two things I gladly miss, which are familiar to me at home. I miss the drunkenness, and the boldness of vice. They tell me that New York is an immoral city. I heard a clergyman in one of the city pulpits decry the drinking saloons, and assert that drunkenness is on the increase; but I confess that I have not seen it. Here are no flaunting gin-palaces, throwing their light far over the gloomy streets; here no unsexed woman reels from the bar, with the last drop of gin, which has cost her children bread, upon her lips. You can walk the public thoroughfares without feeling the bitter sorrow for the starving children and the little feeble lives that are the price of the publican's wealth.

What I have seen in New York has taught me much. There is philanthropy, there is charity, there is humanity, equal to our own—a ready hand stretched out for every sorrow, once made known; but, so far, I have not found the squalor, the intemperance, the heart-rending, unattestable, hopeless sorrows of my native London. Is it because they are not here? or because I do not know where to find them? At least, I have looked; and I have seen sorrow enough to need the love of the greatest-hearted God that humanity can conceive; but I have *not* found a tithe of that which I have left behind.



THE STORY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.—"'OH, MY DARLING! HUSH, IT KILLS ME!' CRIED MORDAUNT, BURYING HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS, WITH SOBS. I CANNOT BEAR IT!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

CONFIDENCE.

(Translated from Juste Olivier.)

Bird among the mountains winging,
To blue heights by men unknown,
In the bare rock's shelter clinging,
Where the storm-winds ceaseless moan—
Dare you face the tempest sweeping
Round this rugged, rocky crest?—
"Wanderer, in our Father's keeping,
Frailest, feeblest, safely rest!"

Flower upon the mountains growing,
'Mid the everlasting snow,
Whence the streamlet, silver flowing,
Seeks the village far below—
Round your home grim Winter, creeping,
Surely hovers ever near?—
"Wanderer, in our Father's keeping,
There is nothing left to fear!"

Shepherd boy, the mountains ranging,
King of all this barren land,
As you climb, the prospect changing
Barer grows on either hand!—
"Sir, heaven have you in its keeping!
Life, they say, is hardly trod,
But, contented, waking, sleeping,
As for me, I trust in God!"

G. B. Stuart.

THE STORY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"WHY, Mordaunt, I didn't know you admitted this sort of thing," said a tall young man who had lounged into the editor's sanctum, and was turning over the papers like one at home.

The editor, a still handsome man of forty-five, who was tasting the rare pleasure of a little leisure, lazily took a cigarette from his mouth, watching the blue smoke curl up to the ceiling, and asked:

"What sort of thing?"

"Why, this. 'A young man of twenty-five, tall, with dark eyes and mustache, enjoying ample means and a fine position in society, would be glad to make the acquaintance of a young lady, with a view to matrimony—money no object—a devoted heart and purity held far above wealth. Address "Lawrence," at this office.'"

"Oh, that!" exclaimed the editor, still indifferently; "certainly, my dear fellow; those are the best sort of things to pay."

"But do they pay in the long run—that is, if you could follow them up—read their consequences?"

"That is not our concern," answered the editor.

"Some romantic girl, for instance, might be caught by that."

"Bah! no refined girl could ever notice it," answered the editor, confidently; "as for the kind who do, you may depend upon it, they would find opportunities of going wrong, somehow."

The visitor shook his head.

"It seems to me beneath the *Morning Chronicle*."

"The *Morning Chronicle* must live!" exclaimed Mordaunt, with a laugh, "and so must its editor. Will you come home with me to dinner?"

But the visitor had an engagement, and Mordaunt went alone, dismissing at once any thought of the advertisement He had, in fact, about as few disturbing thoughts as fall to the lot of most mortals, and a serene good nature which diffused an atmosphere of cheerfulness about him.

His business was prosperous; his only child was a girl in the schoolroom, not yet presented in society—not old enough to torment him in the matter of suitors; his home was luxurious, his taste was excellent, and he was able to gratify it. He had lost his wife many years before, and grief had softened into a tender memory. He had been contented never to replace her, having succeeded in getting an excellent governess and companion for Lily.

He looked forward with some pleasure to the time when Lily could preside at his table, and expected her to make a sensation in society, and a grand match, for her beauty had been remarkable from childhood. He had been very careful of her. Being educated at home, she had no dear schoolgirl friends or their brothers as associates. She was sixteen, and her greatest pleasure as yet had been an evening with her father at the theatre.

She was hedged in on every side, like some choice plant, but the pretty vine was reaching out stray tendrils after outside sunshine and air. The white kitten no more supplied recreation and companionship, and Lily was beginning to feel the monotony of her life in a new way.

She sat somewhat listlessly by the window as her father entered, a slight, girlish figure in white; a dress simple enough in color, but all one foam of lace and embroidery, with pale blue knots of ribbon here and there about it, and in her golden hair, which was like "sheaves of gathered sunbeams."

Her complexion was like a lily—rose-tinted by the setting sun. Her eyes were dark gray, sometimes almost a velvety black, when emotion darkened them. Her hands were like delicate pink shells, and were folded listlessly in her lap. There was a far-off look in her eyes that her father could not read.

Who can read the subtle workings of a girl's heart?

"Well, Lil!" he exclaimed, cheerily, "how goes it today?"

"Oh! like every other day," she answered, with a yawn. "Do you know that I was sixteen last week, and when one has done the same thing for sixteen years, why, it rather palls upon the taste."

"Why, kitten, what do you want?"

"Well, a vocation, I suspect," answered Lily, with a quizzical glance of the luminous eyes.

"Oh, I can't buy that—I don't know the shop," answered Mordaunt, with a laugh; "and I can't say I would get you one if I could. Wait a couple of years, till you go in society, and you never will think of such a need again."

And he looked with pride at the young beauty, so unconscious of her power.

"She will only have to pick and choose," he thought, with inward satisfaction. "A vocation would be very much in her way then."

Miss Gwynn entered at this moment—a tall, pleasant-looking lady, in black silk—and Lily said no more, for she recollected that the governess had recommended the translation of a German play as a cure for *ennui*.

Then her father proposed taking her to see Booth in "Romeo and Juliet," the next night, and thought he had quite done his duty, as he went out to his club.

Lily settled down to her lonely evening with Miss Gwynn. How many such she had spent! for she had been kept quite shut off from younger society.

The repression had stimulated her imagination, so that the wildest freaks had a sort of fascination for her. Now, in looking over the *Morning Chronicle*, the advertisement caught her eye.

"Ho, ho! my staid papa," she thought, "so you do not despise this sort of fun! I'll answer it. How jolly! Let me see—but I must disguise my hand, though I suppose there is no chance of papa's seeing it, and Amy will drop it in the nearest lamppost. We shall be at the play to-morrow night. What fun to make Mr. Lawrence parade himself there with a—let me see—I will say a red carnation in his buttonhole; I shall see him, and he will know nothing about me. What larks!" And under the very eyes of her dragon—who was a kindly dragon, after all—Lily penned the following:

> "If 'Lawrence' will go to see 'Romeo and Juliet' to-morrow night, and wear a red carnation in his buttonhole, he may see a young lady in lavender silk, with a wreath of carnations on a white chip hat. MADGE."

"That's a good, wild, harum-scarum sort of name!" exclaimed Lily, looking at her work with bright eyes, and such a flush on her cheeks that Miss Gwynn sighed.

It seemed sad to her to think of life's sorrows and cares for that lovely creature. The lines of Longfellow flitted through her brain:

"I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall end and rest begin,
And weary thinking of your road."

But Lily had quite recovered her spirits, and chatted away gayly the whole evening. She looked eagerly in the *Morning Chronicle*, and the sight of her advertisement, correctly inserted, sent all the day's tasks lightly spinning along to a sort of inward music.

The players played their best. The lights were flashing over fair women and brave men, that night; but one pair of eyes wandered from the mimic love-scenes, albeit they breathed the very soul of passion, and sought till they found a tall, handsome figure with a—well, how could she tell? there were dozens with red flowers in their buttonholes.

Lily felt a pang of disappointment, which quite spoiled the play, and she found herself watching painfully various figures, without being able to distinguish the sign. Even her father noticed her absent and distraught manner, and decided that she was too young to appreciate a mere love-play, however well acted.

Many eyes were directed toward her, such a radiant vision of fresh young beauty. Her dress and hat were of the palest amber *crêpe*, and scarlet flowers shone against the dim gold coils of her hair, and at her soft, round, white throat.

At last it was over, and they rose to go. Near the stairs Lily tripped, for her eyes were still wandering. She was caught and saved from a severe fall by a young man near, who had watched her with a sort of rapt expression for the last five minutes. Lily stammered her thanks, raised her blushing face, gave him one glance, saw that he was tall, dark-eyed, handsome, and wore a carnation in his buttonhole.

The next moment she was in the carriage by her father's side, whirling homeward, her heart throbbing with a new sensation never felt before. The vision disturbed her dreams all night, various adventures with dark-eyed deliverers haunted her, carnations bloomed and burned in every picture. She roamed in gardens where they blossomed in spicy ranks and freighted the air with rich odors; she gathered them for fragrant bouquets, she twined them in her hair till the golden masses blazed with them. No wonder her sleep was feverish, and she looked somewhat wan and weary as she came to the breakfast-table.

"My dear," said Miss Gwynn, "you look badly. You must take something."

"Well, I will take the *Morning Chronicle*," Lily answered, with a laugh.

And she sought eagerly in the column of "Personals." Ah! here was something:

> "'Lawrence' was sadly disappointed last night at not meeting 'Madge' at the theatre. Wore a cardinal pink at the buttonhole, as requested. Will write longer—to 'Madge' at General Post-office."

So she would have a letter, a real love-letter, at last. The romance of the thing hid from her all the danger of it. She could think of nothing else all day. If she received the letter she must answer it, and that was an important consideration.

"'Melia," she said to her English maid, as she combed out the long, bright hair that evening, "did you ever write a love-letter?"

The girl looked guilty, and colored.

"Which Jim 'Iggins wanted for to speak and 'ave no under'and work afore he went, miss; an' I wouldn't 'ear to it on account o' fearin' to lose my place—which I'm savin' up for a hextension-table, miss—as am thinkin' of keepin' a few boarders, for my mother was a cook, and I take it in the natural way."

All this was poured out without pausing for breath, much to Lily's astonishment, but she hastened to set the girl's mind at rest.

"Oh, I hope you will have a good husband," she said, quietly, "and I will give you an extension-table for a wedding-present."

The girl's face grew radiant.

"Which I always did say as you was the kindest, the——"

"He writes to you, I suppose?" Lily said, somewhat shyly.

"Oh, Lor', yes! he writes," answered 'Melia. "Not much of a scholard, Jim ain't, but a steady 'and at 'is business, and don't touch a drop o' liquor, let alone beer."

"And do you answer the letters?" asked Lily.

"Surely! I writes onct a week," answered 'Melia. "Jim knows I'm superiorally eddicated, an' he respects me accordin'. ''Melia,' he says, sometimes, 'you ain't in your proper speer.' Oh, he has very correct notions of things, has Jim!"

'Melia's reminiscences had carried her away somewhat, and she recalled herself with a burning blush.

"Then you wouldn't mind my seeing one of your letters?" asked Lily. "I've such a curiosity to know what a real love-letter is like. Of course, they can't be like the ones in novels."

"I should think not!" exclaimed 'Melia. "Lor', Jim wouldn't understand that sort of thing. I don't exactly like, miss; but, if you are curious, why, perhaps you might get an hidea from 'em, though they're nothin' for a 'igh-born young lady like you to read."

And with some embarrassment, but a little latent pride, 'Melia produced the last epistle, fresh from her pen, with a bright picture of two very meaty-looking hearts, skewered by an arrow, at the beginning.

"I'll read it, as you're not used to the writing," said 'Melia; "an' I've noticed it spiles the sentimens when you 'ave to spell the words: 'Dearest and belovedest Jim' (you see, you kin make that strong or weak, 'cordin' to circumstances), 'I think of you everyhows and everywheres, and I find there's nothin' 'alf so sweet in life as love's young dream' (got that out of one of yer songs, miss, and thought it sounded nice). 'I went to church in my new merino last Sunday, and Joe Clymer was very attentive; but I thought of you, and sez I, "No, yer don't—I'm mortgaged!" Likely feller, too, is Joe Clymer'

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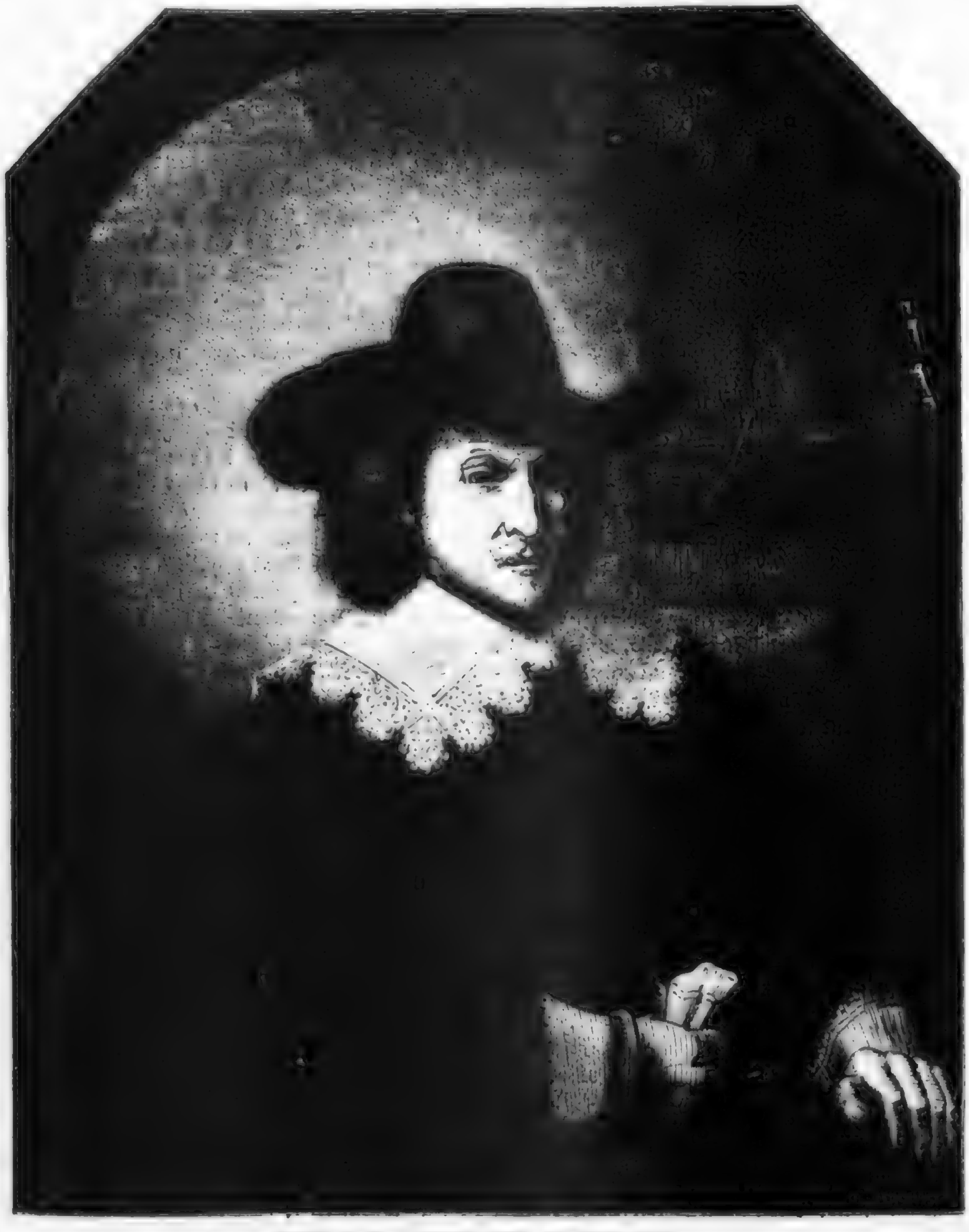


PORTRAIT OF A BURGOMASTER, BY REMBRANDT.

(nothin' like stirrin' up a little jealousy now and then, miss. Oh, I know their tricks and their manners!) 'but I knows a likelier, and while my Jim breathes the hair on this terrestrial globe I don't look at any one else. I don't even see 'em!' (Now, I've got rather a nice ending—I don't know if it's edzactly right; I caught it from somethin' you was reading to Miss Gwynn):

"'Oh, the sea has mighty fish,
And the heaven has stars above,
But my heart—my heart—
My heart has its love!'"

Lily concealed her smiles as well as she could.

"Why, you are quite poetic, 'Melia," she said, at the end, while she felt that she had not gained much assistance from the *billet-doux.*

"Yes, I like it," answered 'Melia, reflectively—"in its place, but I wouldn't want Jim to take to it. Lor'! there's nothin' 'cept drink as ruins a young fellow like takin' to poetry!"

And 'Melia carried her letter away with a self-satisfied smile on her face.

Very soon a different sort of letter was burning in Lily's pocket. It seemed so instinct with life that her fingers tingled after touching it.

She waited for some time all her own and secure from interruption, and, if conscience murmured, Lily answered "that nothing should come of it. The writer would stay unknown. He could never find her out, and it was all pure fun, flavored with a little romance."

It is not our work to transcribe that first letter, nor the others which followed it. What noble sentiments glowed there, what ringing words, what longing for a kindred soul! Lily felt that she had never known such a noble soul, and, by degrees, the writer accustomed the young girl to the idea of meeting him.

In fact, she began to long to see him herself, for she found, after the *cartes de visite* were exchanged, that he was no other than the handsome, dark-eyed individual who had raised her at the door of the theatre.

And when "Lawrence," or more properly Russel Dent, a good-looking blackguard, gifted with a winning tongue, and various talents prostrated to base uses, discovered that the lovely vision in amber crêpe and his rash young correspondent were one and the same, he felt a thrill in that worn and *blasé* article he called heart, such as he had not known for many a day.

If it had not been for a hateful fetter which bound him to a pale, broken-hearted woman, who was struggling for bread for herself and child in a small New England town, he would not have objected to a runaway match, and he cursed the luck which prevented his gaining such a prize.

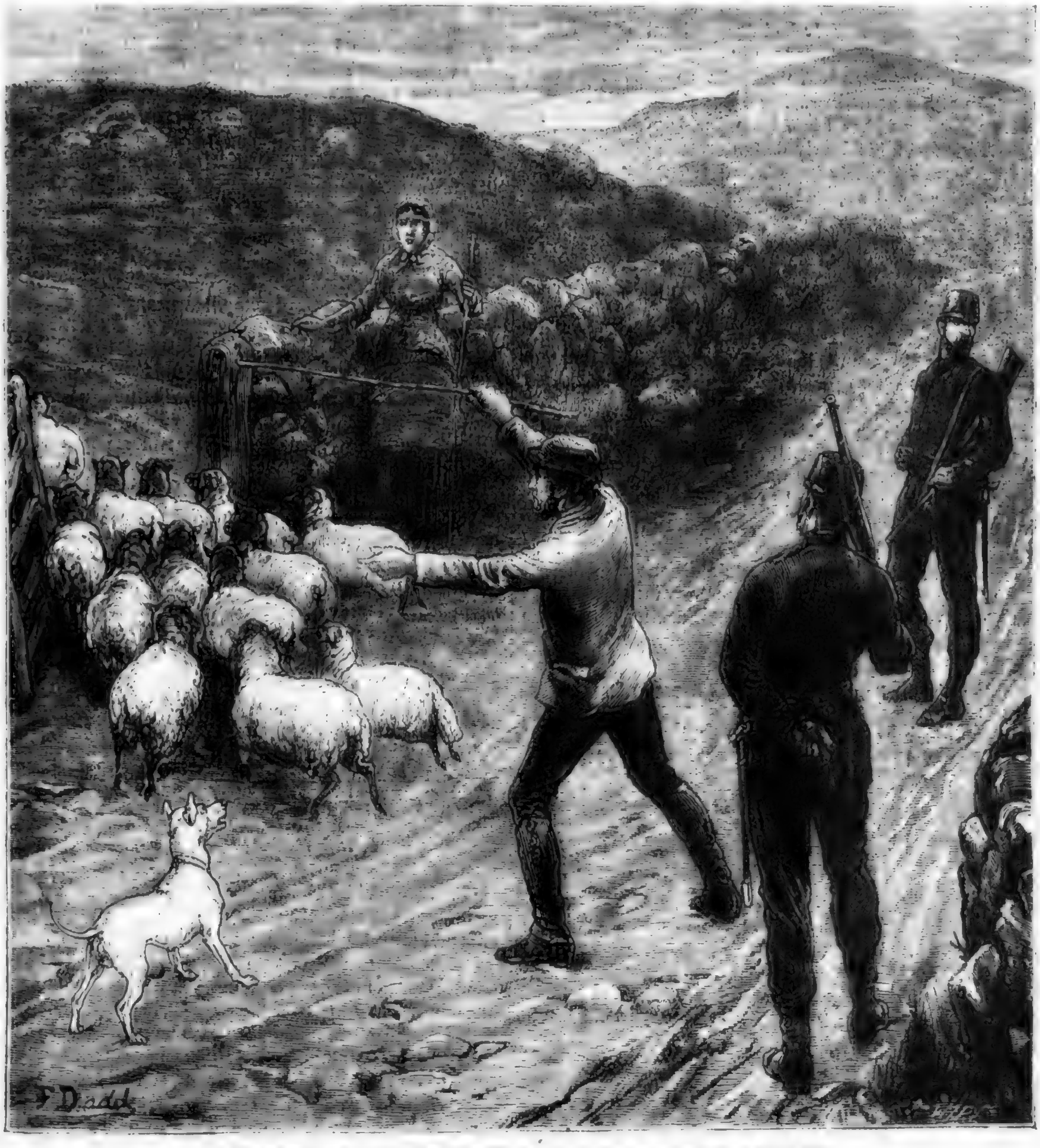
But this did not stand in the way of his love-making, and he pursued his end with a zeal and singleness of aim, which, if used in other directions, would have given him a name. So the hour surely came at last when they met face to face!

An American girl has few restraints save her own innate purity; so Lily could easily devise times and ways of meeting, and after a few interviews she no longer felt any sensation of wrong in the matter. Such a lover she would have introduced to the assembled universe with pride, and she urged "Lawrence," as he still called himself, feeling safer under an "alias," to allow her to tell her father all.

But that wily diplomat knew exactly how to work his wires. Lily was as a puppet in his skillful hands, and was persuaded at last that the best course was to fix her fate with the man she loved beyond a peradventure.

So the evening came that Lily with trembling hands put together her jewelry and a few trifles, and fled from her father's house, leaving a note full of love and confident words about her own future. The morning after, 'Melia burst into the dining-room, round-eyed and breathless.

"Which Miss Lily never slept in her bed last night, sir, and is gone—leastways, ain't nowhere to be found!"



A DASH THROUGH CONNEMARA.—DRIVING SHEEP NEAR LEENANE.—SEE PAGE 279.

XUM

Mordaunt started up with a great pang at his heart, and hurried to his darling's room.

One terrified glance around told the story, and a little note on the bureau finished it.

She was gone—the child he had idolized—the hope and brightness of his life! He staggered to a seat, and stared at the paper, reading it over and over, though the words were burnt in on his brain. And there was no clew—not the slightest—a black pall seemed dropped down before him, shutting out his daughter from his sight for ever.

He summoned Miss Gwynn frantically, and accused her of carelessness. He raved madly against every one, and even himself. Miss Gwynn defended herself with the tears running down her face, and he felt at last how unjust he had been, and grew calmer.

"I suppose if a girl wants to go to perdition, not even the cherubim and seraphim could stop her," he groaned. "But oh, *my* daughter!—my Lily!"

After that came days of search, days of restless waiting, days of sickening despair.

All seemed useless. Lily had dropped out of his life as one who is silently swallowed up in an engulfing sea. She was gone utterly—vanished "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and her home knew her no more.

Her unhappy father knew from the silence what had been the fate of his lovely daughter. Happy and prosperous, he would surely have heard from her again. It was her misery and wrecked life she was hiding from him, and day by day the iron entered his soul. So the Summer faded away, the harvests ripened on a thousand fields, the fruits of Autumn were garnered, the snows of Winter fell and whitened the frozen earth, the resurrection of Spring came and stirred the pulses of life at nature's heart.

Sunshine and a great cheer seemed poured out everywhere save in Mordaunt's lonely home. The long Summer days fretted him into fever; he grew unfit for work, and at last decided that he must go away or go mad.

His trunks were packed, when 'Melia brought in a note. There was a half-terrified, half-expectant look in her face as she handed it to him, and when he glanced at it his face blanched. He had grown old in a year. He tore open the clumsy bit of paper, for he knew, in spite of the trembling hand, it was his Lily's writing.

Ah, yes! but feeble and uncertain, as one might write half blinded with tears, or, perhaps, with that stranger mist before the eyes which the angel of death softly drops before the eyes that are closing to every worldly sight. Mordaunt read:

> "I would not write, dear papa, if I did not know that I am dying. Living, I would have hidden from your sight for ever: but, oh, I cannot die alone! I am afraid—afraid! And I know you will come to your poor Lily, and let her hold your hand when that terrible time comes."

Then followed a direction hard to read in that unsteady hand and with the sudden tears filling his eyes.

Without a word to 'Melia, he started at once for the squalid locality, filled with tenement-houses, whose existence he scarcely knew. He fancied how the Summer sun had burned through those poor rooms and fevered his wretched child. But she should go home at once, and the comforts of coolness would restore her.

His quickest pace seemed a lagging one as he hastened along. She was alone, and that was well, or he would surely have a murder on his soul.

He found his way up the rickety stairs barred by a stout Irishwoman, with arms akimbo, who looked ready to defend her castle from intrusive strangers. Mordaunt hesitated—he knew not by what name to ask for his sick girl.

"Is there a lady very ill in one of your rooms?—a young——"

"Oh, *lady!*" with a sniff. "That's as people plaze. I don't call 'em ladies mesilf. No, no! I am Mrs. O'Flannagan, at your service, good sir, and an honest woman, as don't intind to demane my house wid young rips. But I was desaved by the schamin' vill'in as brought her here."

Mordaunt winced as if touched with a red-hot iron.

"I am her father," he said, sternly. "I am come to take her away; I will pay you all that is due, but keep a civil tongue in your head."

The woman's face changed.

"She's a swate, purty crature, indade, and it's desaved she was by that schamin' Lucifer——"

"Woman, show me her room!" cried Mordaunt, in agony; and Mrs. O'Flannagan was frightened into obedience.

Up the narrow stairs, amid the heat and ill odors, Mordaunt climbed, and at last the woman opened a small door.

The room was bare and dingy and dark enough, but even there the golden hair "seemed to make a sunshine in a shady place." It lay about poor Lily's wan and wasted face like a halo. The large, dark eyes were fixed in one mournful, questioning glance on her father's face, and the next moment she was gathered up in those strong arms, and tears—those bitter tears that start when the heart's deep fountains are torn apart by strong convulsion—rained down his cheeks.

Oh, how blissful to the storm-tossed girl, to feel herself in the haven of those arms!

"I thought you would come," she murmured.

"Oh, Lily, how did it all happen? My darling, who could have lured you away?"

"You want to know how it happened?" she asked, in a feeble voice; and, moving a little, she took a worn little pocketbook—it had, alas! no money in it, only a scrap of half-worn paper. "It began in a frolic, papa—through this."

And Mordaunt, staring in astonishment at the bit of paper, read: "A young man of twenty-five, tall, with dark eyes and mustache, enjoying ample means and a fine position in society, would be glad to make the acquaintance of a young lady with a view to matrimony. A devoted heart and purity held far above wealth. Address 'Lawrence,' at this office."

"My God!" cried the agonized father, as he recalled a certain hour in his sanctum, when a friend had questioned him, "Does it pay in the long run?" "My God! I have murdered my child!"

How had he been paid? In a few dollars, in a lifelong misery, in a crushed and blasted life, in heart-throbs of agony, in tears that seemed like life-drops of blood.

"My darling!" he cried, "I am to blame! Forgive me!"

"Oh, papa!" cried the poor child, feebly, "how could you know what a silly little girl I was? But he seemed noble and good, and I began in fun; then, little by little, I went on, till I trusted him entirely. I thought, when I left that little note for you on the bureau, that I should be in your arms by night, a happy bride. Well, there was a sort of marriage ceremony, but various excuses were offered from time to time for not going to you and confessing all, till at last—oh, papa, fancy the misery! I saw by chance a letter from his wife—his real wife. I felt as if I had been struck dead when I read it. She wrote so pitifully, poor thing, about herself and child. She was almost starving, for she had been sick and unable to work. He did not care. I saw then what a heartless monster he was. He even laughed at the skill with which some boon companion had simulated a clergyman in dress and manner—'the larkiest thing Jim ever did.' Papa, I left him that night. It was bleak, and a cold rain was falling. I had nowhere to go, but I started out wildly—anywhere, but under the roof with such a wretch. I walked on till I was drenched to the skin, and found myself standing before our house. Think, papa! I knew my dear little room was just the same, though all looked dark."

"Oh, my darling! why did you not come to me? *You* had not sinned."

"Ah, yes, papa," answered Lily, faintly; "I had deceived you. I had deserted the most loving father ever girl had. I could never have faced my old companions again. Dear papa, you must think with me that all is best as it is. I took my death that night."

"Oh, Lily—no, no!" cried the agonized father; "you shall come to your old home. Once out of this den, you will get well. You need not face your old companions. We can go where no one knows anything of this——"

"Dearest papa, I shall never leave this bed—the doctor told me so before I wrote, and it is better so. I have you here; I am glad to go. What, oh, what would my life be to me now? I used to have such bright dreams about it; but all that is past, and I am only seventeen. It is soon finished; is it not, papa? A short, short story, and a sad ending. I never liked the novels with a sad ending, but my life-story——"

"Oh, my darling! hush, it kills me!" cried Mordaunt, burying his face in his hands, with sobs. "I cannot bear it!"

"Don't cry, papa!" exclaimed Lily, in a tremulous voice. "Think it is sweet to me to die, only I am a little afraid—that is natural, you know, even when one longs to go. But you will hold my hand. Oh, a year ago, how hard it would have been! How misery weans us from the world!"

And the poor girl's words came true. Before the sun set that evening the summons came, and, clasping her father's hands, she looked the chill and deathly angel calmly in the face, smiled like a tired child who is dropping to sleep, and floated out into the great ocean that surges about all living.

ÆSTHETICS AND ÆSTHETICIANS.

For a long time the word *taste* was generally used by all English writers on art, and it is not an improper or inappropriate one, since the conformity is great between that mental taste which is affected with, or which forms a judgment of, the elegant arts, and that sensitive taste which gives us a delight in every different flavor that pleases the palate.

Though taste is not an inappropriate, yet it is a very inadequate, metaphor; and perhaps it is impossible to express the meaning of a thing very accurately by any figurative term. Not satisfied with it, the Germans adopted the beautiful Greek word "Æsthetics" in their exposition of the causes of the emotions produced by the contemplation of objects in nature and art. It is now brought into common use amongst us, and well that it is, when such an increased interest is felt for works of art, and when men need clear thoughts, definite expressions and select words to give authority to their principles of judgment.

What made the Greeks—what made a Plato or an Aristotle—so pre-eminent as critics, was the idea they endeavored to carry out of developing all the powers of the mind in the greatest possible harmony and perfection. This made them great æstheticians. This gave them that universality of mind—without which no man can be a true critic—which enabled them to feel and to appreciate whatever was beautiful and grand. A one-sided or partial judgment would have hindered them from detecting beauties or discovering truths. The temple that a Callimachus or an Ictinus designed, they loved to contemplate, because they saw it was a perfect and finished system; because they felt how the whole of it was developed in accordance with the principles and real æsthetic motives of Greek architecture. But such is the blindness and frigid nature of some individuals, as actually to question its claims upon our admiration. They are unmoved before it. They assert that its symmetrical proportions are not to be held up as a model of architecture. Another style of architecture has great attraction for them; and this, bearing no resemblance to it, is therefore rejected as barbarous. They are excited, probably, before a Gothic cathedral—to them that is all perfection; far otherwise the classical, which is opposed to it in every respect. These persons are disqualified to judge accurately of the merits of a work they condemn.

A DASH THROUGH CONNEMARA.

By N. Robinson.

I put up at the Gresham Hotel, in Sackville Street, Dublin. I had tried the Shelbourne, in St. Stephen's Green, but the Gresham is less pretentious and much more comfortable. If you ring a bell, you may expect the summons to be attended to. If you order your breakfast in advance, it is on the table when you reach the breakfast-room. The waiters are more or less characters in their way, thoroughly Irish, and, as a natural sequence, full of latent drollery.

I dined one day at the hotel, and witnessed a *rara avis in terris.* A small, round, pot-bellied man, with an inch of mud, mingled with cow-pen litter, clinging to his boots, came into the dining-room and proceeded direct to a corner, where a chair was "turned," in order to denote its having been bespoken. Divesting himself of his grazier's hat—a high felt—and a worsted muffler which came up to his ears, the little man sat down to his dinner, which consisted of a "rousing" beefsteak, with potato trimmings. Presently the waiter appeared, bearing a cobwebbed bottle with a care that told me that behind the warp and woof of the spider reposed a precious vintage.

"Mind yer hand, Jim!" shouted the little man, casting an anxious eye upon the bottle.

"Begorra, I will, Misther Garnett."

The waiter, as if he were searching the thumb of a newborn infant for the point of a needle, proceeded to draw the cork, and having extracted it with a triumphant "cluck," placed the bottle beside the grazier—for such he proved to be, and one of the "snuggest" men in Royal Meath.

Mr. Garnett, having finished his steak, now turned his attention to the port, and in less than ten minutes he finished the bottle. Then he folded a yellow silk handkerchief over his face, and went fast asleep.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked.

"He dines here every Smithfield day, sir, an' he dhrinks three bottles o' port," the waiter informed me.

"Impossible!"

"Bedad, ye'll see him do it, if ye like for to remain. He gets his third about tin o'clock, in time for to ketch the 10:30 from the Broadstone."

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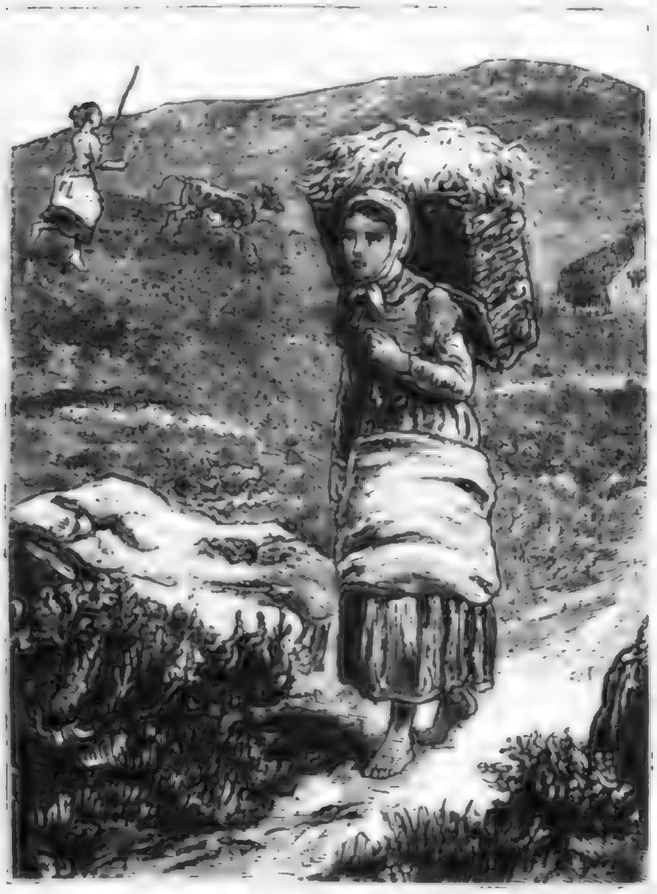


GATHERING DRY FERN.

It was from the Broadstone terminus that I departed *en route* to Mayo, having taken a ticket to Galway, the City of the Tribes. The depot is rather a pretentious-looking granite building, and a canal—the Midland—runs beside it, and indeed side by side with the railroad for a considerable portion of the journey.

I had a flying peep at Athlone and the "Shannon shore," for we crossed the river on a lofty viaduct, and further on we struck Ballinasloe, whose famous annual cattle fair is known to every Irishman under the sun. It was quiet enough on this day in June, and "sorra a baste" was to be seen, save one giddy *boneen*, or little pig, that wantonly disported in a pool of filth, opposite a mud cabin, close to the railway-station.

Arrived at Galway! The journey was eight hours. I put up at the Railway Hotel, a gaunt, gloomy, ill-furnished barracks, which had been built when Mr. Orrel Lever was connecting Galway and New York by his line of steamships—built, I say, to accommodate a thousand people, but now scarcely circumstanced to contribute to the creature comforts of one-twentieth of that number. Opposite this grand palace is Eyre Square; and I was informed, when too late, that I should have gone to Black's, a small, comfortable hostelry, at the other side of the square.

After a supper of the cleverly bad ham and eggs, some capital tea, and a stiff glass of John Jameson in cold water, I turned out to engage my seat on the "lobster-car" for Clifden, the coach-office being close to the hotel.

Having secured the box-seat, through the aid of a half-crown dexterously planted in the "heel of the fist" of the driver—a gentleman whose "get-up" would have made the fortune of Mr. Dion Boucicault—I retired for the night, to dream of poteen, and praties, and colleens, and Connemara, till the Summer sun came flashing off the broad Atlantic to tell me that, if I wished to see the City of the Tribes, I must be up and stirring.

Before I leave the Railway Hotel, let me mention a story connected with one of its waiters. When the late Lord Carlisle was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he came to Galway to assist at a banquet given in honor of the new packet station. A waiter, who was very anxious to be on good terms with "the lord," stole behind the Viceroy's chair, and in a low whisper breathed into his ear:

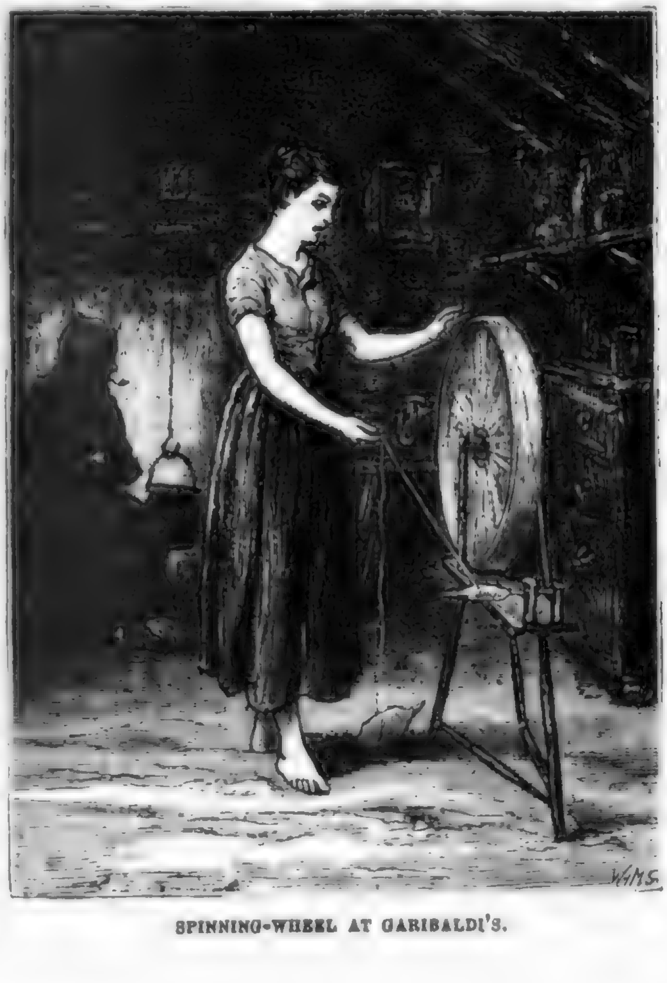
"Me lord, av ye hope for to see glory, avoid thim pays (peas), for they're as hard as bullets."

The genial Lord Lieutenant often related this story over a bottle of claret at Dublin Castle, and a gentleman who heard him relate it told it to me.

Galway wears a peculiarly Spanish appearance, the narrow streets and stone houses with balconies giving it quite the aspect of sunny Spain. A long strip of land close to the Atlantic has the name of the "Cladagh." It was here that one of the vessels of the celebrated Spanish Armada was wrecked in the sixteenth century. The survivors settled on the Cladagh, interwed with the fisher-folk, and at this writing the olive complexions, dark eyes, sweeping lashes, rich red lips and blue-black hair denote the Spanish blood—*sangre azul.*

I had barely time to visit the Queen's College, a very handsome building, and the celebrated house of the stern magistrate who condemned his own son to death, and upon which the romantic play of "The Warden of Galway" is founded; take an outside jaunting-car to Salt Hill—the "swell" bathing-place, about three miles away—and return to the lobster-car, which I found in readiness to start, attached to four quadrupeds, which, like the famous horse of Mr. Winkle, displayed marvelous symmetry of bone. The leaders were harnessed by *suggauns* (hay ropes), and, while the vehicle looked fit to do a thousand miles in a thousand hours, the horses seemed more adapted for the purposes of the knacker's yard than attempting the mountain roads that lead into the wilds of Connemara.

"Faix, they're not much to luk at, yer honor," observed the charioteer; "but wanst they begin for to humor the



SPINNING-WHEEL AT GARIBALDI'S.

road, bedad they'll rowl ye along betther nor Misther Val Blake's bloods."

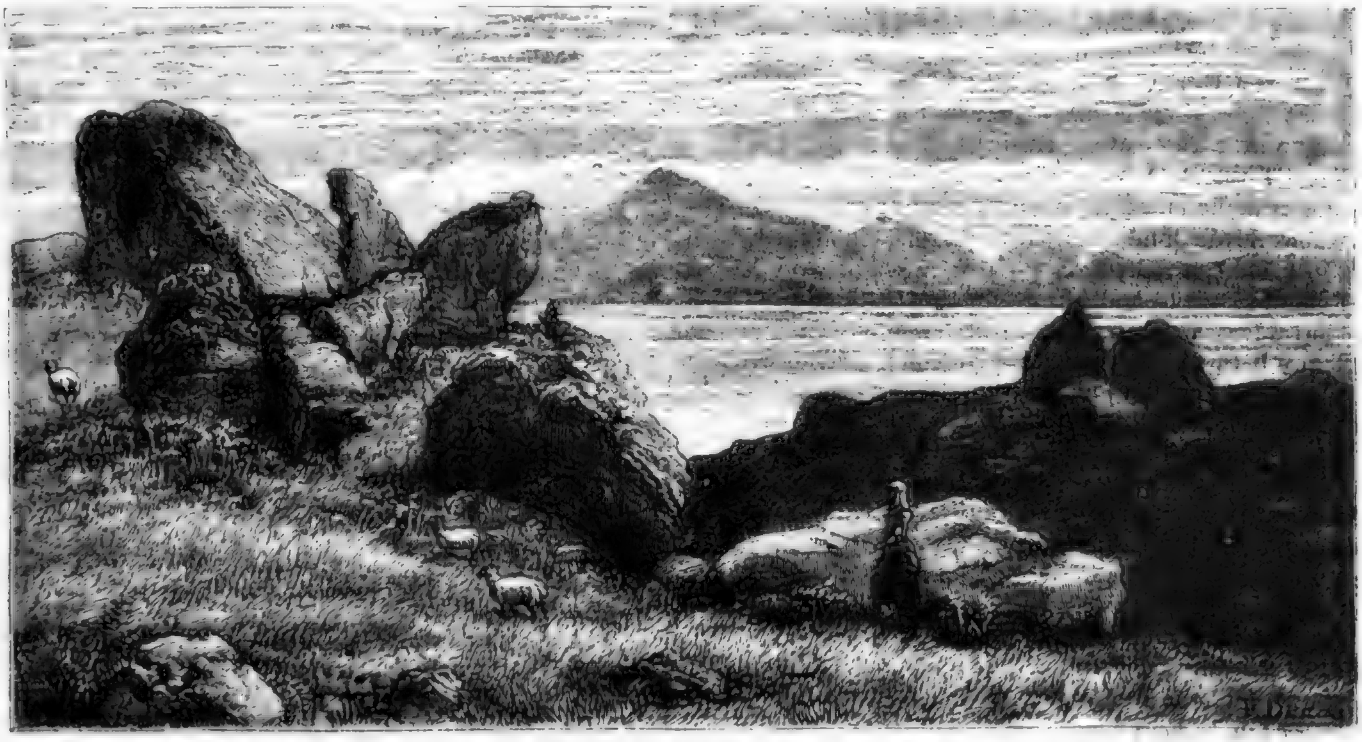
I stood on Galway Bridge to look at the salmon in the river beneath—fine twenty-pounders, lying as thick as they could swim together. I am a disciple of Isaak Walton, and my teeth watered when I beheld a twenty-five-pounder rising languidly at a confiding fly. On inquiry, I discovered that the hire of a rod for the day is thirty shillings, and this only entitles to the fishing, not to the fish. Every fish caught is sold to the angler at so much per pound.

"Divil resave the taste av a sammin we ever get here, yer honner," observed a Galwayian, who also hung on the bridge.

"How is that?—they seem plentiful enough," I asked.

"Troth, they're as thick as haves; but it's t'England they all go—bad luck to her!"

Well, I mounted to the box seat on the lobster-car, and perched myself beside the driver, while a group of excited and curious bystanders surrounded the vehicle, some gesticulating, some begging, some offering woolen knitted stockings for sale, and all more or less tendering advice to the driver in regard to the "bastes," or sending messages to neighbors along the road. The lobster-car is an overgrown outside jaunting-car, capable of containing eight or ten persons on each side; the luggage is in the well, a deep, square receptacle, against the walls of which the passengers sit back to back.


CROAGH PATRICK, FROM THE MAYO SHORE OF CLEW BAY.

These cars were invented by the late Charles Bianconi, who originally commenced life as a peddler of stucco images, and died with a couple of hundred thousand pounds, having married his daughter to the witty Maurice John O'Connell, M. P., nephew of the "Liberathor." Bianconi, during his weary trudgings through Ireland, keenly felt the want of popular conveyances, and knowing exactly where to plant them, began with one car, and continued organizing routes until Bianconi's car was to be found all over the Green Isle, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway. To-day the car is being rapidly superseded by the iron horse, and '82 may see a railway from Galway to Clifden, or right into the heart of Connemara.

After some false starts, such as the immortal Mr. Pickwick made in the country dance at Dingley Dell, off we went, a cheer following us from the crowd, and we were soon bowling along a very tolerable road, dotted here and there with domains, and unpretending but decidedly comfortable-looking dwellings.

"D'ye see thim two whitewashed pillars forenint us, wid balls on the top?" demanded the driver. "Well, thim's the enthrance to Martin's av Ballinahinch—ould Dick, that lived like a rale prince. Ye'll see the house by-and-by; it's ten mile the other side av Oughterand."

"This surely cannot be the entrance to his domain?" I observed.

"Yes, it is, sur. Shure, the dhrive to the big house was forty mile—divil a fut less."

Subsequently I learned that the man was substantially correct, and that an avenue of forty miles led from the "first gate lodge"—in other words, for forty miles the visitor to Ballinahinch traveled over the fair lands of his host.

The story of the Martin family is one of wild improvidence and ruin. Their vast estates went acre by acre, until the last of the race, Miss Martin, who married a Captain Bell, was compelled to seek a home in the United States. The grandfather was the Henry Bergh of his day, and was known by the sobriquet of "Humanity Dick." After the Union, he sat in the English Parliament, and, on making a motion to introduce a Bill against cruelty to animals, the English members sought to cough him down.

"If any gentleman will cough distinctly enough so that I can identify him," exclaimed Martin, with the utmost coolness, "I have a brace of pills at his disposal, which I trust will cure his cough most effectually!"

As the Lord of Ballinahinch was a noted duelist and a crack shot, the coughs suddenly subsided, without the aid of that "brace of pills."

Oughterand, where we changed horses, is a straggling village consisting of a single street, running by the side of a sprawling stream, the waters of which—a rich peaty brown—have cut away its western bank till the rock hangs over it, for a mile or so, like a gigantic shelf. The village is the entrance into Connemara, and as we emerged into the open, the driver "takin' the consait" out of his new team,

XUM

nothing was visible but a great plain of peat, here and there bright with clots of purple heather, or tufts of grass of a luminous green.

Two colleens, bare-legged, bare-shouldered, their costume apparently consisting of a single petticoat of a rich red, with its attendant bodice, ran after the car for miles, now taking a short cut across the bogs, to intercept the vehicle on the winding roads, now clinging to the step, while they silently extended a couple of pairs of bluish-gray worsted stockings in mute appeal. The girls were about fifteen and sixteen, with raven black hair, and roguish gray eyes, with lashes that swept their sun-kissed cheeks. The endurance of these girls caused me astonishment.

"Begorra! they'd bate the car into Clifden for a shillin' this minnit," observed the driver, with a grin, to whom I had remarked on the wondrous staying power of the children of the bogs.

A few miles further, and a bluish mist in cloudland told of mountains.

"Would yer honor like for to taste a dhrop av rale potheen?" demanded the driver.

"Where could I get the genuine stuff?"

"Beyant here, at Garrybaldi's—no less."

"Garibaldi's?"

"Yis, yer honor. The shebeen is kept be a man that was out fightin' wid Garrybaldi; and he has his picther stuck up over the doore. Here it is."

A small thatched cabin stood by the roadway. A sign swung over the entrance, upon which was rudely depicted a cadaverous-looking man with a long beard, and attired in the reddest of red shirts.

I alighted—in fact, all the passengers alighted; we were ten or twelve—and entered the hostelry, where, after a short colloquy between the driver and the proprietor (a jovial-looking fellow enough) as to our being *safe*, the "blessid lickker" was brought forth with much show of care and secrecy, and a "naggin" served all around. I rather liked the peaty flavor myself, but the large majority of my fellow-travelers spat the mountain dew out, declaring that it was nothing but bad Scotch whisky.

"Talk of poteen, sir," observed a cheery, middle-aged gentleman, whom the driver informed me was proceeding on a visit to Kylemore Castle, the seat of Mr. Mitchel Henry, Member for Galway, "there is a friend of mine in the wine trade in Dublin, a Mr. Chamberlaine, who has a mild Scotch"—here he smacked his lips and rolled his eyes—"that is better than any poteen that ever was distilled from here to the Twelve Pins."

This gentleman, at a further stage of the road, when we were compelled to walk to enable the "bastes" to clear a "lump av a bog," told me rather a funny experience with reference to "mountain dew."

"I come down here every year, sir, on a visit to my friend, Mr. Mitchel Henry, for the salmon-fishing. I am going to Kylemore Castle now. I was anxious to get a couple of gallons of poteen for an English friend, and spoke to Henry about it. 'Don't ask *me*,' laughed Henry. 'I'm a magistrate, you know, and dare not speak of illicit distillation. Try ——" naming one of his employés. The man very willingly complied with my request, and the next day a sort of Shaun the Post made his appearance at the castle.

"'You're the gintleman that axed in regard to the crathur?' twisting his caubeen around with his thumbs.

"'Yes. I want two gallons. What's the price?'

"'Eighteen shillin's a gallon.'

"'Why, what do you mean by asking such a price?'

"Here the fellow gave me a look full of comicality, as he exclaimed:

"'Shure, yer honor forgets that the duty's riz!'"

Our road lay by Glendalough, a sweet, sad lake, a sort of cousin to the Glendalough in the County Wicklow, which Tom Moore has immortalized as the scene of the loves of Kathleen and St. Kevin:

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
'Here, at last,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'
But, ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do."

Here we lost three passengers, whose impedimenta announced disciples of old Isaak Walton.

"Bedad, there's a barristher from the Four Coorts, that came down wid me last Tuesda' was a week," observed the driver, "an' the dickens a rise he cud git, though Barry Keerigan sez he's the best fisher in the counthry; so thim gintlemin 'll have their journey for their thrubble, an' sorra a more."

Glendalough also recalled to my mind the verses of a comic song I once heard poor Barney Williams sing:

"As Saint Kavin wanst was walkin' through a place called Glendalough,
He chanced to meet wid King O'Toole, an' axed him for a shough.
Says the King, 'Yer but a stranger, an' yer face I never seen,
But av yez got a taste av weed, I'll lind ye my dudheen.'"

It was approaching sunset when we neared Ballinahinch, the once stately home of the celebrated Martins. In the middle of a small lake stands a tiny island, and upon the island a ruined keep, covered with ivy.

"That's the prison, yer honor," observed the driver, as he pointed to the tower; "it was in that place that the Martins put their presoners, and kep' them there as long as they had a mind for to do it. The house is beyant in the holla'. Ye can see the chimbleys. Thim's the stables, this ind av the lake. There's stablin' for forty hunters, an' a marble stall for aich baste. Och, its a poor case for to see the estates av the ould, anshint, grand families all tuk from thim. Billinahinch is now owned be the Law Life Assurance Society of London, bad luck to thim; it's hapes o' law, sorra much life, an' the divil's own assurance we've got since they come into it; the curse o' Crummle light on thim."

A certain spot in the road was pointed out to me as "Miss Martin's Lep," a place where she took a drop of about twenty feet, riding a famous hunter called "Golliogue," for she was one of the best horsewomen that ever followed the celebrated Galway Blazers, the pack of whom Lever sings:

'The King of Oude
Is mighty proud,
An' so were wanst the Caysars;
But ould Giles Eyre
Wud make thim stare
Av he had thim wid the Blazers.'

I could barely discern the immense block of stabling; and as for the house, the top of the roof alone was visible. Fain would I have visited both, for the misfortunes of the Martins had become known to me in early childhood by "one of them," Lady Pechel, whose granddaughter is now a society belle in Washington; but the lobster-car stopped not, and with it were cast my present fortunes. It was in the gloaming when we rattled into Clifden, where broiled trout, rashers and eggs, and mountain mutton chops were in waiting for us at Mullarky's Hotel.

Clifden is a most picturesque little town, and the hotbed of "Souperism." Here the Irish Church Missionary

Society have pitched their tents, and proselytizing is carried on in a manner at once shameful and unchristianlike. Taking advantage of the miserable condition of the peasantry, and being compelled to show something for the enormous sums subscribed at Exeter Hall for its maintenance, the Society stops at nothing to induce some wretched Catholic children to attend its schools, and, in the words of the witty Dr. Nedly's ballad—the doctor is physician to the present Viceroy, Lord Cowper—the poor creatures are:

"Sellin' their sowls
For penny rowls,
And flitches av hairy bacon."

The feeling on the part of the inhabitants against the unscrupulous employés of this Society is so great, that mud, rotten eggs and cabbages usually follow in their wake, while a riot of a very serious character took place at a schoolhouse near by in 1879.

After an honest forty winks, which I would willingly have made fifty, I turned out at 5 A.M. to have a look at the town, and at six resumed my perch on the lobster-car that plies between Clifden and Westport, through the heart of the Killeries, and some of the most splendid scenery in the wild West of Ireland.

What a morning that was! Fresh, fragrant, the atmosphere clear, and the sky a full, keen blue. Before us stood that range of irregular-looking mountains, which, from their singular formation, are known as the Twelve Pins; while on the left, towering into the heavens, stood the crags of the giant mountains that keep silent watch and ward over the Kylemore Lake. The purple heather bloomed in the bog, through which our road now lay, while ever and anon we would pass a mud cabin, thatched with sods of turf—with its cesspool in front, the pigs wallowing in wild wantonness—the smoke coming out through a small window in a boarded partition opposite the low entrance. The country, as we approached Kylemore Lake, became more cultivated—that is, patches of corn and potatoes and meadow begin to border the roadside, while cabins were replaced by cottages, luxurious in whitewash and golden with straw thatch.

"It's all owin' to Misther Hinnery," observed the driver; "he's a soft landlord and a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man. His hand is always open to the poor, an' no wan goes away from the castle beyant widout a good bellyful. That's the castle!" pointing with his whip.

A black lake, the rugged mountains rising sheer to the blue sky line, and clothed with foliage of that luminous green which is the inheritance of the fern. Nestling beneath the giant mountain, a castle, all turrets and bastions and ramparts, built of granite, the mica glistening in the sun. Kylemore Castle is the residence of Mr. Mitchel Henry, the popular representative of the county in the British Parliament. Some twelve years ago Mr. Henry, who is a "shooting man," advertised in the London *Times* for black cock shooting. A reply came from "out of the West," and Mr. Henry, accompanied by his wife, rented the shooting-box at Kylemore for the season. He liked the sport, his wife liked the place, and it was duly purchased. The Henry family began to increase; the lodge was too small. Why not enlarge it? Why not pull it down? Why not build a family mansion? Why not build a castle? Mr. Henry's income is equal to that of the Prince of Wales. His house at Knightsbridge, London, is one of the finest facing Hyde Park. His elder brother became a Catholic priest, and poverty being one of the vows of the Order in which he became enrolled, his vast wealth came to Mitchel. A council of war in castle-building was held. Mr. Roberts, the then County Surveyor for Galway, now one of the members of the Board of Public Works, Dublin, submitted plans for a Tudor castle; the work was forthwith commenced, and to-day Kylemore Castle, whose walls cost £80,000, or $400,000, is one of the most exquisite pieces of modern architecture in Great Britain. The Henry family reside here eight months out of the twelve. They love the place, its sublime solitude, its matchless scenery. They keep up princely style, their indoor men-servants all wearing powder and silk stockings, in connection with gorgeous liveries. It struck me strangely to behold a be-plushed, be-powdered, be-aiguletted flunky in the wilds of Connemara; but so it was—such a blossom in such a wilderness!

Mrs. Henry died in Egypt in 1875. The poor of all denominations still mourn her loss; her pony-carriage never appeared at a cabin door that a basket containing some luxury of life did not appear with it.

Mr. Henry owns 20,000 acres, and his salmon fishing extends to the sea; the "Pool," directly beneath the castle terrace, is alive with salmon. The furniture and "fixin's" of Kylemore are superb. The drawing-rooms are hung with tapestry, the carpets are of special design and from Versailles. The conservatories, which cover some three acres, contain the most perfect collection of tropical plants in Great Britain.

Mr. Henry, before he came into his immense wealth, was a physician in London, enjoying a practice worth $16,000 a year. He has established perfect acclimatization as regards fruits, flowers and vegetables, and you can enjoy strawberries, green peas, and imbibe the perfume of moss-rose buds in January. His hospitality is unbounded, and as a legislator he commands the respect and attention of the House of Commons.

"That's himself," observed the driver, as we stopped at the main entrance to have a look at the castle.

Mr. Henry is about fifty years of age, of medium height, with the shoulders of an athlete. His eyes are dark and piercing, while a bright smile plays over his face, full of a rollicking fun, which is a surer passport to the affections of his tenants than even a reduction of rent to Griffith's Valuation. He lifted his hat to the occupants of the car, and informed us that if we desired it, the castle and conservatory were open to us. To a man we availed ourselves of his permission—and that glass of dry sherry! Let me smack my lips!

The drive along Kylemore Lake, three miles, is absolutely enchanting. The lake is about a mile wide, and the mountains rise sheer out of it. On our left were giant walls, fern-clad and heather-tinted; the sheep, as they skipped from boulder to boulder, appearing like tiny white specks against the green background.

The residence of the late Sir William Wilde, the eminent oculist, and husband of the gifted "Speranza," whose poems in the *Nation* caused the heart of "Young Ireland" to leap in '48, lies a little out of the main road, on the borders of a lake known by the title of Muck. About three miles from Mr. Henry's, and at the outlet of Kylemore Lake, stands a snug, square, old-fashioned house, formerly an inn, but which was purchased by Mr. Andrew Armstrong, as genial a Scotchman as ever plunged a knife into a haggis, or turned off a mutchkin of Glenlivat. He died very suddenly in '75, and his memory is cherished by the "whole barony."

The scenery now is absolutely splendid, as we spin onward to Leenane, a village situated on the shores of the Killeries, a romantic inlet of the Atlantic—a basin in the heart of Titan mountains, upon the grim summits of which the white clouds fold themselves like vails of *tulle illusion.*

The village extends for a quarter of a mile along the

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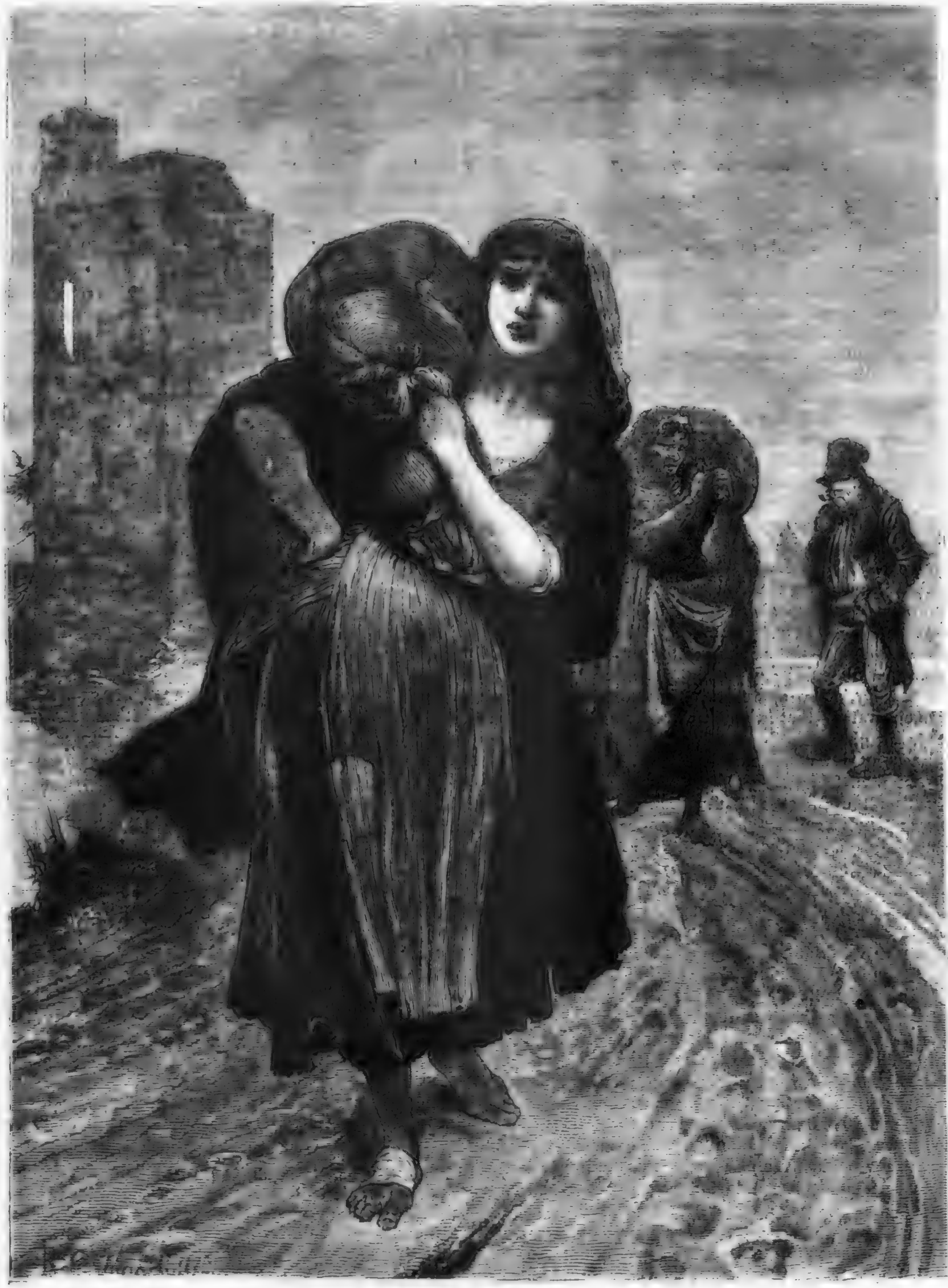
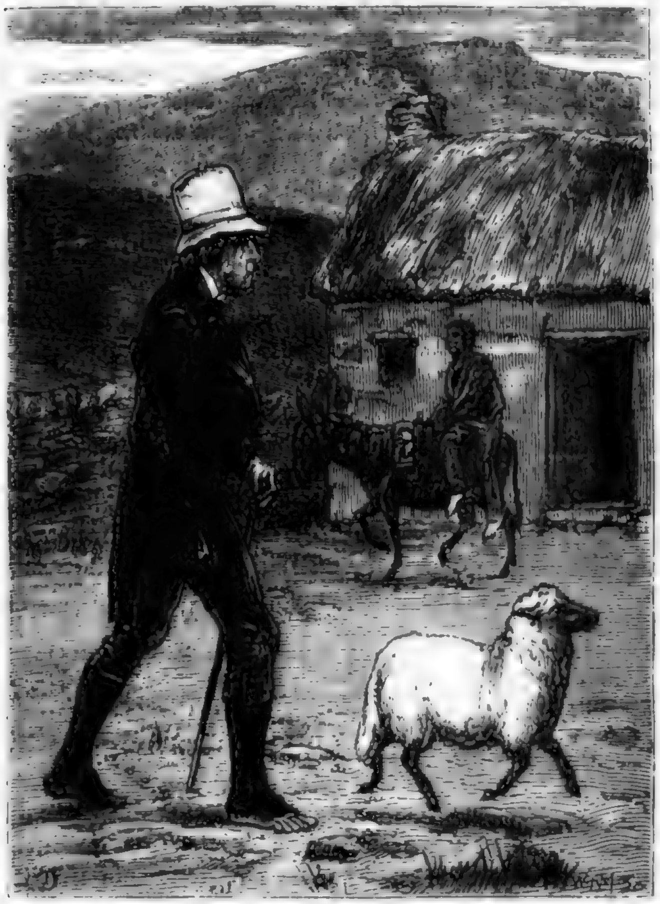
shore, and is cut into the overhanging rock. The hotel is the only building with a slated roof, and here I *did* secure a *golliogue*, alias a mouthful of genuine poteen.



CONNEMARA WOMEN CARRYING HOME MEAL-SACKS.

At Leenane we changed horses, and spun out of the village at a rattling pace, passing the mail-car from Westport, and a little further on the car from Cong, the road leading to the latter striking us at right angles, and disappearing through a defile in the mountains. I cast one last, long, lingering glance at the Killeries Bay. The white, filmy clouds still caressed the mountain-tops, but through them came pouring the dead gold of the vailed sun, which grew brighter as it descended, until it flashed



NEAR WESTPORT.

on the deep-blue waves of the inlet in gorgeous iridescence. The lichens and mosses and ferns, dotted here and there with clots of purple heather, were tipped with yellow, or, when in shadow, assumed deeper and more intense tints. The sails of fishing-boats showed white against the distant headlands, which stood like Titan warders at the entrance of the broad and booming Atlantic. Tiny cabins nestled up in the crags, wreaths of smoke revealing their whereabouts, and the village of Leenane appeared like an irregular streak along the tawny sands.

A great brawling stream lay on our left for miles, the mountains towering over us on the right, until we struck the open bog-land, where gray-eyed colleens, in the scantiest of petticoats and the unkemptest of hair, were filling their kreels with the black turf which was to warm their dainty toes—ay, their limbs were molded in the daintiest fashion—during the coming Winter.

"D'ye see that big mountain out beyant on the lift ?" asked the driver, pointing with his lashless whip in the direction of which he spoke. "That's the highest mountain in all Ireland, glory be to God ! That's Croagh Pathrick, no less ; and out beyant it ag'in is Clew Bay, wid an island for every day in the year stuck in the middle av it. Yis, yer honor, it's the truth I'm tellin' ye. Sorra a lie in it !"

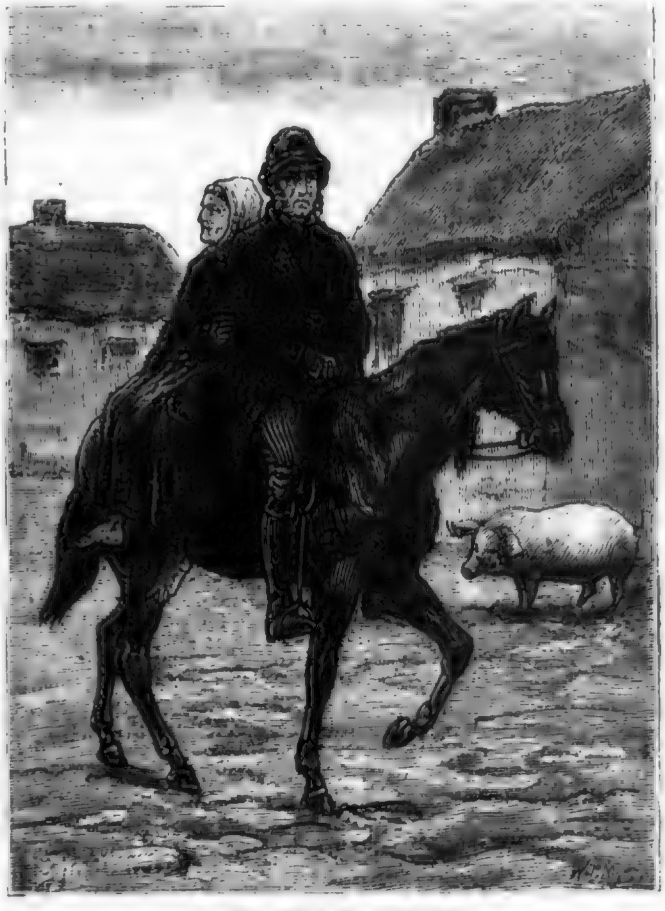
Yes. Croagh Patrick loomed up, a very giant among giants ; and, as we jingled along, my Jehu "divarted" me with stories of the famous pilgrimages made annually to the top of it by the same class of true believers who are at this writing doing the same thing at Knock and Lourdes.

Westport was duly reached. I put up at the Royal, a roomy hotel—in fact, too roomy by half, for I had a bedroom that would have accommodated a company of the Mayo Rifles. The coffee-room is also an apartment of Brobdingnagian dimensions—please to remember that I am speaking of Westport, not of Saratoga—where I sat at an island of a table to the stereotyped broiled trout, followed by ham and eggs. The waiter was barefooted, and moved about in so noiseless a manner as occasionally to give me the idea of having started up right out of the ground. I asked him if I could have anything but ham and eggs, as I was becoming rather tired—*toujours perdrix !* and his reply was a direct negative, followed by, in an undertone, "divvle sind ye betther !"

The town of Westport was once upon a time a place of some importance. Now, it wears a decayed look depressing to contemplate. Its fine quays are deserted, its pretentious warehouses rotting. The barracks and poorhouse are the only public buildings boasting a thriving appearance. A "Boycotted" landlord passed, as I stood examining a miserable statue raised to some defunct local worthy, guarded by two of the Royal Irish Constabulary, both armed with rifles. By-the-way, those men wear a fine soldierly appearance, their Lincoln Green uniform incasing athletic and elegantly molded forms. Some of those men struck me as being the very perfection of manly symmetry.

The grand entrance to Sligo House, the domain of the Marquis of Sligo, abuts upon the town. This noble family is extremely poor ; and during the famine of '48, having no money to contribute to the Famine Fund, they caused all the deer to be slain, and to be given for food.

A day in Westport—melancholy Westport—caused me to decide upon leaving it, and the following morning found me on the driver's seat of the lobster-car, *en route* to Cong, despite the blandishments of mine host of the Royal, who endeavored to induce me to take a sail in Clew Bay, and to attempt the ascent of Croagh Patrick. I re-traversed the road to Leenane, where I took another pull at the poteen, and hiring an outside-car all to myself, posted to Maam, where I dined at one of the most picturesquely situated little inns—the identical hostelry to which the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Carlisle, had been denied admittance by the late Earl of Leitrim, the nobleman who was murdered some three years ago. This eccentric nobleman owed Lord Carlisle a grudge, and when the latter,



IN THE TOWN OF WESTPORT.

who was making a trip through Connemara, alighted for the purpose of dining, the landlord informed the Viceroy that he had written orders from his *landlord* (Lord Leitrim) not to admit him.

While waiting for the inevitable broiled trout, with ham and eggs, I took a header in a pool as clear as crystal. I do not remember to have seen clearer water anywhere, save, perhaps, in the little Ammer, which rolls through the village of Oberammergau, so celebrated for the performance of its Passion Play.

My road now lay along Lough Corrib, till I arrived at the village of Cong, which boasts of one of the finest ruined abbeys in all Ireland, and also of one of the handsomest private residences—namely, Ashfield, the seat of Baron Ardilaun, late Sir Arthur Guinness, and ex-proprietor of the celebrated brewery in Thomas Street, Dublin, whose XX porter is known all over the globe. Lord Ardilaun and the patriotic Father Lavelle are close friends, and, from all accounts, his lordship's name is never likely to be placed on the black list of the Land-Leaguers. I visited the abbey, and spent "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" within its hallowed and cloistered walls. The carvings on the arched doorways and mullions are in a wonderful state of preservation, for I believe that Cong Abbey dates from 800.

At Cong I boarded the *Lady Eglinton* steamer for a trip down Lough Corrib. The lake is wide, and fringed with the domains of the Galway and Mayo gentry. The scenery is nothing to boast of, but the trip is nevertheless a very agreeable one.

Close to the City of Galway the boat passes Menlo Castle, the seat of Sir Valentine Blake, a family who, in "th' ould anshint times," used to banquet upon platters of gold. I arrived in Galway just in time to dine at Black's Hotel and catch the mail train to Dublin.

THE STORY OF BLUEBEARD.

It is a common but very erroneous opinion that the legend of Bluebeard was devised by the Roman Catholics as a satire upon Henry VIII.; nor is there any authority for making him a Turk, as Colman has done in his melodrama, with charming music by Michael Kelly. Dr. Cooke Taylor says upon the inquiry, "The manners which the story portrays describe a state of society long anterior to the age of the Tudors; they belong to a time when the murder of wives needed not to shelter itself under the form of law.

"There are few countries in Western Europe which do not claim the equivocal honor of having produced a Bluebeard; and we may regard the tale as a kind of concentrated essence of several legends and traditions relating to outrages perpetrated by feudal lords during the feeble stage of monarchy, when it might be said of almost every country in Western Europe: 'At this time there was no king in Israel; every man did that which seemed right in his own eyes.'"

Dr. Taylor, having examined three of the legends, observes, "We think that traces of these three legends may be found in Perrault's story of Bluebeard, and that instead of having based his fiction on a single tradition, he endeavored to make it a kind of *résumé* of the many legends of tyrannical husbands with which the popular literature of France abounds."

One of the versions relates that Bluebeard was no other than Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a brave marshal of France in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. His revenues were princely; wherever he went, he had in his suite a seraglio, a company of actors, a band of musicians, a society of sorcerers, a great number of cooks, packs of dogs, and above two hundred led horses. Mezeray states that he maintained sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes that he might attach them to him, and afterward killed them for the sake of their blood, which was necessary for his charms and incantations. He was at length (for some state crime against the Duke of Brittany) sentenced to be burnt alive in a field at Nantes; but the Duke, who witnessed the execution, so far mitigated the sentence that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes interred. He confessed, before his death, that all his excesses were derived from his wretched education, though descended from one of the most illustrious families in the kingdom.

Holinshed notices another Bluebeard, in the reign of Henry VI., anno. 1450. When the Duke of Suffolk was committed to the Tower, the people were so much displeased, that for defense the commons assembled in great companies, and chose a captain whom they called *Bluebeard.*

ST. ELOI, THE PATRON OF GOLDSMITHS IN FRANCE.

During the Austrasian period in France flourished that good King Dagobert of the uneasy chair, and to show how arts and statesmanship went together in his days, we may remark that St. Eloi, *Sanctus Eligius*, the patron saint of goldsmiths in France, was at one and the same time his goldsmith and his Prime Minister. Lest any one should suppose that he was only an idle goldsmith—only free of the company as Lord Palmerston was of the Fishmongers'—and that all his attention was devoted to politics, we may inform our readers that it is expressly stated that St. Eloi, after his elevation to the Premiership, which indeed he owed to his skill as a goldsmith, worked still at his forge as a simple artisan. "He made for the King," says the Chronicle, "a great number of crosses enriched with precious stones, and he worked incessantly, seated with his servant Thillon, a Saxon by birth, at his side, who followed the lessons of his master." From the saint and his disciples sprung the Guild of Goldsmiths in France and Paris. That was the famous body the rules of which were so strict and their work so good that the "touch of Paris" for gold and silver surpassed the touch of all foreign cities, and was only equal to the English "sterling."

Here we have before us the seal of the mystery of Paris, with the legend, "S. Confrariæ S. Eligii Aurifabroum," where S. stands for "Sigillum." In the centre, under a Gothic canopy, stands St. Eloi himself, mitre on head and crozier in left hand, while his right holds the hammer with which his masterpieces were beaten out and molded, putting us in mind of the good old English rhyme:

"By hammer and hand,
All arts do stand."

Readers of Chaucer will remember that the dainty Prioress used no oath except "By St. Eloy."

That St. Eloi was reverenced late down in history, we know from the fact that in the wars in the Sixteenth century a man appeared before the Court of the Guild of Goldsmiths at Paris, bearing in his hand a bone which he asserted was a relic of St. Eloi, their patron saint—*l'ossement de St. Eloi*—which he had saved in the wars at Hesdin and had brought to the Guild. It had been mounted in silver, he said, but the soldiers had taken that and left him the bone. Whereupon a solemn minute is made in the register of the guild of the fact, and a little later on we read that "the relic of Master St. Eloi, mounted in a very handsome piece of rock crystal, had been hung at the foot of his statue in their common hall." We wonder what has become of that *fort beau* piece of crystal, and of the silver statue of the saint.

Among the privileges of the Guild of Goldsmiths at Paris was the right of carrying the shrine of St. Géneviève, the patron saint of Paris, on their shoulders when she went out for a walk or a procession. They also bore the canopy over the head of the King of France at his accession.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

I HAD been six years a surgeon in the navy, and for the last two of those six years I had been cruising on that dreadful Gold Coast. Perhaps I was not the best-tempered man in the service, but I thought I was badly treated. The Admiralty and I had a slight disagreement, and the end was that I threw up my commission in disgust. My health was much broken, and while I was recruiting my strength in a little Devon village, I did the one thing which I have never regretted—fell in love with a good girl, and married her. I had a certain amount of money, which I invested in a country practice; and for some time all went well with us.

But we were not to escape our share of trouble. My health, which had suffered more seriously than I imagined during my period of service, broke down; my practice went to the dogs; we got deeply into debt; and, to make a long story short, three years after our marriage, one miserable Sunday in November found my wife and myself, with our two little children, occupying a single poor room in Grenville Street, off Guildford Street. We had then been in London about six months, and I had been unable —chiefly on account of my precarious health—to get anything to do.

About a month, however, before the day I speak of, my only friend in London had held out a hope of obtaining for me the post of private physician to a wealthy relation. But my friend had been compelled suddenly to go abroad, and though he was daily expected back, yet three weeks had now passed, and I had gone to his house in Kensington day after day without getting any tidings of him. Meanwhile our little stock of money was quite exhausted; everything that could be spared was sold or pawned; and on this Sunday evening, with a month's rent due next day, my wife and I sat before a miserable apology for a fire, with absolute want staring us in the face. We had not quite a shilling left, and when I looked at my sleeping children and thought of the future, I fairly broke down in utter despair. It was then I found what a treasure I had in the noble woman by my side. Affecting a cheerfulness which she could not feel, she imparted to me a portion of her own courage, and at length induced me—anxious to please her and glad to do anything rather than sit powerless—to go once more to my friend's house.

It was ten o'clock, on a cold, drizzling night, when I set out on my walk. I somehow felt a kind of fictitious hopefulness, and walked briskly, resolutely shutting out the thought of failure. I stood some time at my friend's door before I dared to ring the bell that would change my hopes or my fears into certainty; and when at last the servant who answered my ring told me that her master had not yet returned, I fairly staggered into a chair in the hall, overcome with disappointment. The woman, seeing my condition, brought me a little brandy, which revived me somewhat; but it was some time before I felt able to move, and it struck midnight as I left the door for my long and cheerless walk. The rain fell in a steady drizzle, but, though I was lightly clad, I never heeded it. My thoughts were fixed on my poor wife sitting alone and watching for me, and on the wretched news I was bringing her. I walked on, heedless of the bitter cold and of the constant rain, feeling the numbness of misery in my heart.

How it happened I do not know, but somehow I lost my way, and after wandering aimlessly for some time, I found that I was in a street I did not know—the Gray's Inn Road, as I afterward learned. I could see no one to direct me, and was walking on rather anxiously, when I stumbled over the form of a man, who was lying half in and half out of the covered entrance of a wretched court. For a few yards I walked, too much absorbed in my own troubles to think of anything else; but then, thank God! I thought of the unfortunate man lying in the rain, and as a doctor, felt, more strongly perhaps than I otherwise should, that it was my duty to go back and assist him if possible.

There was a gas-lamp in the entrance to the court, and by it I was enabled to see that the prostrate figure was that of a singularly tall and powerfully built man; and on a closer inspection I was surprised to find that his dress was that of a gentleman. At once I thought he had been robbed, and perhaps murdered; but, taking his hand to feel his pulse, I saw that he had a remarkably handsome diamond ring on his finger; and the beating of his pulse, though very faint, showed me that he was not dead.

Then I thought, with something of contempt, that I had a case of mere drunkenness to deal with; but yet, on careful examination, I could detect no fume of spirits, and the faint action of his heart at length convinced me that the man was in a state of complete exhaustion, probably from want of food.

With considerable labor, in my weak condition, I managed—half lifting, half dragging him—to convey him into the covered passage, and determined to stay with him until some passer-by would assist me. I had not waited long when a half-tipsy woman, walking past, looked into the passage, and came over to see what was the matter. She looked keenly at me and at my unconscious patient, and I noticed her eye gleam as she caught sight of a massive gold chain on his vest.

I asked her to go at once and fetch assistance, but she immediately replied that I need not trouble myself any further.

"I know him well; he's Rooney, that owns the public house close by. I'll get him home all right."

At first her assurance almost imposed upon me, but when I looked at the pale, aristocratic face that I supported on my knee, I felt convinced that she had invented the story, with a view to plundering the helpless man. I told her sternly that if she did not go for a policeman I would do so myself. She went off hurriedly—as I thought, for that purpose—but came back no more; and now I was once more alone with my strange patient, and as the minutes went by I know not what to do.

Help, however, was near. I noticed a poor girl—she did not look more than sixteen—walking slowly on the other side of the street; I called to her, and after a moment's hesitation she came over. I briefly explained to her the circumstances, and asked her, if she possibly could, to get me a drop of cordial, or the man would die.

"I have only got fourpence," she said, in a kindly Irish voice, "and I was going to pay for my bed with that at the kitchen in Fulwood's Rents. But, sure, I'll get something from the chemist instead, and I'll trust to God for a night's lodging—I've slept out before now." And away she went, surely not the worst of Good Samaritans.

XUM

A DASH THROUGH CONNEMARA.—GLENDALOUGH.—SEE PAGE 279.

Very soon she returned with the medicine, and I sent her again to fetch a policeman. I forced a little between the man's teeth, and presently he came to and opened his eyes. I asked him how he came there; he said, "Tired and starving." And then I asked him where he came from, and he suddenly brightened up, and looking keenly at me for a moment, said, "Edinburgh"; but from the way he said it I felt convinced he was deceiving me, and shortly after asked the same question again, and he, with the same look, said, "Glasgow."

In his weak state, however, I forbore questioning him further, and a policeman presently coming up, we got him into a cab, and took him to the hospital, where I waited until he was put to bed. Before I left I asked the house-surgeon to give a shilling to the poor girl—Mary Kennedy was her name. He readily did so, and she went off to sleep in "Old Walter's" lodging-house in Fulwood's Rents.

When at last I got home, I found my wife waiting anxiously for me. However, when I told my story she forgave the delay, and in talking over the strange circumstances of the night we forgot for the time our own troubles. My wife insisted that something good would come out of the matter, and at eight o'clock next morning she roused me, and made me set off for the hospital. As I was on my way there my eye was caught by an advertisement on a boarding:

> "ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—A Gentleman of unsound mind has escaped from the M—— Private Asylum. The above reward will be paid to any person finding him and restoring him to his friends."

Then followed a description which exactly tallied with the appearance of my patient. Everything was now clear to me, and I fairly ran to the hospital.

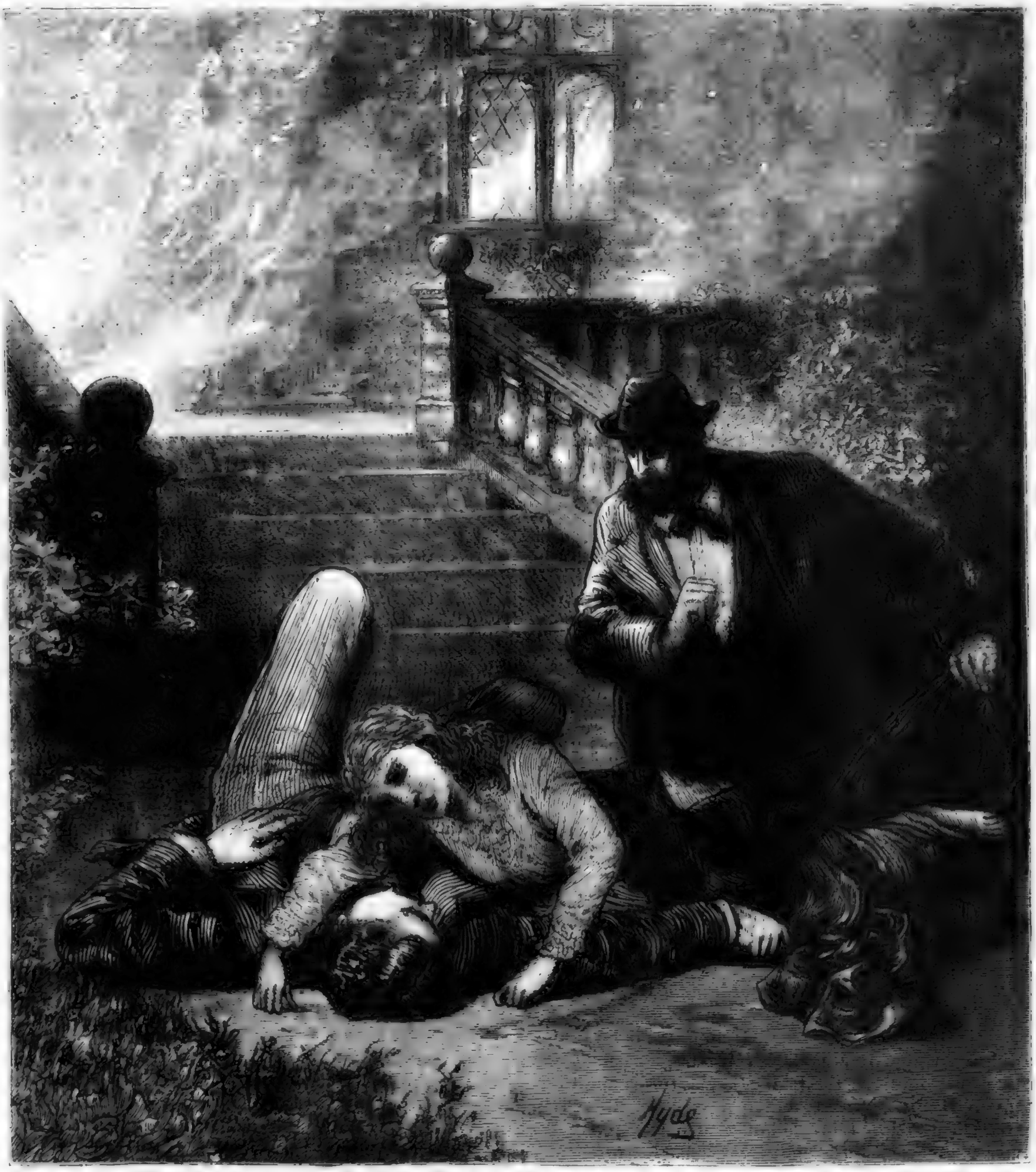
Here, however, my hopes were damped, for I found that policeman Z had gone there before me and told a story very different from the true one, which I have narrated, and had actually gone the length of warning the authorities against me. The solicitor whose address was given in the advertisement had been sent for, and the worthy constable had evidently determined to brazen it out and secure the hundred pounds. I saw the house-surgeon, and told him the whole story. He thought for a few moments, and then said, "We must get that girl at once."

I went myself immediately to the wretched den where she had stopped, and brought her back with me. A very short examination before the solicitor settled Policeman Z's case; and an hour afterward I was able to go back to my wife with more money in my pocket than I had had for many a long day.

But that was not the best of it. I visited my patient—who was no other than the wealthy baronet, Sir Charles Frampton—every day. He seemed to take a strong liking for me, and when he was well enough to be moved, his friends proposed that I should take him under my care. He was perfectly harmless, and, after residing abroad with us for a couple of years, he so far recovered that he was enabled to dispense with my services, and to manage his own affairs. He showed his gratitude, however, in most princely fashion; settled an annuity on poor Mary Kennedy (she had previously been liberally rewarded by his friends), and bought me the practice which I still hold. From that day everything has prospered with me, and I am now rich enough to leave the work to my eldest son, and amuse myself in writing some of the curious incidents of my life, not the least strange of which is the providential occurrence in the Gray's Inn Road.

SOME old sage advised people to agree, for the law is costly. This is good counsel backed with good reason; the charges of a suit many times exceeding the value of the thing contended for. The Italians say to this effect: "A lean agreement is better than a fat sentence."

A CONNEMARA COLLEEN.



JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.—"RUTHLESS TO THE LAST, HE TORE AWAY THE COVERINGS FROM THE SLIGHT FIGURE STILL CLINCHED IN THAT DESPERATE EMBRACE."

JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.

By Jane G. Austin.

In the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, about three miles from its southern shore, lies an island, one of the many which dot the blue waters of this inlet, but differing from the rest in the possession of a pile of ruins, the traces of high cultivation, and—a story.

But the story begins a long way from the bright waters of the Chesapeake, in a sumptuous mansion in the best part of London, where, at the head of a dinner-table, surrounded only with gentlemen, sat one whom the world called Fortunatus, dispensing his lordly hospitality with a cordial grace and courtesy justly ranked as among the best gifts with which nature had so liberally endowed Ralph Horton, the millionaire banker and speculator—the moneyed wonder of his day.

The dinner had been a feast, and now that the cloth was drawn, the wines circulating so freely were of the vintages reserved for princes and those whose combined wealth and appreciation raise them to the rank of princes, in the estimation of vintners, at least. Every one was drinking, and freely, too, except one, and he was the host; who, perfectly cool and self-possessed himself, watched the growing excitement of his guests with a gleam of cynicism in his dark, bright eyes, and a smile whose satisfaction was slightly tinged with contempt upon the handsome mouth,

XUM

fortunately concealed by the hand upon which he carelessly leaned.

At his left hand sat a swarthy giant, whose mighty frame, enormous strength and dark determination of expression would have better befitted the chief of a band of banditti, the captain of a corsair, or the leader of a band of mad adventurers, than a peaceful gentleman of the most fashionable circle of London society, and of no more truculent occupation than occasional stock speculations, in which he had the reputation of a wonderful success—and this was the more fortunate, as Mr. Clifton Gray had already dissipated not only the handsome fortune inherited from his father, but the still more considerable one brought him three years before by his beautiful wife, and would now be, were it not for these same speculations, little better than a pauper. What—to except this similarity of occupation—should ever have drawn these two men, Ralph Horton and Clifton Gray, together, was a marvel, and a constant topic with all who knew them; for never did the rough, intolerant manners of Gray appear more offensive than when contrasted with the polished urbanity of Horton, and never did the slight reticence and the subterfuge of Horton seem so much like deceit and false pretenses as when interpreted by Gray's unsparing tongue and coarse laugh.

Such a laugh has just followed his jesting comment upon his host's assertion of having been absorbed in business during the afternoon, when Gray vowed that he had seen him driving near St. John's wood with a lady so closely vailed and shawled as to defy recognition.

For the first time that evening the banker looks annoyed at his friend's jests, and answers, coldly:

"And if I saw you, or any other gentleman, driving with a lady, and perceived that neither of you wished to be recognized, do you think I should make it a topic of general conversation?"

"What the mischief do I care what you would do, or wouldn't do?" retorted Gray, brutally. "I'm not afraid of any man's meddling further in my affairs than I allow him to. But what I do say is, that I hate to see a fellow ashamed of what he's doing, and try to pass for a saint with the world, when, at heart, he's as great a sinner as the rest of us."

"As great, maybe, but scarcely as large a sinner as yourself, Gray, if you're talking of any of us," interposed young Blithefield, good-naturedly; and as the burly ruffian turned upon him, like a stupid, furious bull upon the latest comer into the arena, the banker, with the sneer upon his lips deepened to bitterest contempt, turned to the servant who stood beside him with a letter upon his salver, took it, and, asking permission with a gesture, opened and read it, folded it smoothly, and replaced it in his pocket, then filled and drank a glass of wine, and sat for a moment waiting for its revivifying effect. Then he whispered to the servant:

"Have my cab brought round to the side door directly." And then, with a reckless laugh, he turned once more to his guests, and, filling his glass, cried: "Here is to the lovely Fifine and her twinkling feet! May they dance her to boundless fortune, as they already have to boundless admiration!"

"Fifine! Fifine!" shouted the guests, and Gray cried:

"She dances to-night; let us adjourn to the theatre, and finish the night at Crocky's. By-the-way, Horton, it isn't Fifine, is it, old boy—your fair incognita, you know?"

"Do you think I'd tell you if it were? You're too dangerous a rival," replied the banker; and, with one of his coolest laughs, Gray sprang from the table, crying:

"I'll try my luck with the little witch this very evening. What a joke to cut you out, Horton! and by your own suggestion, as it were; for, if you hadn't proposed her health, I never should have thought of her."

Half an hour later the whole gay party entered the banker's box at the Haymarket, and were then deserted by their host, who pleaded an engagement, but promised to return, or to rejoin them at Crockford's, later in the evening.

"To Lady Bamfield's!" was the brief command, as Horton, with a sigh of relief, sprang into his cab at the door of the theatre, and allowed his face to fall into the haggard and desperate look so long fought back; and, as the carriage whirled along, he once more took the brief letter from his pocket, and read it again and again:

"All is lost. The grand *coup* has failed, and to-morrow we must either swamp what is left in meeting the note to the Bank of England, or let it go to protest. Either way we are ruined; and I am leaving for Amsterdam to-night with what I can lay hands on. Join me there, and we will divide the spoil."

There was no signature, but Horton had no trouble in recognizing the hand of Thomas Edgewood, his ostensible cashier, actually his tool and accomplice in the desperate hazards which lately had degenerated into still more desperate frauds—successful for a while, and now, of a sudden, changed to desperate dangers for both of them.

"Fool!" muttered the banker, as he tore the letter into a thousand fragments. "Share the spoil! He thinks I have been ass enough to trust him with all my secrets, all my resources. Let him divide the spoil, as he says, and fancy that he is cheating me, as no doubt he will. My fortune and my home are secured in a distant land, and if she will fly thither——"

The carriage stopped before a large and brilliantly lighted house; and five minutes later Mr. Horton made his bow to his hostess, turned from one to another of his fair friends, took a turn in the waltz with several of them, and at last approached a fair, delicate woman, whose color had faded and deepened at his entrance into the rooms so vividly as to flatter the lordling who stood talking to her with the fancy that his compliments were having an unexpected effect.

"Mrs. Gray, may I hope for a galop?" asked the banker, gayly; and the blonde silently assenting, they glided away, danced for a few minutes, and paused at the entrance of a dimly lighted conservatory.

"Come in here; I have something to say to you, Clara," whispered the ruined man; and the woman, who had learned to interpret and obey the tones of that voice before those of her own conscience, her own soul, obeyed them now, and, stepping over the threshold of that door, stepped also across the boundary between the follies that man may pardon and the crime that none but God can wipe away; between safety and dishonor, weakness and guilt, fair repute and open shame—for when Clara Gray again entered that gay ballroom, she had promised to desert home and husband and character, and all who made her world, to fly across the sea with the man she had allowed herself to love so long and so closely, that now, when the love was confessed, it rose like a flood in her heart, and swept away all barriers, all shame, all doubt, and reared its serpent head from out the flowers her tempter heaped upon it, asserting itself her conqueror and tyrant for ever.

"And now, my own brave darling!" were Ralph Horton's last words, "the plan is perfectly simple and easy, if you retain your self-possession. Go home, order the carriage to wait, go up to your dressing-room, and, without summoning your maid, change your dress to the simplest and least expensive one you possess; replace your operawraps, that the servants may not notice anything; then drive to your cousin Emily's, where we have so often met; dismiss your carriage, saying that Mrs. Moorland will bring you home; go in and ask for Emily, who will not be at home, since I just saw her at the theatre; and then come out and enter the hackney chariot which will be waiting a few doors away, with me inside it. Mrs. Moorland's servants will not notice that it is not your own, and no alarm will be raised before noon to-morrow, by which time we will be nearer the French than the English coast, and all our troubles for ever left behind. Be brave, dear love, and all will go well."

"Oh, Ralph!" murmured the unhappy woman, struggling feebly against the folds of the serpent, "can you—will you love me enough to compensate for all I am sacrificing? My conscience, my name, my soul itself, Ralph?"

But as she who hesitates is lost, so she who argues upon a point like this only asks to be convinced, and a few moments later, when Ralph Horton left his victim in the midst of the gay group about their hostess, he was as sure that she would follow his directions to the very letter, as he was that he had given them; and the event justified his certainty, for that night Clara Gray fled from her home for ever. And when the next evening saw the gay world assembled in its various pleasure-marts, her name was lightly tossed from hand to hand, accompanied with cynical sneer, staid condemnation or brutal and ribald jest, as the sex and temper of the speaker dictated, while up and down, hither and thither, like a wild beast let loose, or a demon in human shape, raged the husband, who, having never treated his wife with other than neglect and insult while she was his, felt that no vengeance would be too terrible, no condemnation too hopeless, for him to visit upon her and her accomplice, could he but once overtake them. But the banker's measures had been too skillfully taken to be easily discovered or thwarted, and Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson sailed from Dover and arrived in Calais unsuspected and unobserved, and, by a few timely changes of name and residence, soon placed themselves almost beyond the possibility of discovery.

Nearly a year later, a small French brigantine sailed wearily into Chesapeake Bay, and, after some little cruising back and forward, dropped anchor close beside the lovely islet we have mentioned, and, a boat being lowered, set ashore a lady and gentleman, with some few attendants.

"There, my own," said he, softly, as the two landed in the bright little cove and stepped upon the flower-strewn turf. "Here is the home of which we so long have dreamed; here is the secret and enchanted isle of Avillon. Shall we give it that name? and will you be contented here for all your life and mine?"

"With you, Ralph, anywhere," replied the still lovely but wasted woman, on whose youth and beauty this last year had wrought so terribly; and as he turned aside to direct the men who were already unloading a tent and other conveniences for a stay of some hours, Clara murmured to herself, while her pale lips trembled convulsively:

"Contented to live here? Yes, and to die here, if it is only soon."

A few days, and the skilled French artisans, of whom the brigantine had brought a large force, had erected a little dwelling, tiny, but comfortable, to serve through the Summer weather just beginning, and were already laying the foundations of the substantial and stately mansion destined to replace it.

The communications of the little colony with the mainland were rare and brief, for nearly everything required, either for the maintenance of the people or the construction of the buildings, was to be found in the cargo of the *Hope* or among the products of the island, and all that was known among the scattered and ignorant population of that part of the coast was the mere fact that a French gentleman and his wife, named Roussillon, were building a house upon one of the islands off the coast, and that not one of their servants or mechanics could speak a word of English, with the exception of Antoine, a grave, white-haired domestic, who invariably came ashore to transact any little business that might be necessary.

So Avillon was settled, and the secret bower built where Ralph Horton hoped to hide his guilt and shelter the poor weak victim of his passion and her own remorse from the knowledge and vengeance of man, and, it may be he fancied, from God as well.

The house completed, and some others for farm-laborers, fishermen, and a half-dozen of similar families of settlers, the brigantine set sail again, carrying back all the artisans, who, collected from various parts of France and the Low Countries, would, upon being released, disperse to the four corners of those countries, and never one of them be able to tell where he had been, or for whom he had been employed, so utter was their ignorance and so clever the precautions of the fugitives.

Winter came and passed, and another Summer shed its beauty upon that lovely portion of earth's surface. The plantation, under the influence of abundant means, excellent care and its own wonderful advantages of nature, had grown to a marvel of beauty and prosperity.

The small but elegant mansion, with its impress of French taste and English solidity, its abundant furniture of the most luxurious description, and its setting of almost tropical verdure and bloom, looked the fitting dwelling-place of the owners of this Fortunate Isle, and the meekest and most contented of spirits might have experienced a pang of envy in glancing at the fair exterior of this hidden home. The exterior, alas!

It was in the golden setting of the Summer sun that a little boat shot out from a cove upon the neighboring coast, and rapidly neared the shores of Avillon, as the island was now universally called.

It contained but one passenger—a grave, gray-haired man, of kind and thoughtful face—and was managed by Antoine, whose withered face looked graver and sadder than its wont.

Arrived at the pretty little quay, the latter helped his passenger to disembark, and then said:

"Hasten to the house, if you will be so kind, Monsieur le Docteur, for my master is fearfully impatient, and I promised that not an instant should be lost. Hasten!"

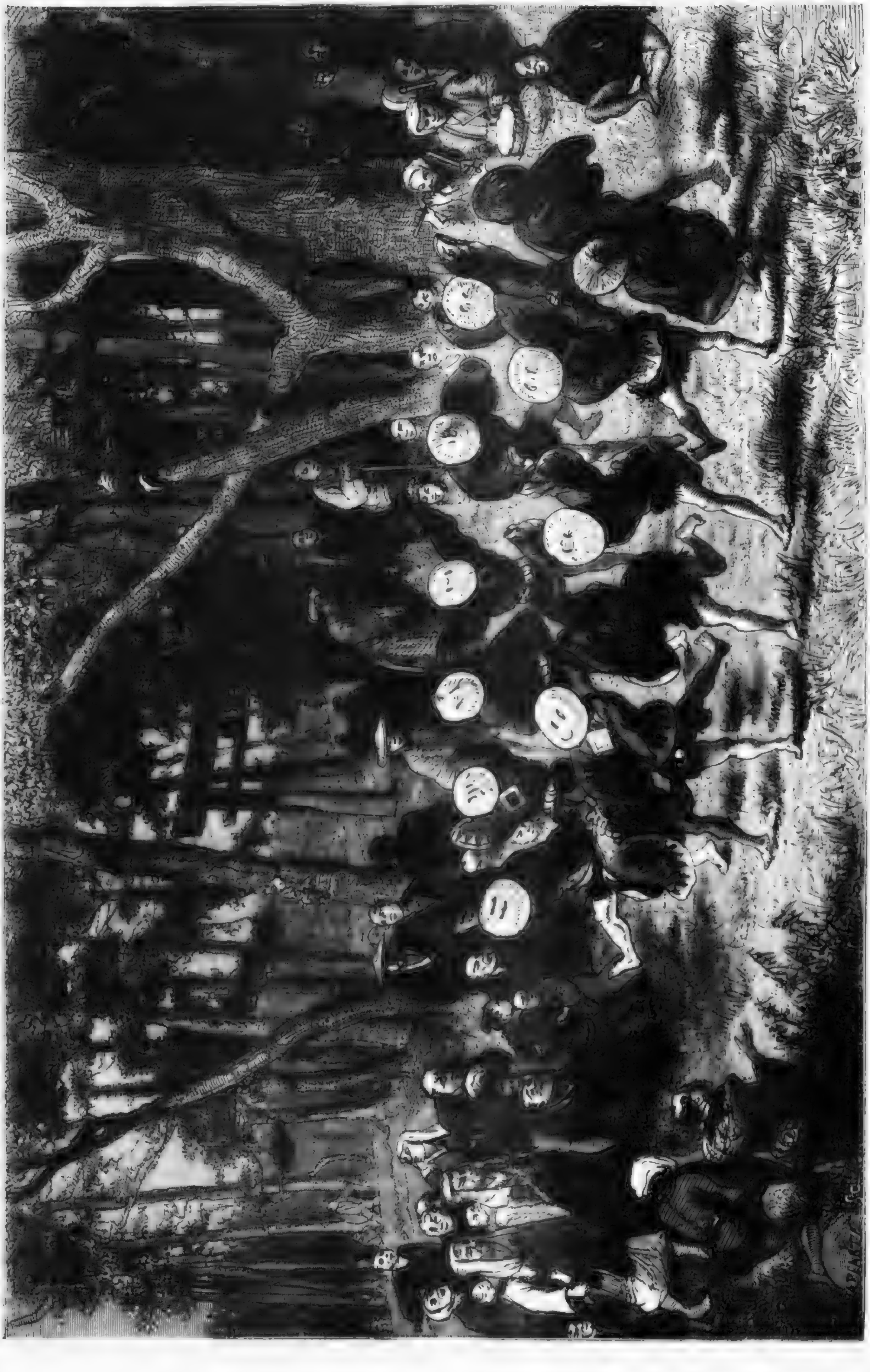
The doctor replied only by a slight nod, and, seizing the little chest of medicines the other handed to him, he rapidly disappeared up the bowery paths leading to the white-walled house showing in glimpses through the trees.

A servant was awaiting him at the door, and, without a word, led him directly up-stairs to a chamber furnished with all the luxury that taste, experience and unstinted expenditure could combine with a certain elegant simplicity befitting that lovely and sylvan home.

An hour later the physician slowly descended the stairs, closely followed by a man, in whose haggard and worn face, wasted figure and silver-threaded hair might still be traced the *débonnaire* beauty which, two years before, had given Ralph Horton the reputation of being one of the handsomest men in London.

The two passed out of the house, and stood bareheaded upon the close greensward in front, while above shone all the splendor of the starry Summer night, and beyond, the

XUM



THE DANCE OF THE ROUND OF RICE IN JAPAN.—SEE PAGE 293.

low lapping of the sea upon the shore made accompaniment to the grieving song of the nightingale in the rose-garden.

"No hope—no hope at all, doctor?" repeated Horton, in the tone of one who pleads to an inexorable judge.

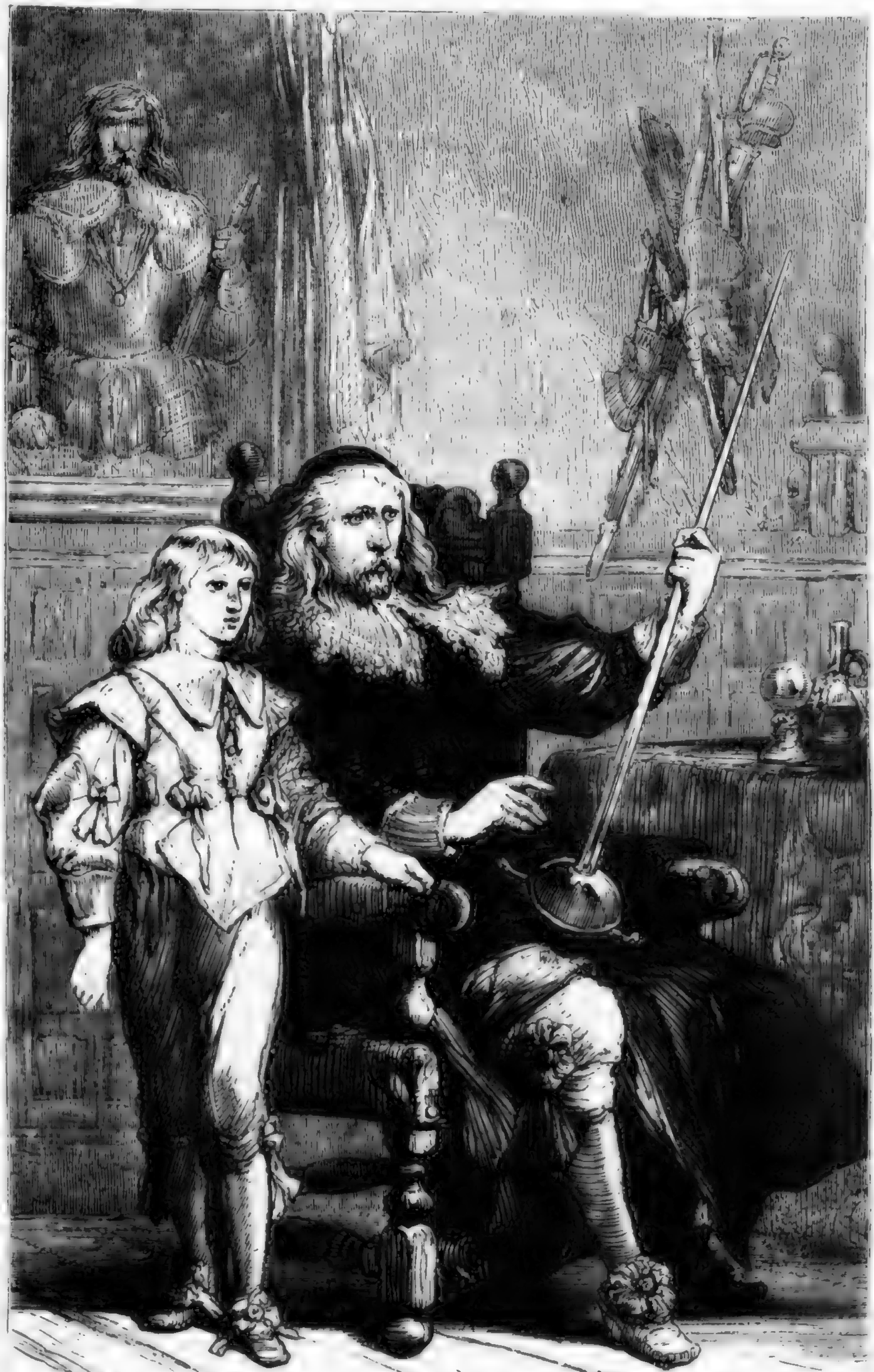
"I wish I could see any, Mr. Roussillon," replied the physician, sadly. "But every remedy has been exhausted. It is this utter prostration of mind acting upon the physical system that baffles me. If Mrs. Roussillon would make the slightest effort, feel the slightest interest in her own case, there might be something to work upon; but as it is——"

"She is dying of a broken heart," groaned the miserable man, hiding his face in his hands, and careless of who heard or marveled at his words.

The old doctor made no reply; one keen glance from under his shaggy eyebrows said; perhaps, that he already knew the secret thus revealed, but it was not one with which he felt himself called to deal, and after a moment's pause, he held out his hand in leave-taking, simply saying: "I will be at the cove at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, if you will send. I scarcely think it will be more than twenty-four hours longer. Good-night, sir, and God comfort you. If you would like to have me bring a clergyman——"

"No, no!" cried Horton, with a shudder—"no clergyman!"

"As you please, sir, of course," replied the doctor, a little displeased; and then he went his way; and Ralph hastened back to the chamber, where all that he loved lay slipping from his grasp; and neither of them saw the stealthy figure lurking in the grove between the house and the shore, or heard the savage curse that followed Ralph Horton as he re-entered the house and presently appeared at the window of the fair white chamber, whose inmate could not find breath in the stirless Summer air.



AN "ANDREA FERARA."—SEE PAGE 295.

It was the dead hour of the night—the hour before the dawn—when all nature seems to sleep most heavily, and even the exhausted watcher had fallen into a fitful slumber, his head resting upon the edge of the bed where the dying woman lay in the half-stupor that had been creeping over her for several days, and which, as the physician had warned Ralph, would only give way to the momentary intelligence that so often lights the passage of the spirit from the body.

It was the hour chosen by so many evil-doers for the crimes they meditate against the race of man, more helpless at this hour than at any other of the twenty-four, when a light, curling smoke began to rise from half a dozen different points about the sleeping house, but principally from beneath the staircase and between the stairs and the door leading to the quiet chamber where slept so heavily the exhausted watcher and the dying woman.

So slight and so seldom used were the defenses of either door or window, that the incendiary had easily penetrated to the interior of the house, and had quietly collected and arranged a barricade of light and inflammable matter through all the extent of passages and staircases before setting fire to the pile of shavings and light wood brought from the building in the rear of the house, containing the kitchen and the servants' sleeping-quarters; for, as the spy had already ascertained, no one remained in the dwelling-house at night except one woman, to be summoned in case "Mr. Roussillon" might need assistance in the night-watch he had held for, now, many weeks.

Gayly the flames crept up the muslin and linen draperies, the light furniture and the loose piles of music and engravings placed in their way, and suffocating clouds of smoke began to rise through all the chambers, when Ralph Horton, starting suddenly from his slumber, stared wildly about him; for he had wakened with a voice in his ears—a hated, half-forgotten voice, which cried again and again, in tones of mocking triumph:

"Ho! Horton—Ralph Horton! You're sent for, man. The devil has come after you at last, in a fiery chariot!"

Rushing to the window, the bewildered man looked down in the direction of the voice, and there, his great form clearly defined in the lurid light bursting from all the lower windows of the doomed house, his face dark with a satanic expression well bearing out his words, stood Clifton Gray—the man whom he had hated and despised, and to whom he had offered that one last outrage which, in all civilized communities, excuses almost any revenge the betrayed husband may choose to take.

"My God! Gray!" gasped the guilty man; and the other, with the fiend's own laugh, replied:

"Yes—it is I; and you have your choice to stay in that room, and be roasted alive with the worthless jade who lies dying there, or to jump out of that window and be shot like a dog, as you are. No; after all, I'm a good fiend, and I will give you one of my pistols, and let you have a chance. I'll kill you all the same, but I always like to see vermin show fight. Come, leave the woman and jump down."

But long before he ceased speaking, Horton had turned from the window to the bed, where, sitting bolt upright, her eyes staring wildly, her white lips working, sat Clara, one transparent hand outstretched toward the window, the other clinched in her disordered hair.

"He! It is he!" babbled the white lips: "he has come to begin my torment! For ever and for ever, through all eternity, he is to be my torturer—my fiend! It begins—it begins!"

She sank back upon the pillow, trembling convulsively, and moaning as in mortal terror. Distracted with conflicting emotions, Horton rushed to her side; then, throwing open the door of the chamber, began, like a madman, to fling the barricade that encountered him over the stair-rail, and out of the hall-window, until, burned, stifled, exhausted, the way lay clear, except for the flames already creeping over the stair itself, and making the way only less deadly than the stay above.

But what brave man, if he must die, will not rather die in making an effort for safety than in abject submission? And although Horton, gazing down upon the path below him, felt that it was more than doubtful whether he reached its end alive, he never wavered in his resolve to make the attempt; and hastily wrapping Clara's wasted figure in the blankets of her bed, he raised it in his arms, drew one long breath of the less heated air filling the chamber, and rushed boldly out and down into the fiery abyss, whose smoke and flame and scorching heat seemed to beat him back as might the waves of a stormy sea.

Down, down, and on, while the flesh crawled and crisped upon his bones, his senses failed, the mind ceased to control the tortured body, and it was only the instinct of the animal, not the reason of the man, that directed his tottering footsteps, and led him, with the last atom of physical force remaining, across the threshold of his ruined home, to fall senseless at the feet of his victorious enemy.

"Fool! why not have left it to burn!" muttered this one, as, ruthless to the last, he tore away the coverings from the slight figure still clinched in that desperate embrace, and stood looking scornfully and triumphantly down upon the wasted face, upon whose pallid beauty had passed no scathe of fire, lingered no impress of the mortal terror that had extinguished the flickering spark of life. Even in those few moments of release, Clara Gray's face had assumed a look of peace and content that it had never known since the night, two years before, when, in that gay ballroom, she had consented to seal her own doom, and aid in another's condemnation.

Long and closely that gloomy avenger stood looking down upon the cold clay of her whom he had taken from her mother's arms an innocent, simple-minded, loving girl; and as he looked, a strange remorse and terror shot into his brain for the first time, no doubt, as to his own guiltlessness in this great guilt; a sudden change from the fierce determination which had brought him to that spot; and as the clamorous servants, roused at last, came rushing to the spot, the destroyer fled, as long ago fled Cain, and finding the boat he had hidden on the beach on his arrival, pushed hastily off and hastened from the spot even more eagerly than he had sought it.

The skill of the good old physician, the untiring offices of Antoine, and his own vigorous constitution, saved Ralph Horton's life, almost in his own despite, and a few months from the date of the fire he wandered away from that neighborhood, accompanied by his old servant, and leaving no clew to his journeyings. The servants of Avillon had all been dismissed, the colonists settled upon the mainland, the ruins of the burned house left to their own decay, and luxuriant nature had already half effaced the traces of man's occupancy, when, late in a lowering Autumnal day, Doctor ——— was informed that some one had called for him. Going to the door, he found a bent and gray-haired man, in whose worn and tired face he presently recognized Antoine, who, replying briefly to his questioning, said:

"My master's last orders were that I should bring him here and lay him beside the lady whom we know. I have obeyed so far as this. Will you help me with the rest?"

"Surely. Where is your master's body now?" replied the physician, calmly.

"It is at the island. We came by sea," said Antoine.

And without another question the shrewd and kindly old man, who had known so much of human woe and suffering and guilt, that he could read their signs and spare their shame, even while assisting them, made ready to accompany the sad old servant upon his last voyage to Avillon.

They made his grave close beside that of her whose glory and whose shame his love had been in life, and upon the simple wooden cross that Antoine had brought to erect between the two, an arm sheltering each, the thoughtful old physician wrote for him to carve no words but these:

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

GREAT things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

THE REALMS OF THE DEEP.

SEA SONG.

Astern, the long white wake of foam
Points backward to our island home;
Ahead, the waste of waters wide
Is still before us all untried;
The merry ship a creature seems,
Alive and full of joyous dreams—
Dreams such as true love keep,
Dreams glad as childhood's sleep.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the realms of the mighty deep.

Away! the West has purple seas,
Wherein are mirrored slender trees,
Which wave where man is ever free,
And no proud despot's rule may be;
Where Summer still eternal beams,
And islands blessed are full of dreams—
Dreams such as flowers know,
Dreams bright as sunset's glow.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the land of the West we go.

Away! the coral islands white
Are brilliant in the morning light;
Smooth valleys rich with golden green,
Long curves of yellow sand between,
And misty snows of falling streams,
With towering mountains full of dreams—
Dreams sweet as mother's kiss,
Dreams filled with purest bliss.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the land which can promise this.

ANDREA FERARA.

"Sliceing swords, broad, thinne, and of an excellent temper."

What was the age and country of Andrea Ferara? This is a question which has excited and disappointed the antiquaries of Scotland and England for more than half a century. The inquiry interested Sir Walter Scott through a great part of his literary life, was vainly followed by Sir Samuel Meyrick, and occupied the Deputy-Keeper of the Records in Edinburgh during a critical examination of the Chamberlain's and Treasurer's accounts, and all the documents of the Register House likely to have included the entry of payments to the celebrated swordmaker.

These researches were undertaken in consequence of the popular belief that Andrea had visited Scotland—a supposition, however, only founded upon the number of his blades extant in that kingdom, from which it was gratuitously assumed that they had been especially manufactured for Scottish use and within the realm. Originally, however, Ferara's blades were no less common in all the Western and Southern countries of Europe, while the broad-sword was a popular arm, and only in later periods became more numerous in Scotland, because this weapon was retained among the Highlanders and borderers for more than a hundred years after it had disappeared in other nations before the rapier and the small-sword; but in the armories of Spain, Italy and Germany, especially in the two former regions, the number of Ferara's blades still bear witness to their ancient prevalence.

The belief being established that the great master had visited Scotland, it was suggested by Sir Walter Scott that he was one of the various foreign artificers invited by James V. to improve the arts and manufactures of his country. This supposition was very generally received, but no evidence was discovered for its confirmation. Meanwhile, the country of the fabricator remained no less doubtful than his period, for though his surname is one of those derived from nativity or domiciliation, there are towns of Ferara in Spain, as well as the ducal metropolis in Italy; and thus it was uncertain in which of these cities the family of the swordmaker had its origin. From some unknown bias, however, in Scotland, the popular belief was wholly directed to Spain, though apparently this preference had no better foundation than the popular intercourse of the Highlands with that country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the general celebrity associated with the blades of Bilboa, Toledo and Valencia, which in later times had superseded the more ancient renown of the once pre-eminent "Milan steel"; but whatever the cause for the nativity imputed to Ferara, a tradition current in the West Highlands explains not only his Celtiberian origin, but the event through which he visited Scotland.

According to this history, Ferara was a Spanish artist, and in the height of his celebrity had an apprentice, who was an excellent workman, and possessed a high spirit of emulation to perfect his skill in the service of so great a master; his ambition, however, was disappointed by a habitude of Andrea, that when the blades were in a certain stage of forging, he excluded the workmen, and locked the door of the atelier while he performed some unknown operation, after which he again admitted the assistants to finish the blades which were in progress. The apprentice was persuaded that this seclusion concealed some occult process which essentially affected the perfection of the arms. Anxious to possess this important secret, upon the first absence of his master he bored a hole in the door of the atelier, and at the next occasion when he and his fellows were excluded, returned alone to the smithy, and applying his eye to the prepared orifice, discovered his master in the act of drawing a heated blade from the forge. The lad watched with suspended breath. Ferara laid the red steel on the anvil, and taking from a bench a small tin like a flour-dredge, rapidly covered the glowing metal with a coat of white powder, which he then hammered into the iron until it was cold, when he again returned it to the fire, and having given the proper degree of heat, repeated the same operation of powdering and hammering on the other side of the blade. This process was performed in succession upon all the weapons then in progress, until, the whole being completed, Ferara laid down his hammer and turned toward the door. The varlet perceived that the mystery was at an end, and dreading to be surprised, abandoned his eyelet-hole, and fled to his companions, with whom he was immediately recalled to continue their vocations. The apprentice exulted in his discovery, but he could not boast with the ancient sage—"My secret is my own"; and it escaped among his companions. These youths, being less ambitious to emulate the skill of their master than to vaunt the possession of his mystery, their disclosures were soon repeated to Ferara; and one day, when the inquisitive apprentice was alone in the smithy, Andrea entered in a tempest of wrath, and loaded him with reproaches for having betrayed the secret of his art. The young man replied with intemperance; and, in the heat of their altercation, Ferara struck him on the head with a hammer which he had in his hand, and laid him senseless at his feet. The blow was fatal, and to avoid pursuit for the homicide, Andrea fled the country, and escaped into France, from whence, in an itinerant exercise of his profession—not uncommon in the Middle Ages, and still continued in the *Wanderschaft* of Germany—he passed the sea into Scotland.

Whether there is any truth in this tradition, or whether it is a passage in the life of some other eminent armorer confounded with that of Ferara, will now, perhaps, never

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be known; but in the secret operation attributed to this artist there is a singular coincidence with two practical facts—the one in the ordinary manufacture of iron, the other in the operation of the ancient sword-blades of Damascus. In the former, carbon and silica are mixed with the ore in the furnace. "The carbon combines with the oxygen of the iron, and escapes in the form of carbonic acid gas, while the silica unites with the lime," which is also present in the furnace, "and forms a kind of fluid glass or scoria, which protects the iron from the action of the atmosphere."

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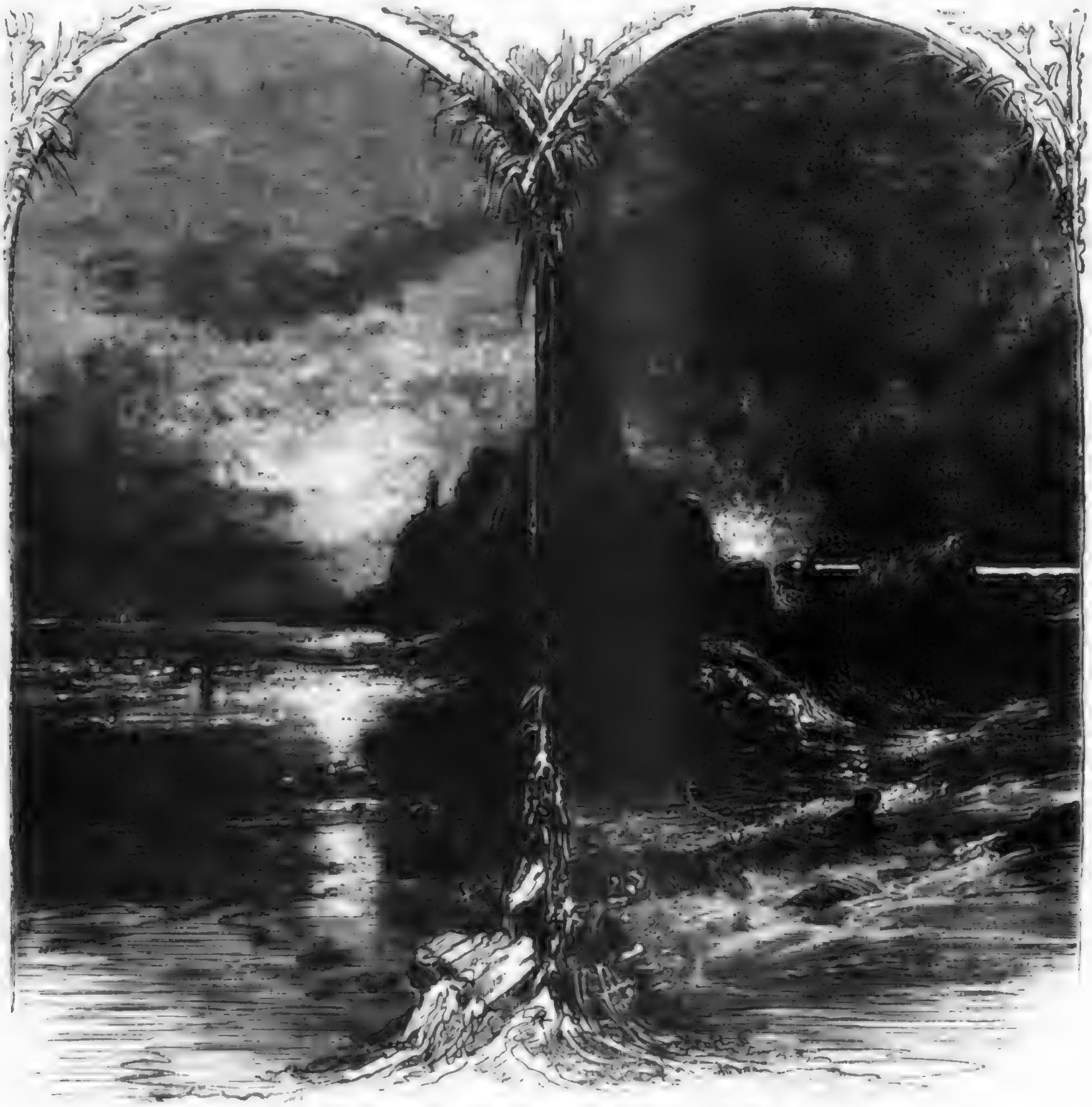

THE REALMS OF THE DEEP.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 295.

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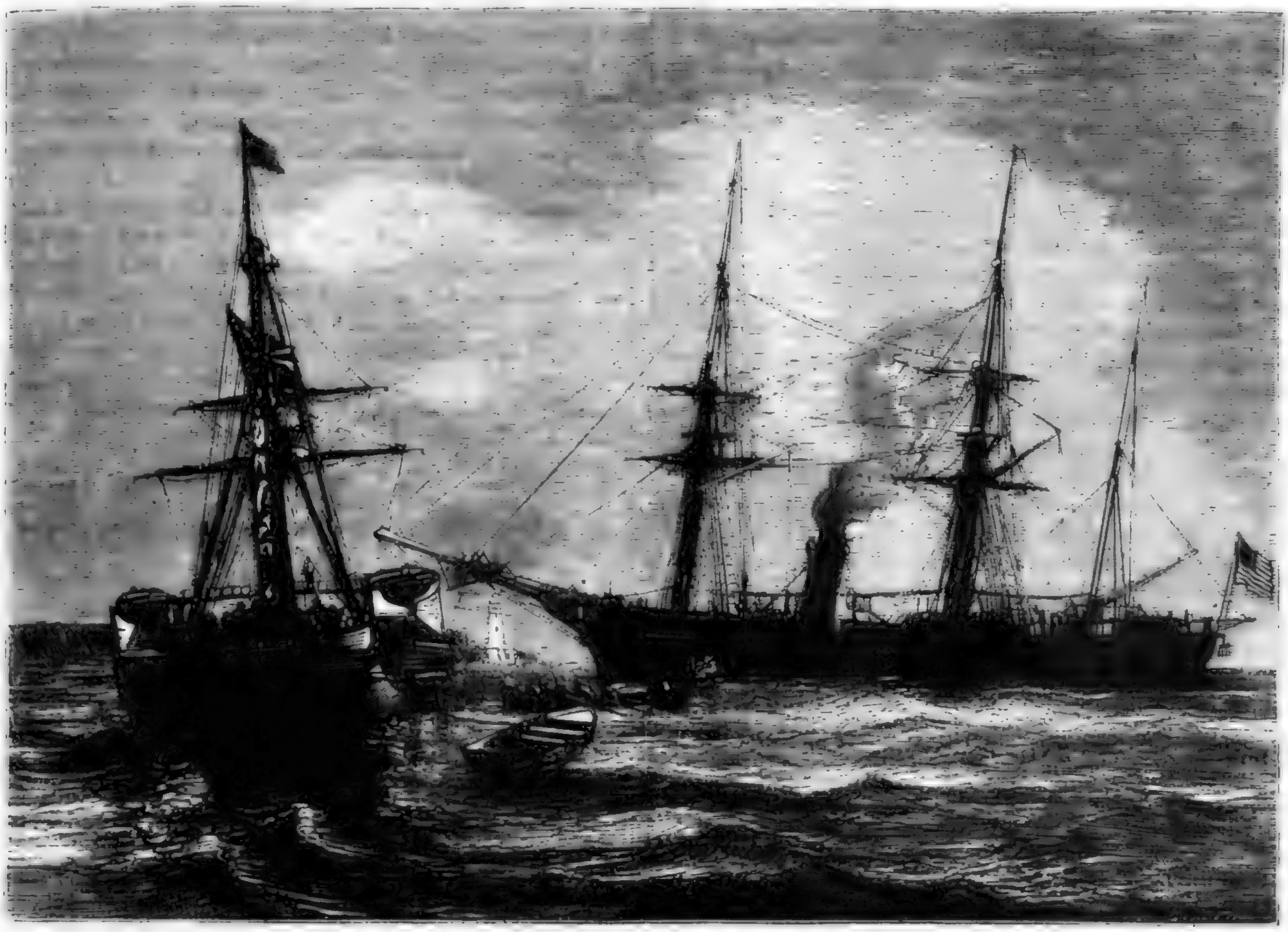

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.—THE BRITISH MAIL-STEAMER "TRENT" OVERHAULED BY THE "SAN JACINTO."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

legend may have originated with another master, and become associated with Ferara by one of those various transmigrations which sometimes confound the personages of oral record; but whether the story applied to Andrea or to another, we have now to show that in the height of his profession he was established at the town of Belluno, in Friuli, an ancient duchy of Illyria, which, in 1420, was added to Venice; and though in the succeeding year the eastern portion was seized by Austria, the City of Belluno and the remaining territory continued under the dominion of the Doges until 1797.

The evidence of Ferara's domiciliation in this province is contained in a chapter upon the most renowned swordmakers of Italy in the sixteenth century—part of a once highly esteemed military treatise, published at Venice in 1585; and as the account illustrates the celebrity of the artist by showing the pre-eminence of the masters with whom he was associated, we shall give it in full:

> "Though the knowledge of the places and the masters described by me will be principally interesting to soldiers, it will also be acceptable to every other condition of persons who are accustomed to exercise such arms as swords, broad-swords, rapiers, cutlasses, horsemen's maces, poniards, and damascined arms of all the kinds which are in use. Of those masters of whom it may be desired to know the names, omitting many in the illustrious Germany, France, and in Spain the famous Valencia, where are found numerous arms of every sort, I shall confine myself to the most excellent, with their places and countries, in Italy; to which, with every reason, we will give the pre-eminence and boast in this art. And first we will speak of Milan, where in the castle are wrought most perfect works in blades of swords and poniards, and divers other various sorts of blades, which are of good and finest temper. Of Brescia I will not relate much, only touching the names of two brothers—both masters above all others the most excellent, and who are Simone and Serafino, sons and heirs of the so much celebrated Master Serafino, who made blades of miraculous temper, and of whom it was said that he made a sword for a great Prince of such excellence, that he gave him in payment better than five hundred ducats, besides other infinite marvels which are told of him. In another place called Gron, on the territory of Bergumasco, are found some valiant masters called Abram, who have a very good name in their art, which also is wrought most perfectly in Saravalle, and in the town of Belluno, places in Friuli, in which are found excellent masters of every sort; that is, in Serravalle, Master Pegin da Feltran, a very famous and rare man, who, in his forges, makes miraculous works; and in the town of Belluno are the ingenious Masters Giovan Donato and *Andrea of the Feraras*, both brothers, of the foundry of Master Giovan Battista, called 'the Barcelonian.' Of the territory of Vicentino, at Monte della Madonna, on the bank of the Rezon, is a most valiant man called Master Lorenzo da Formignano, called by sobriquet 'the Dolt,' who has the best fame, and makes marvelous arms for beauty and for excellence."

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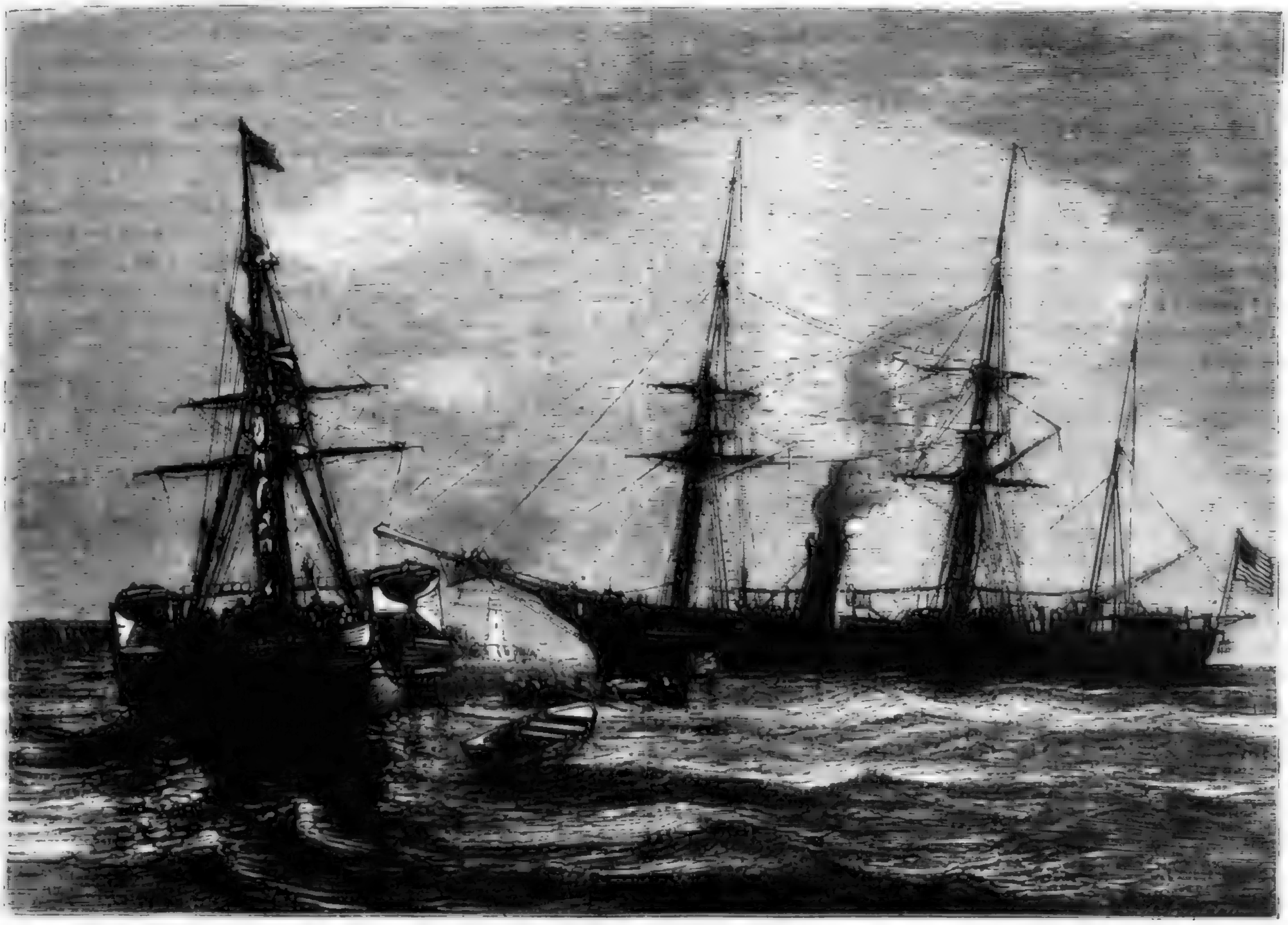

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But that Ferara was a native of Italy, is confirmed by the evidence that, before and during his time, there were others of the same surname, swordmakers in that country. This is sufficiently indicated by the mode of his denomination—"de *i* Ferari," of *the* "Feraras," which expresses that a family of this appellation was then established, and familiarly known, if not celebrated, in the peninsula; and that they were of native extraction is confirmed by the beforementioned restriction of their recorder to the artists of his own country. From whence it may be concluded that the origin of the Ferari was in the ducal city of the same name.

These assumptions are confirmed by the existence of blades bearing the name of Cosmo and of Piero Ferara, the last of a form coeval with those of Andrea, the first of a period about two generations anterior. The time and country of both these makers are indicated by circumstantial associations; of Piero, the nationality is presumptive in the name, which, for a Spaniard, had been "Pedro," while his era is evinced by the form of his blades corresponding in model with those of Andrea. In the instance of Cosmo, the nationality is no less expressed by an appellation almost exclusively Italian, and the period by the form of weapons, identified with the first half of the sixteenth century. This datum is confirmed by a splendid two-handed sword, which the writer has seen, bearing the distinctive features of that time, marked with the name Cosmo Ferara, accompanied by the tradition that it belonged originally to the celebrated Italian general, Prospero Colonna, who died in 1523.

From all these combinations there results a chain of circumstantial evidence, closely approaching to demonstration, that Andrea Ferara was born about the year 1555; that he was of a family of armorers which had existed in Italy at least two generations before that time, and of whom the first, like Giovani de Bologna, Leonardo da Vinci, Paolo Veronese, and a crowd of medieval artists, derived his nomination from the place of his nativity—the ducal City of Ferara.

Of Giovan Donato we know nothing beyond the notice of Cigogna; but since he is called the brother of Andrea, it is uncertain whether he was the son of the same mother and of another father, or whether the name of Donato was only a second baptismal appellation. This supposition is rendered probable from the general medieval usage of Italy, in the popular nomination of artists by their Christian names alone, as Guido, Raphael, Claude, Salvator, Michel-Angelo, etc.; an inference which is confirmed by the apparent similar example in the designation of the brother armorers, Simone and Serafino, "figlioli del famoso Serafino," in which it is evident that not only the name of Simone, but that of the Serafini, father and son, was a baptismal and not a surname; for, if otherwise, the elder Serafino should have been distinguished by his pranomen. From all these considerations, therefore, it is probably conclusive that the entire name of Giovani was "Giovan Donato Ferara," and that he was full brother to Andrea.

THE DANCE OF THE ROUND OF RICE IN JAPAN.

MASCARADES, accompanied by national dances, figure in the front rank of the popular pleasures of Japan. And no country does more to entertain the people. Their system of religion makes this a great part of its scheme; and the Kami doctrine proclaims that a cheerful heart is of itself in a state of purity.

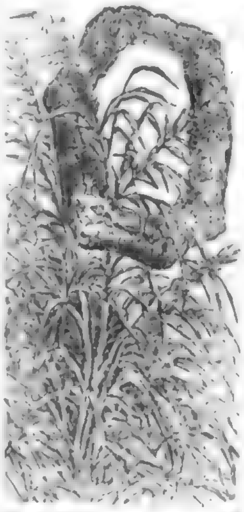
The Japanese masks, odd, strange and quaint as they seem to us, all have a meaning and a traditional character. Some are noble, the calm features of the nobles and ladies of the dairi; then the fierce visages of the heroes of the civil wars. After these come fantastic, jointed masks, with movable jaws, like those worn by the actors of the Mikado's theatre.

The dances are of all kinds. That of the Round of Rice comprises thirty figures, executed by men alone. The dancers on this occasion wear nothing but a breech-cloth of rice-straw, a round hat of the same material pulled down over the eyes, and a short mantle or cape, the wide sleeves made to resemble the wings of a nocturnal moth.

This dance is very popular, and the performers gather critical crowds around them, who discuss the ability of each one in executing the often intricate figures of the dance.

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

By an Eye-witness.



ONE evening in October, 1861, while seated in the La Dominica Café, Havana, my attention was drawn to two strangers, who had just entered, and were ordering refreshments, and whose mannerisms denoted they were officers in our navy.

Both were dressed in citizens' attire, conducted themselves like gentlemen, and did nothing to attract the significant glances that were presently bestowed upon them by almost all the guests.

My companion, an officer in the English Mail service, who had intently stared for some moments at the newcomers, said to me, in a low voice:

"Do you know who those fellows are?"

"I should take them to be officers of the *San Jacinto*. Why does everyone gape at them in that ill-bred manner?"

"Don't you understand?" whispered my friend. "They are after Mason and Slidell."

Having that afternoon arrived from the Spanish main, where I had been for some months, and knowing nothing of the circumstances to which he referred, I requested he would enlighten me; whereupon, still speaking in an undertone, and, as he did so, keeping one eye upon the naval officers, who smoked and refreshed themselves, as though unconscious of the interest they were exciting, he said:

"You see, your countrymen are mad. Mason and Slidell, two of the most important men in the Confederacy, have run the blockade at Charleston, and arrived here in the *Theodora*. The Federal Government has sent the *San Jacinto* down here, all of a hurry, to watch them. We leave Havana on the 7th of November, and," speaking behind his hand, "Slidell and Mason are to be two of our passengers. There is a rumor that Wilkes intends to kidnap the Confederate officials, and to carry them to Key West; but, my dear fellow, he won't attempt any such foolishness. Your Government has its hands full enough, and will not dare to commit such an outrage as the one proposed. Still, there is no telling what they may not attempt, and I shall not consider Slidell and Mason out of danger until they are aboard the old *Trent*, and under the shadow of our flag."

"Suppose Wilkes were to overhaul you at sea, and to take those gentlemen out of your ship?"

This remark aroused the patriotism of my companion, who became intensely indignant, and forgetting his cautious manner, uttered a profane ejaculation, adding:

"He dare not! Are you aware that we carry a representative of her Majesty? By Jove! if that fellow, Wilkes, were to attempt such a thing, we'd kick him out of our ship."

"Do not get mad about it," I urged; "I merely hazarded a supposition. As to daring, I know something of Captain Wilkes, and do not for a moment believe he would hesitate to do what I have said. If it comes to risking anything, he is the man for the occasion."

"See here," indignantly replied my companion, rising from his chair and addressing me in a low growl, "if that is your opinion, good-evening. I don't want to associate with any such person as you are."

As he was an old acquaintance, and I was about to embark on board his ship, I treated his observation good-humoredly, and, detaining him, replied:

"My dear boy, do not get mad. I simply said what I thought. Resume your seat; people will imagine you have taken too many cobblers."

He was a whole-souled, good fellow, and one who had a great regard for appearances, so he followed my advice, and, calling for a fresh cigar, remarked:

"You talk without thinking. Why, if Wilkes were idiot enough to attempt what you have mentioned, we would resist, and there would be bloodshed; besides which, our Government only requires such a lawless act on the part of your people to give them a cause for acknowledging the South. Why, it would bring on a war—we would send our fleet to bombard New York, and, by Jove, you fellows would catch it hot, you know! Have you met the Slidells? I tell you, the young lady is an angel. All our fellows are worshiping her, and there is no danger of what you say. There go those officers. By Jove, they are cool fellows! I believe they overheard my remarks."

Late that night, when I parted from him, he grasped my hand, and repeated his belief that Captain Wilkes would not dare to defy the British nation.

On the 7th of November I went on board the Royal Mail steamer *Trent*, and after seeing my effects stowed in my stateroom, proceeded on deck, where I saw Messrs. Mason and Slidell chatting with their secretaries, Messrs. McFarland and Eustis, and surrounded by a number of Southerners and foreigners of Southern proclivities. In a few moments they were joined by two ladies, who I was informed were Mrs. Slidell and her daughter. The latter certainly looked lovely, and her evident delight at being safely on board a British steamer, and under the protection of the flag of Saint George, contrasted strongly with the anxious faces of her father and his fellow-fugitive.

After taking a good look at the party, I walked abaft, and watched the animated scene around me, and did not again turn toward the group of Confederates until the bell rang, and their friends were bidding them a noisy adieu; one of the visitors remarking:

"Good-by—we leave you in safe hands."

Then came much waving of handkerchiefs and many kind words of farewell, and, slipping from our buoy, we started for St. Thomas that evening, feeling somewhat lonely. I went forward and hunted up my acquaintance, whom I found in his cabin, entertaining a dozen passengers, all of whom were smoking furiously.

"Hello, old Yank!" he cried, beaming upon me like a good-natured stage-demon, through a cloud of vapor. "In you come, my boy! I was just talking about you. Try a soda-and-b, and a cigar. Somebody take in a reef, and make room for my Yankee friend. We're all rebs here."

"Yes, yes—you bet we are!" and, "Right you are, Johnnie!" replied his guests. "Come in; there's room for one more."

When I had taken my seat, or, rather, perch—for I, with a bulky blockade-runner, occupied the top of the wash-stand—my friend proceeded to repeat what he derisively termed my prophecy, which was received with hilarious shouts and cries of:

"They dare not!"

"Let Wilkes try it!"

"You must be insane!"

I laughed at the foregoing, and other less polite and complimentary remarks; then, by way of fun, replied:

"You do not know Wilkes. He would delight in doing just what I suggested. I do not consider that the fugitives are out of danger."

My friend roared incredulously, and in various ways his guests expressed their disbelief in what I had said.

"Vy, man alive!" shouted one of them, a jolly Hebrew gentleman, hailing from Barbadoes, "if Vilkes vas to try on such a thing, ve vould acknowledge the South, and end the var in fife minutes!"

"Barbadoes would?" I inquired.

"No, my friend; our Queen vould. Here, let me send for some vine. Ve vill drink the healtu of Slidell an' Mason!"

The voice of the master-at-arms outside the door, and the announcement of "out lights," prevented the worthy Bim from carrying out his intention. I groped my way to my stateroom, and was soon fast asleep; but was awakened early the next morning by a fellow-passenger who occupied the berth above mine.

He proved to be one of the party whom I had met in my friend's cabin, and a red-hot Southerner. After apologizing for awakening me, he remarked:

"I own I am somewhat alarmed by what you said last night. I feel great sympathy with Mason and Slidell, and would very much regret to see them captured. Have you any information concerning the probability of such a thing being attempted?"

I told him what the reader has already learned; on hearing which he rose, dressed himself, and quitted the apartment.

The *Trent* was a tolerably fast ship, and her commander, Captain James Moir, a first-class navigator, and one of the handsomest men I have met. That morning I noticed he was attentive to the fugitives, though he did not fawn upon them or prostrate himself before them, as did many of their fellow-passengers. He was very self-possessed, quiet and reticent, and if he had any idea of what was in store for the Charleston party, did not betray it. We were steaming for the old Bahama Channel, and both commander Moir and his officers had enough to do without troubling themselves about their distinguished guests.

The day was fine, and the lookout-men could see objects that were a long distance ahead. We had a strong breeze from the southwest, and everything was going nicely.

The Confederate ladies were the objects of the greatest attention, passengers, officers and crew being alike anxious to minister to their comfort. Neither Mason nor Slidell said much, and during the greater part of the morning remained in their staterooms. Soon after 11 A.M., the lookout-man reported:

"Smoke on our port bow!"

This announcement brought Captain Moir from his stateroom, and an officer was sent aloft, who presently shouted:

"She is a Yankee man-o'-war—is steaming dead for us!"

This statement created the most intense excitement, on

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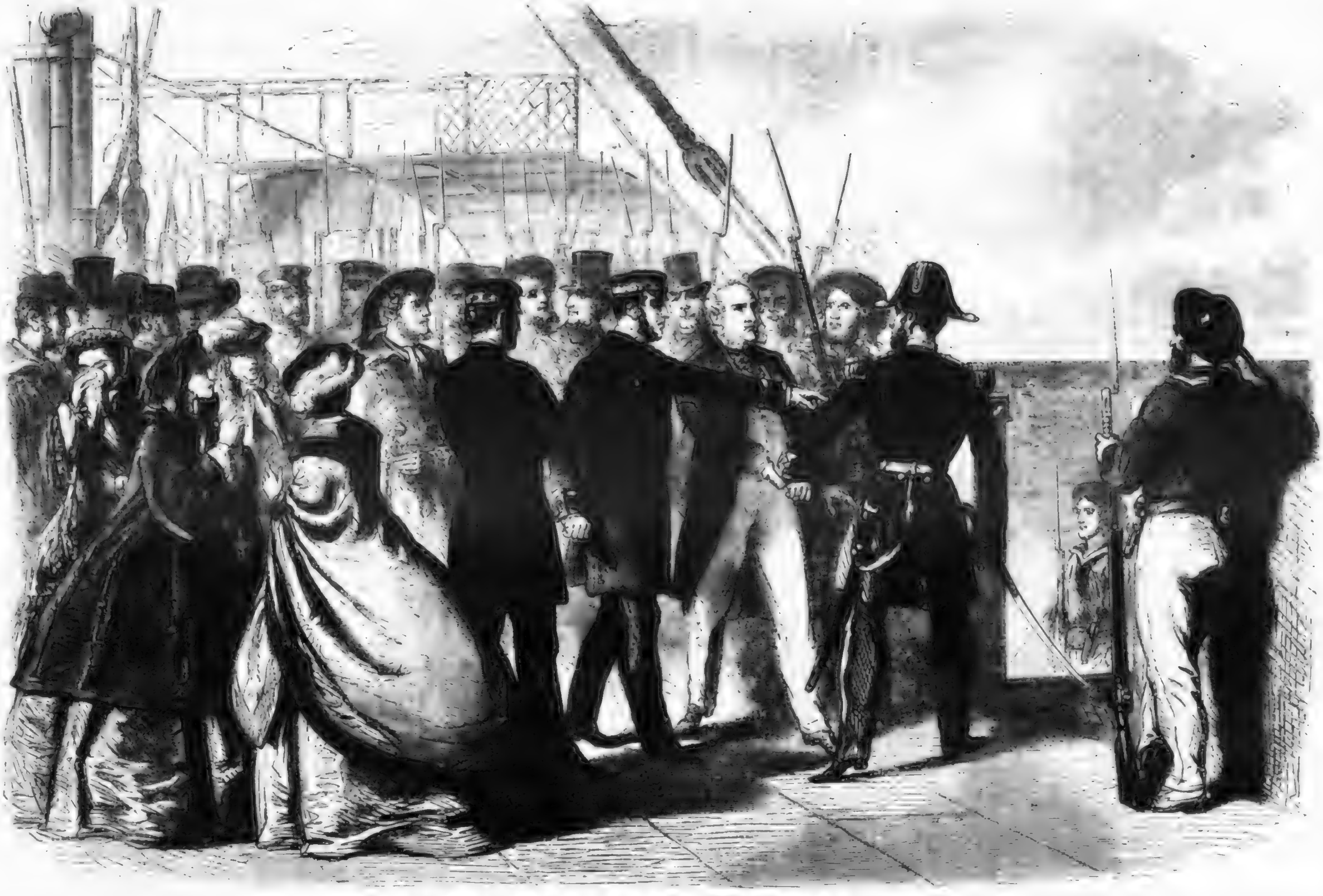
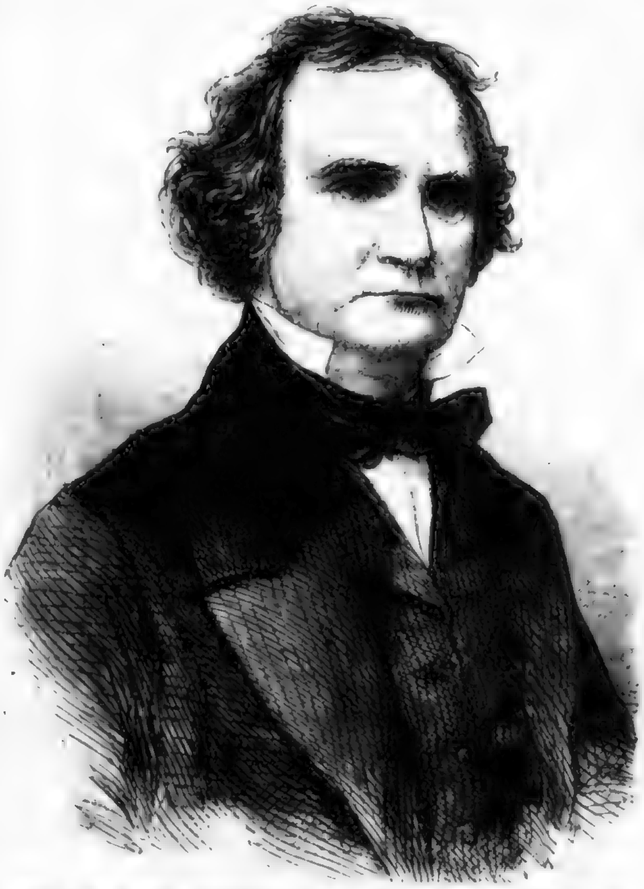


MASON AND SLIDELL REMOVED FROM THE "TRENT" BY LIEUT D. M. FAIRFAX.



HON. J. M. MASON, CONFEDERATE MINISTER EXTRAORDINARY TO ENGLAND.

noticing which, Captain Williams, R. N., the mail agent, smiled at the loudly expressed fears of the passengers, and said:

"Do not be alarmed; the commander of that ship will not dare to interfere with us. His demonstration is bluster —Yankee bluster."

Having thus delivered himself, he retired to his stateroom and donned his best uniform. He was a pompous, wordy, and somewhat self-assertive old gentleman, with a quavering voice, and that exaggerated deportment so well described by Charles Dickens as Turveydropism.

While the representative of H.B.M. was arming himself for the fray, the vessels were rapidly nearing each other, both steaming ahead at full speed. Captain Moir was calm, though doubtless annoyed at the sight of the *San Jacinto*, with the build of which he was well acquainted. He gave his orders very quietly, and watched the man-of-war through his glass, removing his gaze every now and again, and instructing his officers in a low, unconcerned tone.

On we steamed, and soon we heard the crew of the *San Jacinto* summoned to quarters. The *Trent* was then in mid-channel, and the quartermaster of the watch had just struck two bells (one o'clock).

Presently a puff of smoke rose from the topgallant forecastle of the *San Jacinto*, and a round shot came flying across our bows; whereupon Captain Moir gave an order to hoist the British flag, which was instantly executed.

The report of the gun and proximity of the shot caused most of the passengers to stampede aft, so those who remained forward had an excellent view of what followed.

The *San Jacinto* had hove to, or was anchored, in the narrowest part of the channel, and Captain Moir was compelled either to steam under the guns of the war-ship, or run his vessel on shore.

He bit his lips and glanced at "the enemy," then kept the *Trent* on her course.

In a few moments we were within hailing distance of the *San Jacinto*, and could distinctly hear persons speaking on her decks, which were swarming with men. She had lowered two of her boats, and evidently intended to board us.

Captain Moir's Scottish features were firmly set, and he navigated his ship as coolly as though the other craft were merely a rock to be avoided.

The next few seconds appeared like hours. Then we saw a wreath of smoke ascend from one of the ports of the *San Jacinto*, a shell went whizzing past, and when about a hundred fathoms ahead of us exploded with a dull report, and puff of gray vapor.

At the same time a number of men descended into the boats alongside the man-of-war, and we saw they were armed to the teeth.

This evidently angered Captain Moir, who hailed the *San Jacinto*, saying:

"What do you mean by stopping my ship? Why have you used shotted guns? This is contrary to all precedent."

A reply came, in a loud, clear voice:

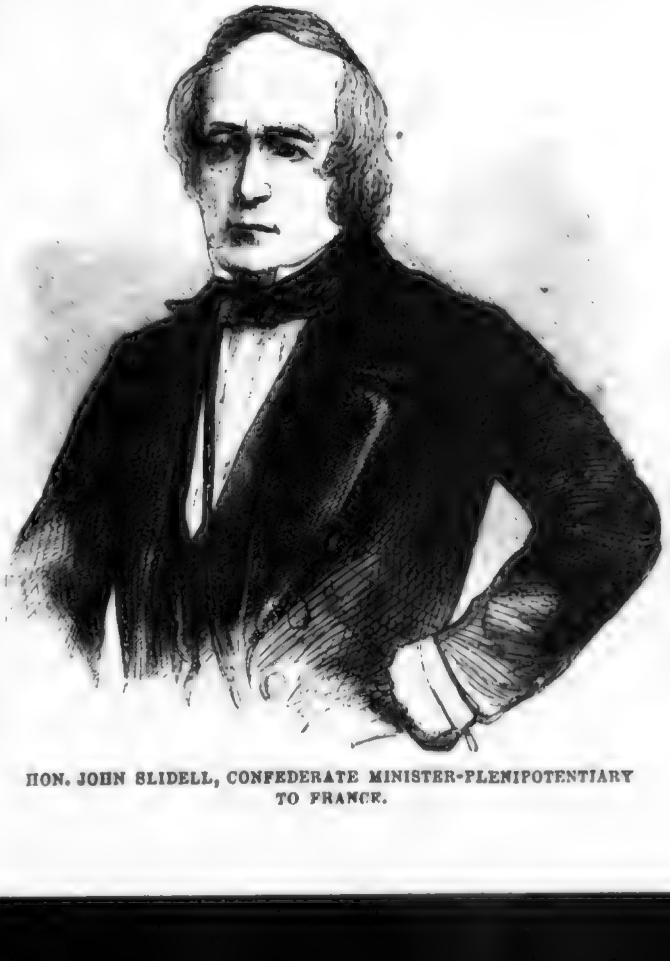
"Lay to! We are going to send a boat aboard of you."

Moir uttered an exclamation of rage, and the passengers, officers and crew gave vent to their indignation; everybody appearing anxious to offer resistance.

If the commander of the *Trent* had possessed less judgment, the result would have been a brief struggle, and possibly loss of life on both sides. As it was, he very naturally lost his temper, and retired to his stateroom, possibly to consult his instructions. The passengers and crew, having no leader, imprecated, blustered and threatened; still, nearer came the cutters, and soon one was made fast on our starboard, and the other to our port gangway.

No one threw them a rope, nor did any officer advance to receive them. All were excited, indignant and furious at what they termed "an act of piracy."

I remembered having, in the East, many times witnessed just such a scene as the one then being enacted before my eyes, only in the former cases the "pirates" were officers of her Majesty's navy, and the outraged persons



HON. JOHN SLIDELL, CONFEDERATE MINISTER-PLENIPOTENTIARY TO FRANCE.

XUM

were Chinese. I could not avoid thinking "how exceedingly unpleasant it is for a doctor to be compelled to swallow his own remedies."

An officer, whom I afterward ascertained to be Lieut. D. M. Fairfax, ascended the starboard side, and, as his head appeared above the railing, the chief mate of the *Trent* faced him, and said:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

Lieutenant Fairfax, not at all ruffled by his reception, glanced searchingly at his interrogator, and inquired:

"Are you the master of this ship, sir?"

"No—I am her chief officer."

"I desire to see your captain," said the intruder, as pleasantly as though he had come to ask all on board to a ball.

While he was speaking, Captain Moir quitted his stateroom, and advanced toward the gangway. He was intensely indignant, and addressed Lieutenant Fairfax in a loud, commanding voice, saying:

"How dare you board my ship! What right have you to commit such an outrage? That flag" (pointing to the ensign at the peak) "will make you pay for your impertinence!"

Lieutenant Fairfax, who bore himself with the greatest calmness and dignity, bowed politely, and said, in the same pleasant, easy tone as the one in which he had addressed the chief officer:

"I am instructed to effect the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their secretaries, Messrs. Eustis and McFarland. I am informed they are on board your ship, and would like to see your passenger-list."

Captain Moir listened with ill-concealed impatience, then said, in a contemptuous tone:

"For a damned, impertinent, outrageous puppy, give me a Yankee! Young man, you can go back to your ship, and tell your skipper that you couldn't accomplish your errand, because we wouldn't let ye. D'ye understand? I deny your right of search!"

Then he glanced at the unmoved intruder as though he would like to annihilate him.

It was a most trying moment for both of them, and had Lieutenant Fairfax given way to an exhibition of the anger he must have felt, serious results would have ensued. Passengers, officers and crew were excited almost beyond restraint, and, as though desirous of adding fuel to the flame, Miss Slidell stepped on to the skylight of the companion-hatch, and cried:

"Quite right, Captain Moir—quite right!"

Her exclamation was loudly cheered by passengers and crew, and there was a movement as though the former were about to offer resistance. This the commander promptly checked with a motion of his hand. Then Lieutenant Fairfax, who appeared quietly amused by the young lady's remark, said, in a cool, polite manner:

"Sir, I am obliged to you for your advice, but must decline to return to my ship as you propose. I shall be sorry to use force to carry out my orders, but shall be compelled to do so if any resistance is shown to me."

Thus speaking, he returned to the gangway, and was about to look over the rail, in order to summon the men from the boat, when the head of a blue-jacket rose into view, and a body of sailors, armed with cutlasses and pistols, and a number of marines with muskets and bayonets, ascended the side nimbly, dropped upon the deck, and awaited his orders. It seemed as though they had overheard the conversation, and thought it time to put in an appearance.

The officer ordered some of his force to take charge of the lower deck, and directed the remainder of the men to form a line across the deck, just abaft the mainmast; thus separating the passengers and crew.

While this was being done, we heard a puffing noise in the companion, and presently beheld Captain Williams, R.N., gorgeous in the brilliant raiment of his rank, and armed with a sword that suggested thoughts of better days.

He glanced at the sailors and marines until his face was aglow and his eyes fairly protruded from their sockets; then, addressing some of the passengers, said, *sotto voce:*

"I'll soon stop this. Yankee sailors and marines on board a Royal Mail steamship! Outrage!—a—most—infernal—out—rage!"

He stalked up to Lieutenant Fairfax, expanded his chest, dilated his nostrils, and thus addressed him:

"I am the representative of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, sir!" (puff, puff). "Sir, I protest against this unwarrantable act—under her Majesty's flag, and" (puff, puff) "on the deck of a British ship!"

The lieutenant, who did not even glance at the speaker, said to Captain Moir:

"Sir, you observe I have force enough to carry out my orders."

The captain, instead of replying, turned his back upon him. As he did this, the passengers cried:

"Shame! Piracy!"

"You would not dare thus board an English man-of-war!"

"Cowards!"

"You will have to pay for this!"

The situation was becoming very unpleasant for the lieutenant, who, however, bore the ordeal with the greatest calmness, and repeatedly demanded the list of passengers.

While he was making this request, Mr. Slidell quitted his stateroom and joined a group of passengers abaft, and in a few moments Mr. Mason put in an appearance. Both of them were outwardly cool; they, evidently, not for an instant believing that the lieutenant would forcibly remove them from the ship.

"This is shameful!" said a tall man, glancing over the heads of the crowd. "I propose we resist this outrage."

As nobody seconded the motion, the originator subsided. Meanwhile, great excitement prevailed in all parts of the ship, and the men forward talked in a very warlike manner.

After a brief pause, one of the fugitives advanced and said to the lieutenant:

"I am Mr. Slidell; what do you require of me?"

"And of me?" added Mr. Mason, moving to his friend's side.

Lieutenant Fairfax looked intently at the speakers, as though to make sure they were the persons of whom he was in search; then informed both of them that their presence was required on board the *San Jacinto*. He was very polite, and evidently not anxious to increase the irritation of the passengers.

Both Mason and Slidell positively refused to accompany him, and talked confidently of the protection of the British flag.

Captain Williams, R.N., stood by, eager to put in a word, and to be recognized by the "infernal Yankee," as he afterward described Lieutenant Fairfax, but the latter utterly ignored his presence, and did not give the old gentleman an opportunity to speak a word; finding which, the captain glowered at the audacious visitor, and retreated to his stateroom, where he expended his choler in furiously writing a protest.

Lieutenant Fairfax soon found it would be useless to waste his time in gentle persuasion, so he assumed a more decisive tone, and informed the fugitives that if they declined to accompany him peaceably, he would have to use force; adding:

"Gentlemen, in twenty minutes you will be on board the *San Jacinto!*"

Having said this, he summoned the party from the second boat, which was lying alongside the port gangway.

As the men came aboard, the passengers cried "Shame!" and the crew looked as though they would like to take a hand in the matter; however, the U. S. officers, sailors and marines behaved like men doing a stern duty, and went to their allotted posts as though on board their own ship.

Captain Moir remained quietly indignant, and showed his good sense by permitting the visitors to do as they pleased.

While Lieutenant Fairfax was stationing his men, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were becoming thoroughly alarmed, entered their staterooms; noticing which, the lieutenant followed them.

Upon arriving at the door of Mr. Slidell's room, he was confronted by the fugitive's daughter, who regarded him indignantly, and said something about having met him a few evenings before in Havana, and dared him to pass without injuring her, or words to that effect.

She was intensely excited, terribly in earnest, and in a semi-hysterical state, and looked as though she would like to kill the lieutenant, who, biting his lower lip, and restraining an inclination to smile, gently touched her on the shoulder, when she uttered a melodramatic shriek and sank upon the floor, a mass of beautiful femininity.

Mrs. Slidell begged the lieutenant to retire, and the indignant passengers renewed their protests, to which he responded:

"Ladies, my orders are imperative. I must obey them."

In the confusion that followed, I, for a few moments, lost sight of the principal actors; but presently saw Mr. Slidell, who was very much excited, and whose hands trembled nervously.

Lieutenant Fairfax urged him to go on board the *San Jacinto*, and in a few moments, when Mr. Mason came from his stateroom, he repeated his request.

Mr. Mason, who was almost as cool as his pursuer, surlily answered:

"I decline to go with you."

On hearing this, Lieutenant Fairfax directed an officer to arrest Mason, which was immediately done, when the prisoner said, in a loud voice:

"I only yield to brute force."

"Yes, yes!" (puff, puff) exclaimed the irrepressible Captain Williams, R.N., who at that moment reappeared upon the scene. "Quite right (puff, puff), Mr. Mason! Under force! I am witness to (puff, puff) that!"

Mr. Mason, having entered his protest, quietly walked to the gangway and descended into the boat.

"Now, Mr. Slidell," blandly observed the lieutenant. "We do not desire to detain this vessel."

"I will never go on board that ship!" furiously replied the gentleman addressed, who had to a certain extent conquered his fright. "I won't go, sir!"

Lieutenant Fairfax glanced at two of his officers, then took Mr. Slidell by the collar, the others each grasping an arm of the prisoner, who was thus ungracefully conducted to the gangway, and assisted into the boat detailed to receive him.

Then followed a scene of the wildest excitement, some of the ladies, like poor Miss Slidell, indulging in hysterics, and the passengers, officers and crew uttering groans of rage.

One aged colored woman, on seeing her mistress sink upon the floor, endeavored to imitate her movement; but, falling against and forcing open the door of a stateroom, the occupant of which was discovered loading a revolver, picked herself up and postponed her exhibition.

To me the scene was intensely amusing, it having rapidly changed from a melodrama to a serio-comedy. While Lieutenant Fairfax was giving directions to his subordinates, another lieutenant arrested Mr. Eustis, who proved to be the most plucky individual of the party. He did not bluster, but hit out manfully, striking the officer who arrested him a severe blow. This aroused the marines, who seized him without much regard for appearances, and "bundled" him into the boat. Mr. McFarland, wiser than his fellow-secretary, bowed to circumstances, and did not offer any resistance.

While the prisoners were secured and their baggage looked up, the following amusing scene occurred: Captain Williams, R.N., who by that time looked dangerously superheated, and whose purple nose strongly resembled an over-ripe plum, approached a young officer, and, expanding himself like a toad, glanced contemptuously at him, and said:

"Take this."

The gentleman addressed eyed the glowing official, and declined to do as he requested. Captain Williams extended the document, which was neatly folded in official style, and repeated his command, this time in a tremulous tone, indicative of the emotion that was agitating his bosom.

Again the stubborn young American declined to obey. The furious old gentleman pursed his quivering lips, and brought his inflamed eyes to bear upon the obdurate youngster, spite of which the latter would not accept the document, nor did he so much as blink under the indignant glance directed upon him.

When Captain Williams grew tired of extending his shaking hand, he thrust the document into his pocket, muttered something not very complimentary to the officer, and turned upon his heel.

After the prisoners' effects were collected, the *San Jacinto's* boats quitted the ship, leaving all on board feeling very much like boys who had been set upon and searched by the principal of the school. Captain Moir did not waste his time in making speeches, but gave orders to steam ahead full speed.

I glanced over the taffrail, and watched the faces of the fugitives and their captors. Messrs Mason and Slidell looked what is termed "glum," their secretaries resigned, and the officers satisfied with the result of their mission, while the sailors and marines grinned like one man.

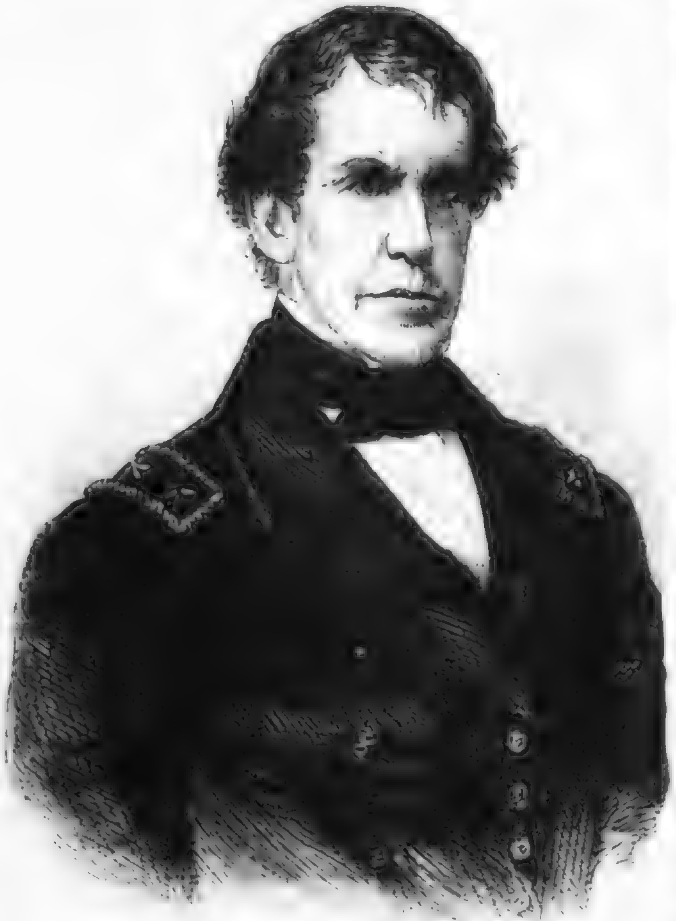
No sooner were we under way again, than an informal indignation-meeting was convened, and Captain Williams, R.N., gave vent to his eloquence.

So did a dozen others, including the Bim gentleman. They all expressed the greatest regret at not having been able to resist the outrageous act of piracy, and some of them privately hinted that, had they been in command of the *Trent*, Messrs. Mason and Slidell would still be on board, and Wilkes gnawing his fingers with rage.

Then they settled down into the usual dead-level of life on board a passenger ship, and did their best to comfort and console the ladies, who were certainly to be pitied.

That evening I sauntered forward, and seating myself in a retired nook, lighted my cigar, and listened to the remarks of the sailors, who were eagerly discussing the events of the day.

One young fellow, who had evidently been listening to



COMMODORE CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N., COMMANDING THE "SAN JACINTO."

the oracular utterances of Captain Williams, said to a group near him:

"If they don't return them prisoners on board this here ship, in the very latitude and longitude where the outrage took place, and pay us all for the detention and insult put on our flag, the naval agent says we've got a *causeus-bellee*, and that in twenty-four hours arter the Yanks refuses our ultermatum, the South will be recognized and the North at our mercy."

"Jem," demanded one of the listeners, "wot's a causeus-bellee?"

"Blowed if I know; it's a French name for something," replied the first speaker. "I expect it means a national stomach-ache."

"Why didn't the old man [Captain Moir] go on, and let 'em blaze away at us?" observed a grimy-looking fireman, who just then emerged from below. "I believe if he had kept right on, full speed, the Yankee skipper would never have fired into us."

This remark was received with many approving nods, and cries of:

"Yes, he orter have gone ahead, full speed, and to have defied that Yank! It was all a bit of bounce on their part. Wilkes wouldn't have dared to fire into a ship full of passengers!"

Then up spoke a grizzled sailor, whose teeth and visage showed the effects of rum, time and salt junk.

After expressing his opinion that the last speakers were condemned imbeciles, he said, in a vehement though somewhat indistinct voice:

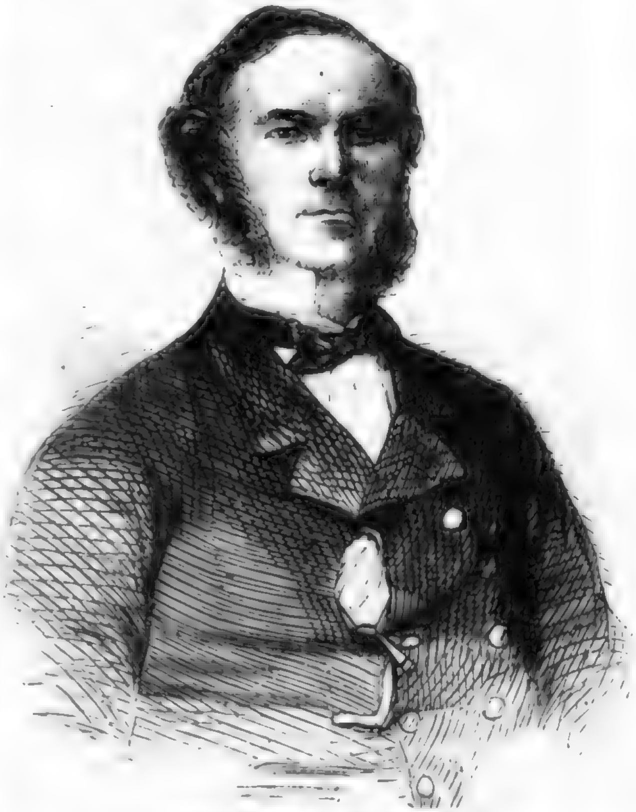
"You knows a lot, don't you? The company ought to dismiss Cap'n Moir and put one of you in command! I say the skipper did just what was right, and that if he had kept on he would have only made things wusser. Wot was to hinder the *San Jacinto* from knocking away our funnel and sending shots through our paddle-wheels? Bless yer 'art! them fellers was bound to have Mason and Slidewell, dead or alive, and they wouldn't have hesitated at anything. They have gunners on board who could knock chunks out of this ship, without killing anybody, either. The old man acted just right. It's mighty easy to *talk*, now the *danger* is over."

When we reached St. Thomas, people went crazy over the news, and loudly predicted that the result would be a declaration of war.

Upon arriving at Southampton, instead of finding a fleet preparing to sail for New York, we learned that the wisdom of the Governments had overruled the irritation of the two great nations, and that the "*Trent*" affair had been settled without resorting to powder and shot.

LORD REDESDALE, somewhat shabbily dressed, as is his wont, recently went to see the Foreign Minister on business. Knocking at the door, he was received by the footman, who, without knowing who Redesdale was, informed him curtly that Lord Granville was not at home. "But, look here," continued the flunkey, "just run and get me a pint of 'arf-and-'arf, will you?" producing a jug. "Certainly," replied Lord Redesdale; and, taking the jug, away he toddled after the beer. Bringing it back, he handed it to the footman, who first of all took a regular quencher, and then Lord Redesdale, politely declining the offer of a drink, quietly remarked: "Oh, by the way, when your master comes in, tell him that the Earl of Redesdale called to see him!" You may imagine how the footman felt at that sublime moment, and how Lord Granville conveyed his displeasure to him, when, after hearing the anecdote told amid roars of laughter in every club he went into, he arrived home and had an opportunity of hearing the flunkey's explanation.

REFINED policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be as long as the world stands. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at the last, is no mean force in the government of mankind.



CAPTAIN MOIR, OF THE "TRENT."

IN THE SCHLOSS AMBRAS.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"What an odor there is about these German *wirthshaüser!*" exclaimed Mr. Conway, with an angry sniff. "It's the *sauer-kraut*, I know, that arises in one's nostrils like the perfume of a soap-chandler's establishment on boiling day. Christine, what are you staring at?"

Ah, what? At all the Alpine glories of silver-threaded waterfalls, and mountains capped with snow, or holding up white and glittering shields; on rugged rocks, fringed with pines; at a green, smiling valley, with hundreds of chalets, and water leaping, falling, glancing, foaming everywhere.

In short, this favored young lady was looking at the Valley of Lauterbrünnen.

She turned a somewhat bewildered glance on her father, who was walking up and down the room in a very bad humor.

"As I was saying, I met young Desmond off for a tramp."

The girl's blue eyes, which had been dreamily fixed on him, suddenly lighted up like lakes over which the sunshine has instantly flashed; the sensitive mouth trembled a little.

"A—well, a rather fine fellow," Mr. Conway continued, inspecting his daughter narrowly; "still, considering his prospects, devilish presuming. Travels for a firm, and asks for *my daughter!* Humph! I was polite, of course; said you were engaged to Von Klopp, and there was an end of it. Rather a different prospect, I fancy. I always knew you were born to good fortune. By Jove! after all the money I've spent—I mean all I owe—for your education, it would be a deuced go for you to marry a poor man. Queer, how the impecunious hound had the face to ask it so coolly! Deuced conceited, I should say."

A soft flush had slowly mounted over Christine's face, up, up to the shining waves of hair that crowned it. There was a nervous tremor in the hands which were clasped on her lap—slender, shapely hands, on one of which sparkled a splendid solitaire, catching iridescent rays of light—her engagement ring. How the girl hated that spark of light, which never went out, but always reminded her of her chain.

"By Jove, I wonder I didn't knock the fellow down," Mr. Conway said, growing angry over the memory; "for he seemed to think there *was* something more to be said; and he dared to ask if I thought you were happy, and to hint—the beggar!—that you had smiled on him."

A quick flush passed over the girl's face. She nerved herself with an effort, turning the ring on her finger absently.

"I have something to say, too, papa," she said. "I cannot marry Mr. Von Klopp—I cannot. I have tried to obey—I cannot."

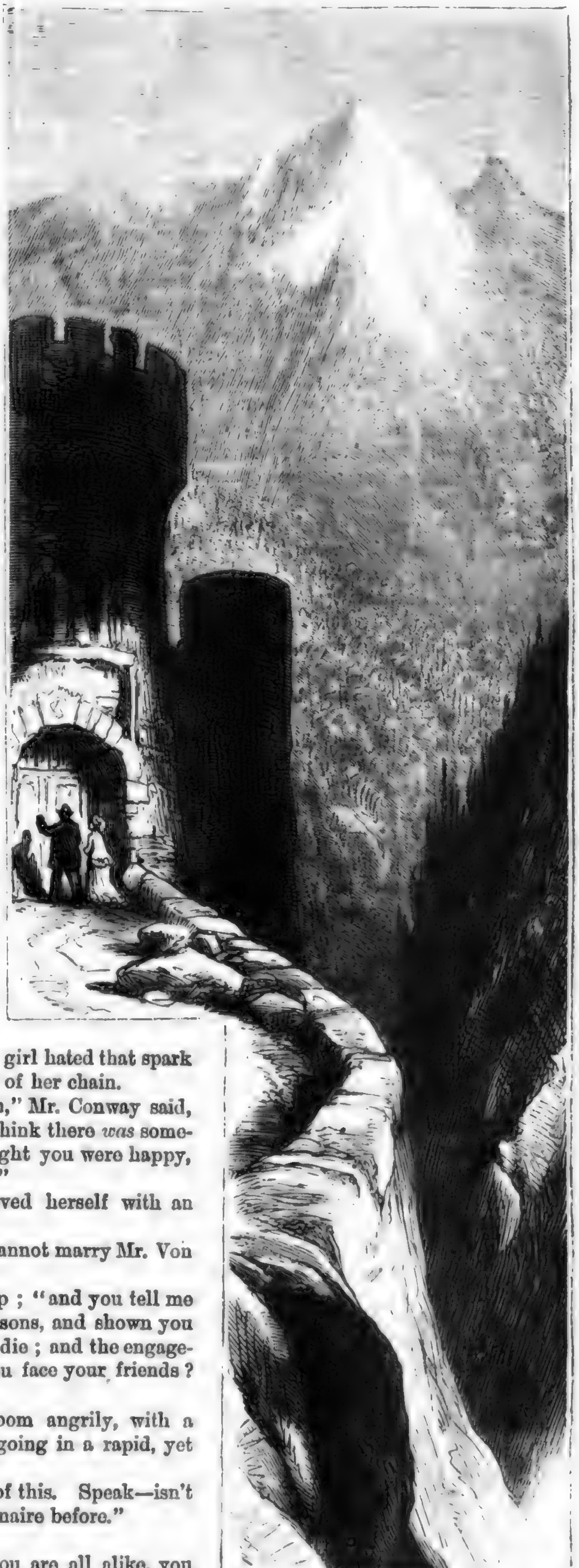
"The deuce you can't!" cried Mr. Conway, starting up; "and you tell me at this late day, when I have laid before you all the reasons, and shown you that you won't have a rap to bless yourself with when I die; and the engagement has been made public, too; think—how could you face your friends? and what is the reason? What's up?"

He was a plethoric man, and he paced the little room angrily, with a purple face and hurried breathing, delivering the foregoing in a rapid, yet jerky style. Then, looking at his daughter, he said:

"'Tis that young beggar Desmond's at the bottom of this. Speak—isn't it? You were well enough satisfied to marry this millionaire before."

"I thought only of pleasing you," Christine faltered.

"And now you think of pleasing some one else! You are all alike, you women—veering about like a weather-cock. But you needn't sigh for your new swain. I gave him his *congé*, and he has started on his travels to the Mountains of the Moon for what I care; at all events, *you* will not see him again."



IN THE SCHLOSS AMBRAS.—"HE KNOCKED IMPATIENTLY. THE ECHOES OF THE OLD CASTLE SEEMED TO STIR THEMSELVES IN AN AFFRIGHTED WAY."

Christine felt her heart throbbing painfully. She grew a little paler, but more firm and composed.

"It can make no difference," she said; "all the same, I will not marry Mr. Von Klopp. It was bad enough to think of marrying when I did not love him; now it would be sin and shame."

"Bosh! There, there—we will not be hasty; take till to-morrow. I'm very hasty, myself, but that's a great fault. Do nothing; say nothing to our good friend till to-morrow."

Mr. Conway had reconsidered the matter, and thought that perhaps he had better try the winning tack. The night might bring counsel. When he thought of losing his wealthy and obliging son-in-law, who had already advanced sundry sums to him, he could have gnashed his teeth with rage. Christine must be won over—clearly she must be won—for, unfortunately, the law was so infirm it would not allow him to compel her.

He was a man utterly selfish—a gourmand, who gloated over a tidbit as a bookworm might over a choice volume.

He remembered the different places abroad by some choice viand, and spoke of them as "the place where we had the delicious macaroni," or "that mountain hole where we drank the Falernian," or "that confounded den where they choked us with the leathery *pfannekuchen*."

He had spent his money like a prince, and would soon come to an end; so he was making himself one friend of the mammon of unrighteousness, who, he thought, would receive him when needful into his habitation.

In other words, he had noted with delight the admiration of Carl von Klopp, a wealthy brewer from St. Louis, for the beautiful Christine; he had helped along the affair in various ways, and had chuckled many a time over his management, since the diamond ring had been placed on Christine's finger.

He thought he had led his somewhat battered hulk into a sure haven, where he might bask in the sunshine of prosperity the rest of his days. He did not dream of breakers ahead, and snags and sand-bars yet before him, till Desmond came.

Desmond, a handsome young fellow, traveling in the interest of a manufacturing company, had only his manner, his culture and genial mood to recommend him; yet even Mr. Conway, prejudiced as he was in favor of money, saw that the dashing young fellow placed the slow, obtuse German at a disadvantage. He watched sharply, but still hoped that all would end well, till this day.

"He's gone, at all events," he thought, as he looked at Christine's face. "I was a fool to let her know he had spoken. If she had thought he had left in such a nonchalant way, without even a good-by, that would have been a good stroke. But I'll gain my ends somehow, so help me——"

He was brought up suddenly at the last word, for he could not expect God to help him in his purpose. But, God or devil, it was all one to Mr. Conway.

"Come, Christine; I was really on my way to give you Von Klopp's message. He says this is just the time to see the waterfall with the rainbow on it. So put on your—things, as you call 'em. Well, let the things be becoming—that dark-blue suit last from Madame Rigaud."

"Oh, papa!—for a mountain walk?"

"Well, what you like. Your clothes cost enough. I'll be deuced glad when some one else foots the bills; though I don't pay 'em now, for that matter."

"It is not my wish to dress extravagantly, papa," said Christine, gravely. "I would rather wear a brown linen dress the whole Summer than flaunt in finery unpaid for. I suffer in it."

"By Jove! How did you come by your honesty?" asked Mr. Conway, with a mocking laugh.

"Inherited it from my mother, perhaps," answered the girl.

"Well, I tell you what," Mr. Conway said, still with a half sneer; "on your wedding-day I'll make you a present of your roll of unpaid bills. Think of the felicity it will be for you to pay 'em off." And with these words he left the room.

When Christine came down, half an hour afterward, her face betrayed none of the emotion which had swept over it. She was calm, but it was the calm of settled purpose, and somehow it gave her a peace of mind which seemed almost happiness after weeks of feverish unrest.

She wore brown linen, too, but it was rich with embroidery; and a dainty chip hat, with feather and trimming to match her dress, made a most becoming costume. So thought Herr von Klopp, a stout, blonde-haired man, who gazed at her through his blue spectacles with a pleasant feeling of ownership. He had lived in the United States ten years, and spoke English pretty well—sometimes, however, using a ludicrous word. He was a self-made man, and had been too busy to polish himself very much.

The day was a glorious one in the early part of September; cool, yet full of sunshine, which lighted all the waterfalls, and their name is legion, in the Valley of Lauterbrunnen. All the old women were out with their laces and odds and ends, to make money out of the unwary traveler. Groups of tourists were arriving from Grindelwald, having crossed the Wengern Alp on high-shouldered horses; other groups were starting for that place, the guides comparing notes of the generosity of their respective parties.

Christine could not help catching the exhilarating influence of the pure air. She had spoken to her father, and that brought a relief that was almost happiness, and all the beauties of Alpine scenery seemed to be gathered together in this spot.

To be sure, the valley was only visited by the sunshine for a few hours in the day—long after it had shone upon the mountain-tops—but the vegetation was so lush and green, the setting of rock and pine and snow-covered peaks so grand and majestic, the glittering threads of water in every direction so full of joyful life, that Christine felt that she could be happy enough in such a spot her whole life long. How delightful existence might be in one of those pretty Swiss chalets, with all the beautiful wood-carving about it, and some one—not Herr von Klopp—to share her life.

"One might exist here for a few days," said Mr. Conway, looking around, "if they only knew how to cook. Noodle-soup and boiled beef ruin my appreciation for any scenery. I feed the waiter yesterday to bring me roast beef rare, and, would you believe it, he had the face to present me with soup-meat, and was ready to swear it was 'ros-bif—Inglish.'"

"But they have first-rate beer—nice," said Mr. Von Klopp, who was at home on that subject, and seemed to think that "nice" was a superlatively expressive adjective. "I come from the mountains myself, Miss Christine, and I love them. I have all I want in your New World but mountains."

"Then you must be nearer happiness than most of us," Christine said, smiling. "I want several things."

"I hope I shall one day have the pleasure of procuring for you those several things," Von Klopp said, with a stately courtesy.

"I'm sure I've spent my life in trying to supply your wants, Christine," Mr. Conway said, with a complaining air.

"Oh, papa, don't be serious about it," Christine answered. "Here we are in sight—a vail of finest lawn blown here and there in the wind. It is like that, but Byron ranted terribly in comparing it to the mane of Death's pale horse—did he not, Mr. Von Klopp ?"

"I do not read Berong," that gentleman answered—in fact, he never read poetry—"but I doubt not you are right ; she is not like a horse—this waterfall—your Berong was wrong."

"Perhaps he had a night*mare*," said Mr. Conway, laughing heartily at his own joke. "Horse, indeed ! if he'd called it a one-horse waterfall, he'd have hit it ; but it ain't even that, it's a half-pony waterfall—you could put it in a washtub."

"But it is beautiful, papa," remonstrated Christine ; "things need not be great to be that. See how filmy and fine it is, and how it drifts here and there like a silver cloud."

"Yes, Miss Christine, you speak something right," Von Klopp answered, with enthusiasm, for he had all that love of nature which distinguishes his countrymen, and leads them to prefer drinking their beer among the dusty shrubs of the shabbiest pretense of a garden rather than in a well-appointed saloon. "I am glad you have such sentiments —which I cannot express so well—she is, as you say, like silver mist. I have seen the Niag'ra and other grand waterfalls, but this is what you call ni-i-ce," and he prolonged the last word to make it more expressive. "Ah, I shall have one made at my place in St. Louis. You shall enjoy it much."

"I dare say you can buy quite as good a one as this," Conway said, cheerily ; "in fact, money can buy most things in America."

"I shall let Miss Christine arrange all that," Von Klopp answered, looking supremely happy at the prospect.

"But you can't have the mountains and the Swiss chalets and the snow-peaks with such vivid green below, and the girls in their quaint costumes, and the old women knitting lace. I don't know that I would care for the waterfall without all these."

"Eh ! I wish I could buy a mountain or two," sighed the stout brewer, wistfully.

"But if you can't bring the mountains to you, you can go to the mountains," said Conway. "There is Colorado and the 'Garden of the Gods.' Have a Summer place out there."

Then followed a discussion of the merits of the place, in which Christine took no part.

At last Conway looked at his watch.

"Come, it's near twelve o'clock, and I have a few birds on toast waiting for me. I had no end of bother telling them how to make toast. It's their custom to toast things by putting them in the oven to dry up, the barbarians ! '*Gerösteles brod*,' they call it. I feel slim after that breakfast of coffee and *semmel*. Won't you join me, Von Klopp ? Can't you pick a wing, Christine ?"

Von Klopp had found appetite enough in the bracing air, but Christine declined.

They were met at the door of the inn by a sturdy fellow in mountaineer's dress of dark gray, trimmed with green. He took off his felt hat, which was jauntily decorated by a *spiel-hahn* feather and a bunch of edelweiss.

"Is it Herr Conway ?" he asked.

Conway did not speak German, so he called his daughter.

"Here, Christine, see what the fellow wants. For us to engage him as a guide, perhaps. Tell him I am not one of the lunatics who climb mountains and pay for the privilege. They'd have to pay me, by Jove ! Wouldn't he stare if I asked him how much he'd give me to go !"

Christine turned toward the man, and saw even in his somewhat stolid face that it was something more important than offering himself as a guide. Whatever it was, she would not stand at the inn-door among the staring groups to hear it.

"Come," she said, and the man followed her into their quaint little parlor, furnished in green, with white knitted tidies everywhere, even on the very chair-seats, and slipping off uncomfortably whenever one sat down.

Her father had come in also with a somewhat impatient curiosity, thinking of his birds.

"Well, what is it ?" Christine asked.

"Some person has fallen on the mountain. An accident. The gentleman is dead !"

"Where—where ?" said Christine, growing white.

"What does he say ?" cried Mr. Conway, noticing her face. "Why the deuce don't you translate it, Christine ?"

"On the Wengern Alp. The horse slipped," said the man. "The body is at the inn on the top."

"And why—why do you come to us ?" faltered the girl, clinging desperately to a forlorn hope.

"Because—because they do not know who the man is, and he had no card or name in his pocket—nothing but this."

And he held a note to the young girl, who sat there trembling from head to foot.

Mr. Conway snatched the note and looked hurriedly at it. Since his daughter seemed unable to speak, he must inform himself somehow. He read this :

"My Dearest:—I cannot trust myself to see you again, for your father forbids all hope. Yet I cannot bear you should think I left you abruptly without a word. Good-by. I write this with the paper on the horse's saddle, and shall send it to you by the first opportunity. I can never change, but you must act for your own happiness. Noel Desmond."

"So the fellow sends this, does he, and that's what the rumpus is about ?" and Mr. Conway flung the note to his daughter. "Deuced impudent, I call it !"

"Oh, papa !" Christine struggled to say, "he is dead ! —he is dead ! They found this note on the body."

If that was the case, Conway could be magnanimous.

"You don't say so ! Poor fellow ! Is it possible ? I remember how gallant he looked as he started toward the Wengern Alp this morning. A fall, was it ?"

"Yes, a fall," Christine repeated, mechanically, looking at the note. "They want you, papa."

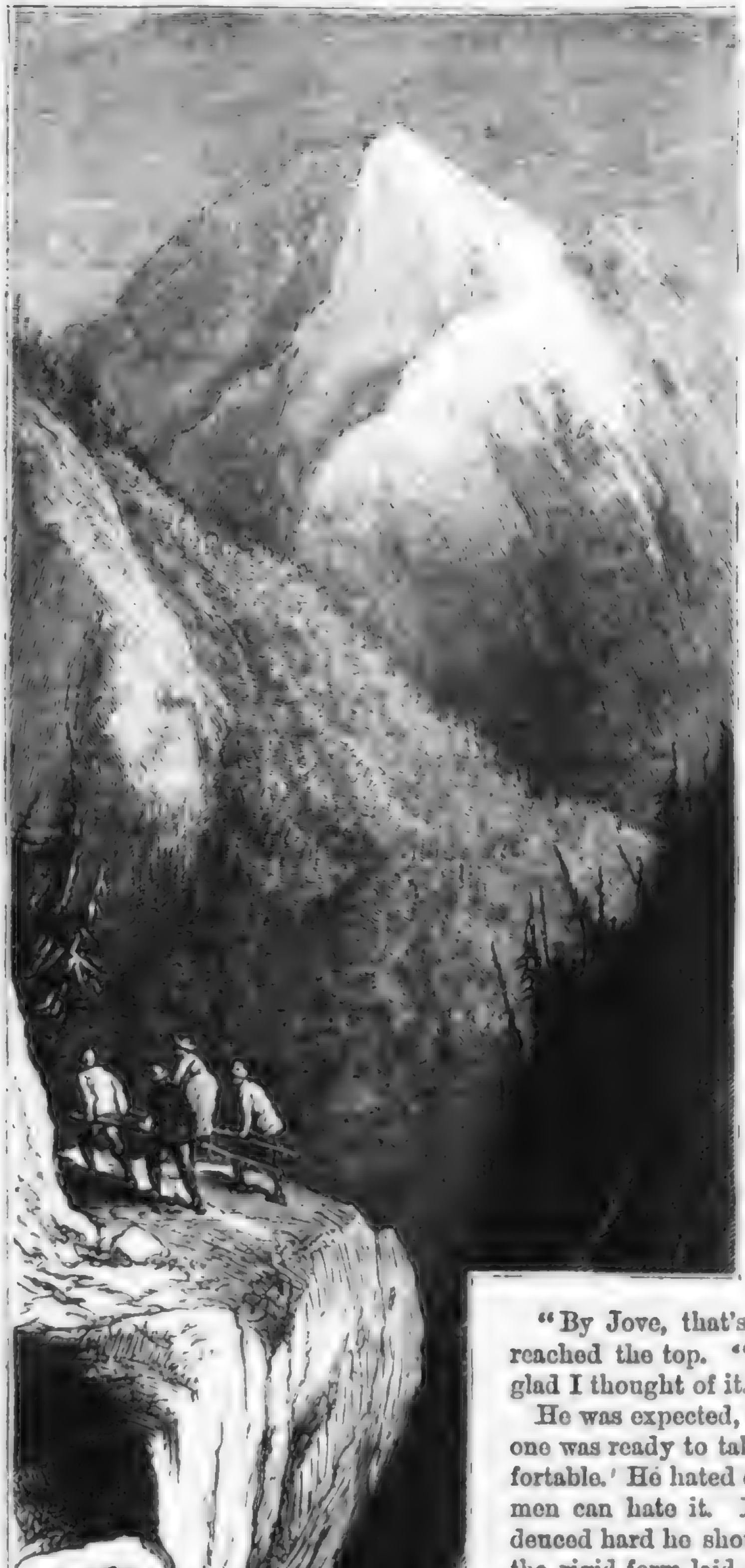
"Anything I can do, my dear, for the poor young—is he quite dead ?"

It was best to be sure before being too complaisant. If he were really dead, surely never had any one died so *apropos* for Mr. Conway.

"I shall go with you, papa," said Christine, with a sudden energy. "Let us go at once."

"My dear, I cannot permit it. You look terribly shaken by the news. You would only be in the way. I suppose I've got to climb this confounded mountain, anyway, and I hate climbing. I won't trust myself on horseback. It would be no satisfaction to see him now, dear. Remember him as he was. Go and lie down, and I'll send you up a cup of coffee."

Christine agreed quietly. She felt that she could not undergo the ordeal of seeing the face she loved marred and disfigured by the fall—of looking upon it with strangers about her ; and then her strength suddenly gave way, which settled the question.



IN THE SCHLOSS AMBRAS.—"MR. CONWAY STARTED OFF UP THE MOUNTAIN, IN COMPANY WITH THREE MEN TO BEAR THE CHAIR."

She grew white and faint, and her father was glad to hurry away without further hindrance, leaving her in the hands of the kindly *hausfrau*, who was as tender as a mother.

Mr. Conway would not start off without a snack to support him, and after partaking of the birds, he found that he could be taken up the mountain in a chair without making any exertion, if he chose to pay enough. He was not one to let economy ever stand in the way of his own comfort, so he started off, in company with three men to bear the chair, and three to relieve them when exhausted.

Such a corpulent customer they had seldom groaned under; and it was odd to see the luxurious comfort with which Mr. Conway leaned back in the chair, while his bearers panted and gasped, and the perspiration rolled down their faces.

Having ascertained that he did not understand German, they gave way to their aggravated feelings by all the invective of which that language is capable.

"Ugh, ugh! the bloated tallow-sack!"

"After this, a ton of hay will be pastime!"

"Look at his mulberry-colored complexion; he will die of apoplexy soon—that's one consolation!"

"If he lives till he pays me, he may die at once!"

And so on, with sundry oaths to spice the conversation.

Mr. Conway had never felt more comfortable in his life. The easy, gentle motion, the pure air, the beautiful scenery, seen without effort, all exhilarated him. He had not a shade of regret for the poor young fellow whose life had been so suddenly dashed out of him—whose sun had gone down at noon. Nothing more fortunate could have happened, he meditated; nothing more providential for his plans, for dear Christine had been evidently bent on putting her foot in it, and another day might have lost Von Klopp beyond recall. But now she would be stunned by the blow for a while; she would believe (the jade!) that she could never love again, and all that sort of thing; and then she would think, since all hope and happiness were over for her, she might as well make her father happy by marrying Von Klopp.

"By Jove, that's the princely way of traveling," said Conway, as they reached the top. "I've a notion to do the other mountains that way. I'm glad I thought of it. Now, where is this poor fellow, I wonder."

He was expected, and some one was waiting to show him the room—some one was ready to take down what he should say. He began to feel uncomfortable. He hated coming in contact with death—as only such self-pleasing men can hate it. He never went to funerals, and he said now that it was denced hard he should be mixed up in the matter. The darkened room, the rigid form laid on a table, with a sheet thrown over it, and the outline of the body so clearly defined beneath, made his blood run cold.

Well, the thing must be done; he nerved himself as for a great effort, and went forward. Poor Desmond!

Mr. Conway started back with a genuine horror in his face, which had not been there before. The dead body was not that of Noel Desmond.

He stood stunned a moment by the shock, and—yes—the disappointment.

He saw the situation in a moment. Desmond's note had said that he would send it by the first opportunity. He had met, perhaps, with a casual acquaintance, and confided the note to him.

This person—a young man, too, with fair hair and very regular features, had met with this horrible fate, and the note, of course, was found in his pocket.

"I do not know him," he said to the persons present, after his brief survey (he could speak that much German). "I do not know him."

And when they poured forth voluble questions, he only shook his head and reiterated, "I do not know him!"

Then, to relieve himself of all responsibility, he wrote on a card the address of an English clergyman whom he knew to be staying in Grindelwald.

"It's a minister's duty to attend to funerals, and all that sort of thing," said Conway, as he prepared, in a very irritable frame of mind, to go down the mountain again.

His placid mood was gone entirely, and he began to think that Providence had not been working so opportunely after all.

But suddenly a subtle, keen temptation assailed him—he need not explain the mistake to Christine. It came as suddenly as if a voice had whispered it to him, as if the arch-enemy himself had stood at his ear.

MATERNAL CARES.

Mr. Conway was not a man of nice honor, but he rather shrank, at first, from this counsel of the devil.

But, as he remembered the prize—the rich son-in law—as all the comforts of that luxurious home rose in a luring picture before him, and his debts, his empty pocket-book, and a life of poverty, stared at him from the other side, he yielded.

"And I will be doing the kindest thing for Christine," he argued. "She will soon get over her fancy if the man is dead to her. The silliest girl does not go on loving a phantom. But if she knows he is alive, she will nurse up this romantic passion till it ruins us all. I'll do it. By Jove! think of coming down to a second-rate boarding-house, with its greasy chops and fried beefsteak, while Von Klopp's palace awaits us!"

So he composed his part and his face, and he found no difficulty in the way.

The downward path is ever the smoothest, and Conway soothed his conscience, or the poor, outraged thing he called conscience, by thinking that he had not really lied at all.

It was dark when he reached the inn, and Christine, sitting watching at her window, did not see him till he stood in the room.

There was a weak candle fluttering in the wind, and he saw her face, white and miserable, the asking eyes, the trembling mouth; but still he did not speak.

"Well, papa," faltered the young girl at last, "you saw him?"

"Yes, dearest," answered her father, with apparent tenderness, "I saw him. He was quite dead when he was found."

She leaned her head on her hands upon the window-sill, and said no more. It never occurred to her to think of any one but Noel Desmond, and a vision of his handsome face as she had last seen it seemed to mock her misery. She could not think of that face cold and still; she could not make him dead!

"I did what I could," Mr. Conway went on. "I left him in charge of the English clergyman at Grindelwald. There will be a service, and all that's necessary. I shall write myself to the firm with which he was connected, as I happen to know their names. That is all that can be done."

"I suppose that is all, papa," Christine said, despairingly, and in a choked voice.

"Well, there is one thing more. Don't you think it would be best not to show too much feeling about it? It might set people talking, you know. I know it is hard, dear; but you will make an effort, now, for my sake?"

"I will try, papa," said Christine, drearily, and then her father left her, and made himself thoroughly comfortable over a good dinner.

Mr. Conway did not, of course, write any such bogus information to the firm as he had mentioned. They left Lauterbrünnen as soon as possible, and he was glad to travel away from that part of the country entirely. Still more delighted was he some months after to read Noel Desmond's name among the list of passengers for the United States. He was quite safe now, for Christine never read the papers.

For Christine the scenery had lost its charm. She wondered at her own indifference about the route; she considered herself curiously sometimes, as she might have done a stranger, and asked where all the enthusiasm, the zest and sparkle of life, had flown.

She had scarcely been conscious of her love for Desmond till the short dream was over, and now it seemed as if her heart was buried with him, as if she only had bitter memories to make "the whole earth blasted for his sake."

Von Klopp had been called home on business, but not before Conway had settled that he was to return the next Spring, and they were to be married soon after in Paris.

As the Spring approached, however, the girl's health seemed utterly to fail her. Even the indifferent father roused himself from his long revel among the delicacies of a Parisian *cuisine* to notice that his daughter looked wretchedly.

Her mother had died of consumption, and, egad, it would be like his luck if she should slip away from him at the important moment. The physician's fiat went forth—a Summer again among the mountains—and the wedding must be put off.

Mr. Conway swore a good deal inwardly, for he refrained now before his daughter, in consideration of her delicate health. It was devilish hard, he thought, to go back to *kalbsbraten* again, and cheese and honey for breakfast; but there was no help for it.

Christine, who had looked out of the windows of their pretty apartment on the Boulevard des Capuchins all Winter, with an utter want of interest in the gay crowd below, found herself slightly roused at the thought of seeing the Tyrol. The love of nature seemed the one feeling not entirely dead in her heart. She could not be quite so miserable, she fancied, with the great heart of nature beating near her own—with the ravines, the snow-crowned mountain summits, the everlasting hills before her, and the simple peasant-folk about her.

"I would like to get near them, papa," she said—"to enter into their life!"

"Not too near, my dear," said her father, with a shrug; "consider how they smell of garlic!"

Nevertheless, Christine was surprised at her interest in the matter, and when she reached Innsbruck and looked out on the grand mountain-wall that almost shut it in, she felt a thrill of pleasure in a faint degree, like the bound of the Swiss exile's heart when he once more hails his home. And below in the court, a fellow in hunting-costume and picturesque Tyrolese hat was trolling the song about Hofer:

> "Mit ihm das land Tyrol—
> Das heilige land, Tyrol,"

in a way that made her heart throb with a sort of national sympathy.

Mr. Conway did not reconcile himself easily to the change of programme. The Winter in Paris had not improved his health nor his temper. He had arrived at an age when a man cannot take liberties with his digestion unpunished. He had taken unwarrantable liberties all Winter, consequently his face had assumed a purplish tinge, his breathing was shorter, and he was more disinclined to exertion, rousing himself now and then to a spasmodic effort as he recalled the doctor's orders about exercise.

In one of these moods the two started to visit Schloss Ambras. It was a bright June day, and the whole valley, with the mountain-wall, put on its most cheerful aspect. Girls in gay peasant dress were chatting under the arcades. A young artist was taking down, amid a crowd of over-lookers, a sketch of "The Golden Roof." Some tourists, with Murray in hand, were going into the Hof Kirche to look at the grand bronze figures and Colin's wonderful bas-reliefs.

There was a cheery influence in the air which lent wings to Christine's feet, but her father lagged most evidently.

"I'm afraid this walk will be too much for you, Christine," he said, panting like a tug-boat, as he came up to her.

"Oh, no, papa! But we will go back if *you* like."

"I—I am not the invalid," he said, testily. "I must confess I think Tyrol rather a sell—and these mountains have a gloomy effect on me. But this Schloss Ambras is one of the sights—eh? We must do it."

So they walked on slowly, Christine looking back now to the beautiful view of river and town that lay beneath them—the river on its swift way, and the old bridges, till at last the castle rose before them, huge, massive and strong, as are all the structures of the age in which it was built. It had a strange, dead look about it, as if it had been forgotten in the march of centuries—not a sentinel about, not a solitary horseman, not even a little foot-page. No face at any window—no open door. It seemed to stand there like a castle in a dream, or like one of those enchanted palaces where a sudden spell has lulled everything into a charmed sleep.

Mr. Conway knocked impatiently.

The echoes of the old castle seemed to stir themselves in an affrighted way; but nothing else moved.

"It's a ghostly old barracks," said Mr. Conway, in an irritated tone, "and it's my impression that every one's dead inside."

He gave another rattling peal, and the slumbrous echoes woke once more, and seemed to shriek through the deserted halls.

Mr. Conway listened with grim satisfaction.

"There! That was enough to wake the dead," he said; "and I should not be in the least surprised to see a ghost of the Middle Ages slowly open the door."

As he spoke the door actually opened slowly, as such a ponderous door must do, and before them stood a tall, straight, athletic figure—a young man, with startled eyes and a sort of nervous smile on his lips.

Christine had not hoped to look in those eyes again on this side of the New Jerusalem. Those lips she believed had done for ever with earthly smiles or earthly speech.

Noel Desmond, or his wraith, stood before her.

She felt the air swoon around her; she heard a half-gasping cry from her father, "A ghost, indeed! Good heavens!" and then for a moment darkness shut her in like a curtain.

But it lifted again presently, and she saw that face bent over her.

It was not a ghost who took her hand so tenderly in his, and whispered:

"I sent at once for the doctor, and your father is made as comfortable as possible."

Christine's heart reproached her.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, starting up; she had quite forgotten her father in her joy.

"He has had some sort of attack," said Noel. "I am sorry I startled you both in such a manner. The guide opened the door to let me out, but you did not see him, and I must have looked like an apparition."

Christine stared at him still in an appalled way. How was it?

Was this an enchanted castle, peopled only by phantoms of the past?

She struggled to her feet and looked about her; some one was lying on a couch near, and two or three figures seemed bending over him.

"Oh, papa!" she cried.

She sprang to his side, and then stood as one paralyzed. For Mr. Conway lay there motionless, save for a low, labored breath now and then. His face was almost livid in its hue; his bloodshot eyes were fixed and strange. He had had a stroke!

The doctor came after a time, and used restoratives. A bed was laid in a carriage, and the sick man taken back to his room in the hotel. When he opened his conscious eyes once more on Noel's Desmond's face, he muttered:

"Kismet! it is fate! I killed you, you know, and now you have made an end of me—tit for tat!"

Then he lapsed into insensibility again. But the doctors learnedly explained the attack on other grounds. It must have come soon, according to the state of the system, revealed by their diagnosis.

Noel staid with him and nursed him like a son, though Mr. Conway did not cease to regard him in the light of an avenging spirit.

"It's all right," he muttered one day; "if you hadn't turned up Christine would have died, and I should have had two ghosts on my hands."

This was enunciated in a thick and indistinct manner which alarmed Noel and brought Christine to the bedside at once.

"I've—something to say," he struggled with the words painfully.

"Well, dear papa, I am here," cried Christine, with tears.

"Tell—tell that——"

Christine waited breathlessly.

"That—old hag of—a nurse—not—not——"

"He is wandering!" cried Christine, in despair.

"Not—to—drop—snuff—in my—gruel!"

These were the last words.

Christine fell fainting in Noel's arms

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIND.

The regalia of Scotland has experienced many strange adventures. For a long time the jewels were supposed to have been either lost or stolen, but Sir Walter Scott, while indulging in his propensity for antiquarian research, came across some old documents which led him to believe that the regalia was somewhere hidden within the precincts of Edinburgh Castle. A royal license was procured from George IV., a commission appointed, and a general search instituted. Scott, observing that the wall where the present crown room is was of some thickness, came to the conclusion that there must be a secret chamber within the masonry. Tools were brought, and, after some labor in removing the stones, a vaulted room was disclosed. An entrance being effected and the rubbish removed, they found in one corner of the apartment a large chest, bound round with iron, and secured by three heavy padlocks. This being speedily broken open, there before their eyes lay the old insignia of Scottish royalty, looking as fresh and beautiful as they did in the days of "James Fitz James."

In the meantime the news spread that the search for the regalia was being made, and all Edinburgh poured forth her hundreds and thousands. They filled the Esplanade, and occupied every available portion of ground from which the slightest view of the castle could be obtained. The result of the search was awaited with national anxiety. At last, when the assembled crowd had about given up all hope, a cannon fired from the castle, and a flag hastily run up on the highest tower, proclaimed to the thousands that the regalia was again restored to Scotland.

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

Before the daybreak shines a star
  That in the day's great glory fades:
Too fiercely bright is the full light
  That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird
  That stills her song ere morning light:
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
  The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
  A light wherein no traveler errs;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
  Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
  And I would be that lonelier bird;
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
  And sing of love, when love's unheard.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By Oliver Johnson.

In 1728, there lived in the County of Longford, Ireland, and in the town of Pallas, a clergyman of the Protestant Church, who eked out his scanty stipend by cultivating a portion of land. Between these two resources, he contrived to raise about two hundred dollars a year. Pallas was then, and is now, a place remote from all important centres. The obscure hamlet lies drearily on a plain often submerged in water, and access to which is difficult.

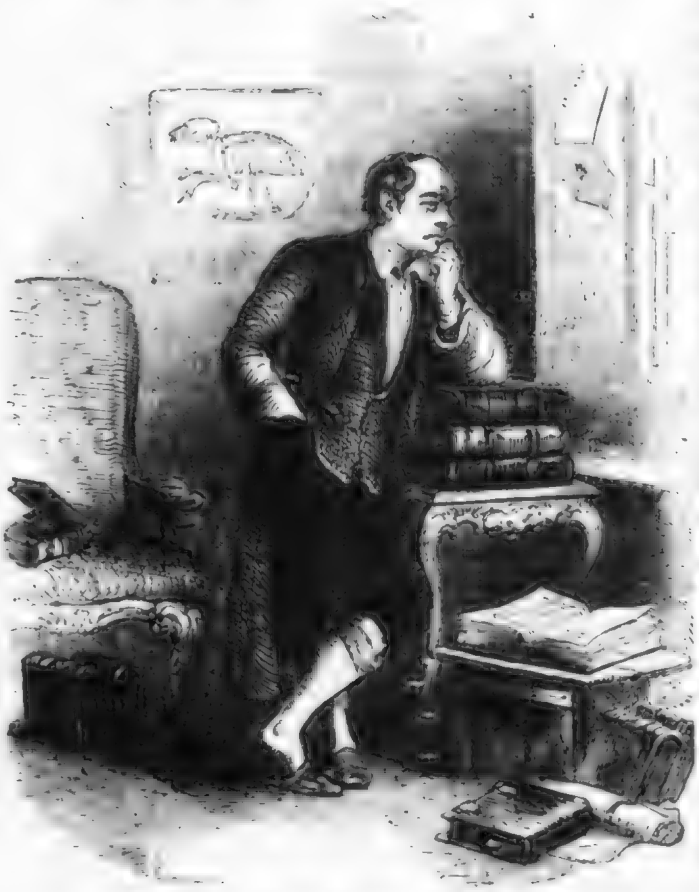
Yet here was born, on the 10th of November, 1728, Oliver Goldsmith, whose name is always included among the literary lights of the eighteenth century.

Although of Irish birth—and the family had been for several generations residents of Ireland—his ancestry was Saxon and Protestant. In the troubled times that preceded Oliver's birth, the Goldsmiths had borne their share of the persecutions accorded to "heretics"; but the knowledge of this left no trace of bitterness in the heart of the most distinguished of their race.

The first six years of Goldsmith's life were spent in this desolate place. The home was poor, and the surroundings not calculated to inspire a child with very lofty ambitions. A wise man has said: "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I care not who has the rest." In Oliver Goldsmith's case, the wild bogs and fens had his first six years, and gave him those vagabond tastes which clung to him throughout life.

When he was seven years of age, his father was presented to a living in Westmeath. This brought great changes for the better. The cottage was left, and a commodious house taken on a frequented road near the village of Lissoy. The income from the living was one thousand dollars a year, which was equal to about twice that sum in these days, and which must have seemed munificent to the family, which had struggled along on one-fifth of the sum for years.

It was here that, through the kind offices of a maid-servant, young Oliver was taught his alphabet, and prepared to that extent to avail himself of the instructions of a retired quartermaster, who was preceptor of a school



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

where the veriest rudiments were taught. But if the old soldier's erudition was slight, his fund of stories was large, and tales of "banshees" and hobgoblins were an undue proportion to the more serious work of school. For two years Oliver was under this instruction, and then went from one grammar-school to another, until he was at last fitted for the university at Dublin.

But these years were by no means careless and happy ones to the luckless schoolboy. His personal appearance was most ungainly. His face, always ugly, showed the scars of small-pox. His limbs were awkwardly adjusted to his slight frame. Conscious of these disadvantages, which we may be sure were set in a clear light before him by his frank companions, and aware of the low opinion in which his instructors held his scholarship, his trials were by no means light. For this same boy, who had so little to recommend him in those days, was painfully eager to secure the good opinion of people around him. And, like many another shy and sensitive person, he affected an air of ease, which became almost offensive from the contradictory elements in it.

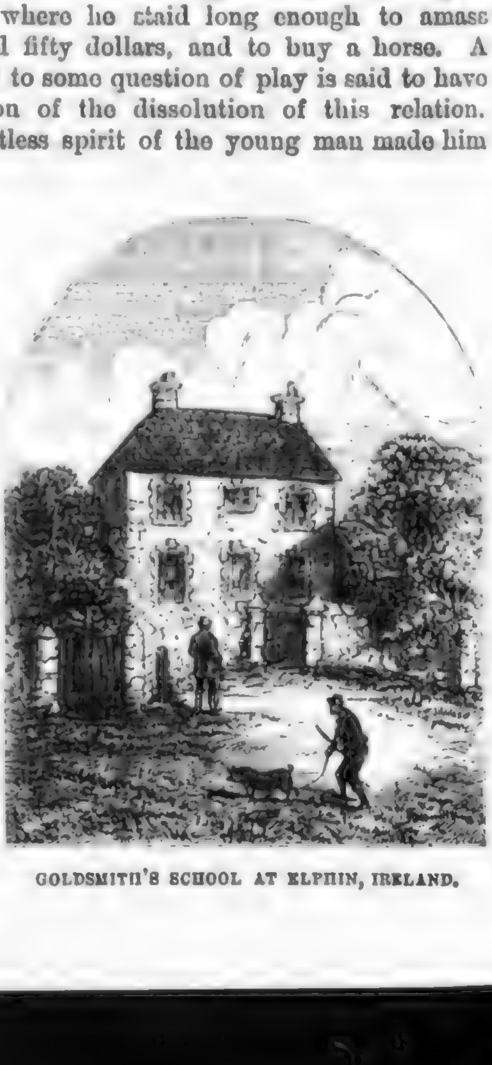
At seventeen, in 1745, he went up to Trinity College, Dublin, to begin his course of higher studies. His father, the Rev. Charles, had so impoverished his family by paying a dowry of two thousand dollars on his daughter's marriage, that he was unable to meet the fees for his son's university course; so, much against that young gentleman's wishes, he was entered as a sizar. This position required menial service in lieu of tuition and board, and it must have called for all Goldsmith's good-nature to accept it, and lay himself open to the many indignities that would follow. He was finally persuaded to accept it by his Uncle Contarine, who had himself gone through college in that capacity. Had Goldsmith's examination been well borne, he might have triumphed in some degree over his disadvantages; but he stood lowest on the list of applicants, and was barely admitted.

Throughout his career in Dublin he seems to have done very little at his books. His father's death threw upon him a necessity for raising money for himself, and there are rumors of visits to pawnbrokers, the selling of street ballads, and other such expedients, which show that his attention was diverted from the pursuit of learning. His wild spirits led him to play the buffoon in the lecture-room, to pump water on a constable, and to invite a party of both sexes to a ball in his attic. For this latter breach of college law he was severely caned by his tutor—a brutal type of man—in the presence of his guests. This so wounded the vanity of poor Goldsmith that he sold his books and ran away from college. His brother persuaded him to return, however, and the affair was so far forgiven as to permit him to remain and take his Bachelor's degree. That he received this shows that he learned something during his course, and yet when he was graduated there was nothing useful that he was fitted to do. He could play the flute tolerably, sing a song to please his friends, and play cards. In fact, to amuse himself seemed to be his only aim in life.

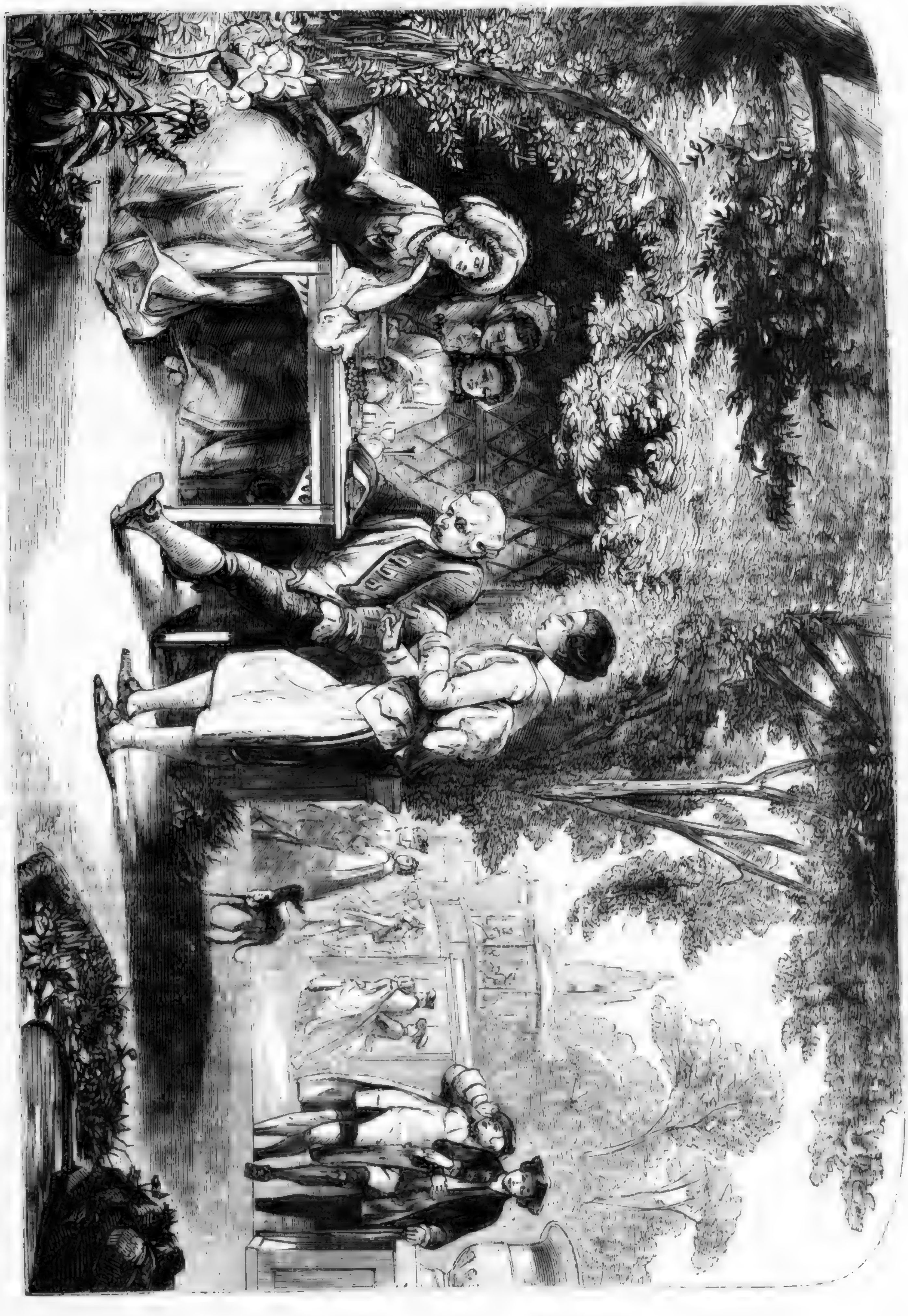
In this condition he returned to Ballymahon, where his mother had resided since her widowhood. There he occasionally assisted his brother in his school, or ran errands for his mother, or idled around the brooks with his fishing-line, or played his flute. Anything to pass the time seemed to be his rule. But the evenings were all devoted to George Conway's inn, where the song and jest, the pipe and glass, and the more exciting game of cards, detained him till the small night hours.

At last his relatives wearied of so much idleness, and tried to find some vocation for this hopeless member of the family, who would never find anything to do himself. For some reason, the Church was first decided on—perhaps in the hope of its doing good to one who could certainly do no good to it. But when Goldsmith went to apply to the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, it is said that he arrayed himself in scarlet trousers, and was summarily ejected from the episcopal palace. Then the good Uncle Contarine, who seems to have been the untiring friend of the luckless wight, secured him a place as tutor in a gentleman's family, where he staid long enough to amass one hundred and fifty dollars, and to buy a horse. A quarrel in regard to some question of play is said to have been the occasion of the dissolution of this relation. Probably the restless spirit of the young man made him quite ready to leave his quiet occupation as tutor, and led him to seek further adventures.

Be this as it may, he started on his good horse, with his money in his pocket, for Cork, whence he said he was going to sail for America. In six weeks he returned to his mother's house on a wretched hack, his money all



GOLDSMITH'S SCHOOL AT ELPHIN, IRELAND.



GOLDSMITH'S EMBARRASSMENT AT WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE GARDEN.

gone, the fortune yet unmade. He told a ridiculous story of having paid for his passage and sent his chest on board some vessel bound for the New World, and that while he was having a merry supper with some friends the vessel sailed without him. Whatever the reason was, the fact remained that he was again at home, again in need of assistance. Perhaps a correct history of his adventures might be gleaned from his account of Mr. Barry Lyndon's exploits on his ride to Dublin under similar circumstances.

Uncle Contarine came to the rescue, gave the young man two hundred and fifty dollars, and sent him to Dublin in search of a legal education. In a very short time the money was lost by gambling, and Goldsmith again presented himself to his family. The good uncle forgave the past, and furnished the funds which should secure instruction in medicine. This was in 1752, and then Goldsmith said good-by to Ireland for the last time, and started for Edinburgh. There he remained for a year and a half, and his family fondly hoped he was at last fitting himself for a congenial profession. At the end of that time he suggested to his uncle that he was in a condition to be vastly improved by travel, and mentioned the names of one or two learned professors whose erudition would enlighten him. The indulgent uncle consented, and the student started off with one hundred dollars in his pocket. Whether he studied at all is doubtful, for he learned very little; but his taste for gambling was certainly indulged, much to the detriment of his fortunes. At last he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing from a friend enough to take him out of Leyden. Just as he was starting he saw a rare and most expensive flower, of which his Uncle Contarine was very fond, and with his usual inconsequence, bought the flower, sent it off to Ireland, and started on his grand tour with but a guinea in his pocket.

Of this long journey there are really no records left, which is a great pity. His letters to his uncle, containing usually a delicate appeal for money, give very little information in regard to what he was doing. There is little doubt that he sang or begged his way chiefly, for his uncle did not furnish means to meet all his expenses, and no one else helped him. But he saw much of nature, though he had no eye to observe her secrets carefully; and he probably had a good time in his careless, light-hearted way. He brought home a medical degree, though it is only a matter of conjecture as to where and how he got it. He certainly saw something of foreign universities, as is shown by his writings.

At the end of four years his remittances from Ireland stopped, his letters remained unanswered, and he at last realized that he must begin to earn his own bread. In 1756 he found himself in London, with such facilities as he had. He was without friends, introductions, or money. His appearance was very much against him. Notwithstanding all his opportunities, he had really nothing of value to offer in exchange for the necessaries of life, and it was inevitable that there should be many days of hardship before any permanent occupation was found. But a dinner more or less was a trifling inconvenience to Goldsmith, and a debt only disturbed his equanimity because it troubled his creditors. His *insouciance* was absolute, and defied all the "outrageous fortune" which befell him. But his misfortunes never hardened his heart, nor turned his sensitiveness into bitterness; and it is probable that his hardships have troubled his biographers much more than they did himself.

At last employment was found in a chemist's shop, where the compounding of medicines suggested that he might practice a little on his own account. In following this thought he went to Southwark, where, abandoning his first intention, he became a corrector of the press under Mr. George Richardson. While here, he composed his first play—a tragedy, of course—and, almost equally of course, it was a failure. Then he went to Peckham, where, in 1757, he became an usher in Dr. Milner's school. There he was doubtless quite happy for a time. The family seemed to like this merry, careless usher. Indeed, it was through his acquaintance with young Milner, who was his fellow-student at Edinburgh, that he obtained the situation.

He wearied of it before long, and associated himself with Griffiths as a writer of reviews and similar hack work for periodicals. This was not an improvement on the usher's life, for he was subjected to the most exasperating literary surveillance from both Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths. This, however, was the discipline he required to develop the exquisite literary traits which afterward delighted the English public. His work at this time gave but little promise of that which he afterward accomplished, but it was not a failure in any sense. Still, after five months, a quarrel ensued. Goldsmith charged Mr. Griffiths with impertinence, while Mr. Griffiths brought the counter accusation of idleness. Goldsmith left Mr. Griffiths's house, and took lodgings in Fleet Street. He wrote reviews for a short time longer, and then drifted back to Peckham as usher in Dr. Milner's school.

During his residence with Dr. Milner, a bright prospect dawned before the usher. He had the hope of a medical appointment to India, on the Coromandel coast. After taking his friends into consultation, and having his hopes raised to the utmost, the project fell through, probably from deficiency in professional knowledge. This is made more probable from his failure to pass the requisite examination as surgeon's mate, for which he made application when the Coromandel plan exploded.

He was now, in 1758, thirty years of age. The next year he made his first independent literary venture, an "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." Although the work was issued anonymously, the authorship was easily guessed, and Goldsmith had no real desire to keep it secret. The "Enquiry" is a criticism of critics, and animadverts severely upon the injury to literature which grows out of their offices. He could have had no personal motive in writing as he did, for this was the first time he had laid himself open to the lances that had wrought destruction, in his opinion, to others.

Although Goldsmith had tried every other means of taking care of himself that offered, and literature was his *dernier ressort*, when he found that the promise of success was greater here than elsewhere, he began to consider the question of devoting himself to it. Dreams of personal distinction had hovered round his brain from time to time, and now there seemed to be a chance, at least, of realizing them.

Just at this crisis, Mr. Wilkie, a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, started a new weekly magazine, *The Bee*, and invited Goldsmith to become sole contributor. This was a favorable opening, and the offer was accepted. On the 6th of October, 1759, Mr. Goldsmith made his introductory bow with charming grace.

"There is not, perhaps," he said in the opening of the first number, "a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real modesty, who assumes an air of impudence—who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humor. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself upon his first attempt to address the public in form. All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humor turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd, they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more to be indulged with a favorable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address, or their want of discernment. For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none; whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. If I should decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like laborers in the magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence, humbly presumed to promise an epitome of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desire to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as vastly low; and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence; in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandlers' shops, and waste paper."

Unfortunately, *The Bee* did not prosper, and after a few numbers the sole contributor made his farewell bow in much the same tone of humor with which he entered the arena.

But though *The Bee* failed as a magazine, the genius displayed in Goldsmith's contributions brought to his garret men of distinction. Percy, afterward Bishop of Dromore, Smollett, and even the great Samuel Johnson, came to make personal acquaintance with one whom they believed belonged to their corps. Had Boswell been in London then, we should know at what time and how the strong friendship began between Johnson and Goldsmith, but it was not until afterward that he joined his hero. Thenceforth there is much light thrown on Goldsmith's character by the truthfulness and accuracy of Boswell. Although he never liked Goldsmith, and was doubtless somewhat jealous of Johnson's friendship for him, his love of fairness led him to correct injurious misstatements.

From this time engagements multiplied with Goldsmith, and the remuneration was adequate to the necessities of a man of any prudence. But of that "sneaking virtue" he was utterly destitute; and the debts and duns, which had always been a prominent feature in his life, continued unabated. On one occasion he invited some young ladies to go to a garden with him. Without giving a thought to his impecuniosity, he ordered such refreshments as he wished, and was only brought to a realization of his dilemma by a fruitless search in his pockets for money to pay the bill. But in spite of faults such as this, friends multiplied, and a feeling of tender liking condoned every offense.

His literary work grew apace. "The Citizen of the World," a most delicate satire on the customs of society, was received favorably. It purported to be the criticisms of a Chinese upon European habits. "The Man in Black" is one of the most marked features of this series of papers, and is often supposed to be somewhat autobiographical. There is a vein of whimsical satire here that is most delightful.

In 1760-2, we find our author much in request for the work he was doing so well. Careless as to tidiness, though fond of gay colors and display, it is said that on one evening, when Mr. Percy called for Dr. Johnson to go with him to Goldsmith's lodgings, he found him dressed with the greatest care. This was so remarkable an occurrence that Percy expressed his surprise.

"Why, sir," said Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

The lesson was potent; and tailors' bills were added to the others that followed the now more prosperous author, for an increasing income only encouraged the miserable habit of incurring debts. His growing popularity, and the consequent multiplication of social engagements, led to expenses to which his previous life had been unaccustomed, and for which our happy-go-lucky author knew not how to make legitimate provision.

Under the urgency of Mr. Newbery, Goldsmith worked very hard. Pamphlets, tracts, compilations and reviews came rapidly from his overtasked pen, and the logical consequence was a failure of health. And so, in 1762, he left London for a visit to Tunbridge and Bath. Here he was attracted by the fame of Richard Nash, the beau of three generations, who had just died, and the result was a most entertaining life of this master of ceremonies. The "Life" was published anonymously, but every page revealed its authorship. "The mock-heroic gravity," says William Black, "the half familiar, contemptuous good-nature with which he composes this funeral march to a marionette, are extremely whimsical and amusing." There was enough scandal thrown in to please the gossiping spirit of the day. The biographer tried to do justice to his subject, in spite of his ill-concealed disposition to laugh at his pretensions.

As an instance of Nash's rude wit, Goldsmith narrates the following: "His physician, having called on him to see whether he had followed a prescription sent him the previous day, was greeted in this fashion: 'Followed your prescription? No. Egad, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window.'"

On Goldsmith's return to London he took lodgings in Mrs. Fleming's house, near Islington. Here he continued in the service of Mr. Newbery, for whom he wrote industriously. But while writing reviews and revising new editions for his patron, he was also engaged on work of his own. "The Traveller," begun long ago, underwent further revision, and the characters of the inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield" were emerging from the nebulous condition of their first conception into the clearly defined men and women whom we so well know.

The society into which Goldsmith found himself ushered was stimulating to his best powers. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth were among his new friends. He was invited to join "The Club," that famous association which numbered so many brilliant intellects among its members. This latter honor he doubtless owed to Johnson, who was quick to recognize the quality of his genius. Boswell, in his careful record, quotes Johnson as saying, "Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we have as an author, and he is a very worthy man, too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." Boswell had called him a "blunderer, a feather-brained person," and ridiculed his appearance. But Goldsmith did not retaliate. Once, when asked, "Who is this Scotch cur who follows at Johnson's heels?" he replied, "He is not a cur; you are too severe—he is only a burr. Tom Davis flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

About this time we lose sight of Goldsmith. His debts were pressing, and he was sometimes obliged to hide himself from his creditors. He had become interested in work for himself, and neglected that for his booksellers, from which his income was derived, and on which he had received advances. His reappearance, as chronicled by

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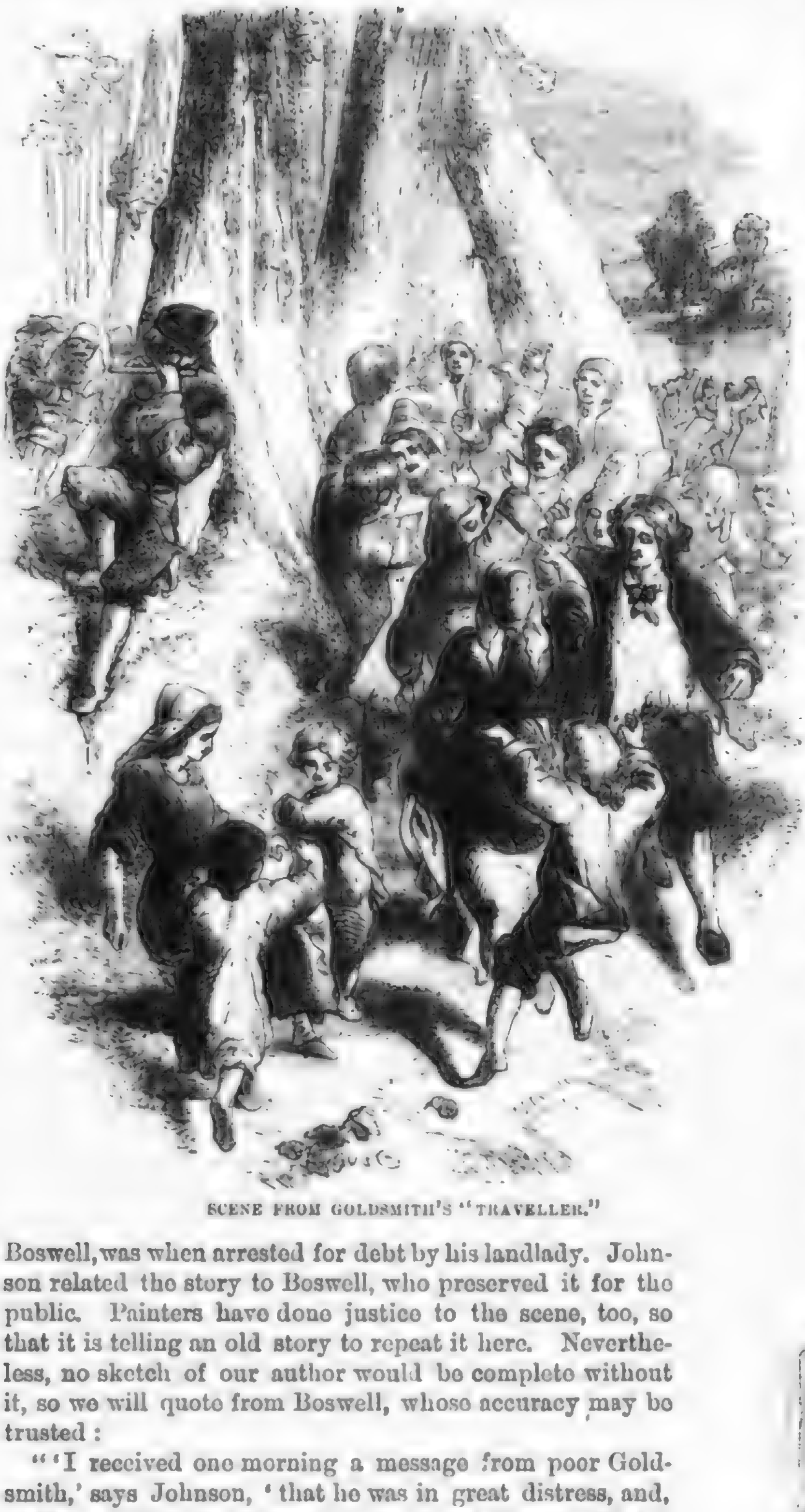


SCENE FROM GOLDSMITH'S "TRAVELLER."

Boswell, was when arrested for debt by his landlady. Johnson related the story to Boswell, who preserved it for the public. Painters have done justice to the scene, too, so that it is telling an old story to repeat it here. Nevertheless, no sketch of our author would be complete without it, so we will quote from Boswell, whose accuracy may be trusted:

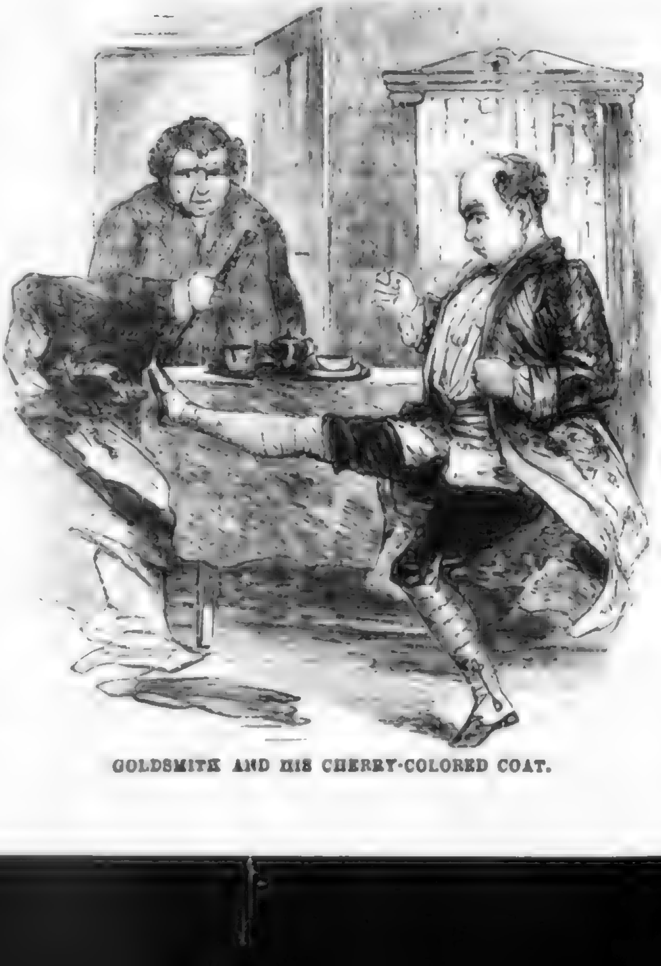
"'I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith,' says Johnson, 'that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'"

This was in the latter part of 1764, but the novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," did not issue from the press till March, 1766. Before this "The Traveller" appeared, and brought reputation and a little money to the author. The time of its appearance was propitious. Young was dying, Gray dead, and no poet of special power was moving the English heart. The tender pathos of "The Traveller," its vague longing, its musical measure, its carefully considered melody, gave it place at once among the English poems. The second, third and fourth editions speedily appeared. It is characteristic of Goldsmith that, when the Earl of Northumberland sent for him to compliment him on his poem and to inquire whether, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he could be of service to him, he gently set aside any personal claims, and only mentioned that he had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, who stood in need of help.

The success of "The Traveller" led Griffiths and Newbery to make an offer of one hundred dollars for a volume of essays selected from those already printed, and a bright, entertaining book was soon offered to the public. This was followed by the ballad "Edwin and Angelina."

The increasing honors that came to Goldsmith now led him to take chambers in Garden Court, to engage a man-servant, and to wear very fine clothes. His first suit, consisting of purple silk small-clothes, scarlet *roquelaure*, a wig, sword and gold-headed cane, gave him such delight that in six months he indulged in three similar suits.

At this time he followed a suggestion of Reynolds, and attempted to bring his medical knowledge into use, but the druggist to whom one of his prescriptions was sent refused to make up anything so preposterous, and the patient taking sides with him, our doctor put away his professional ambitions and returned to literature.

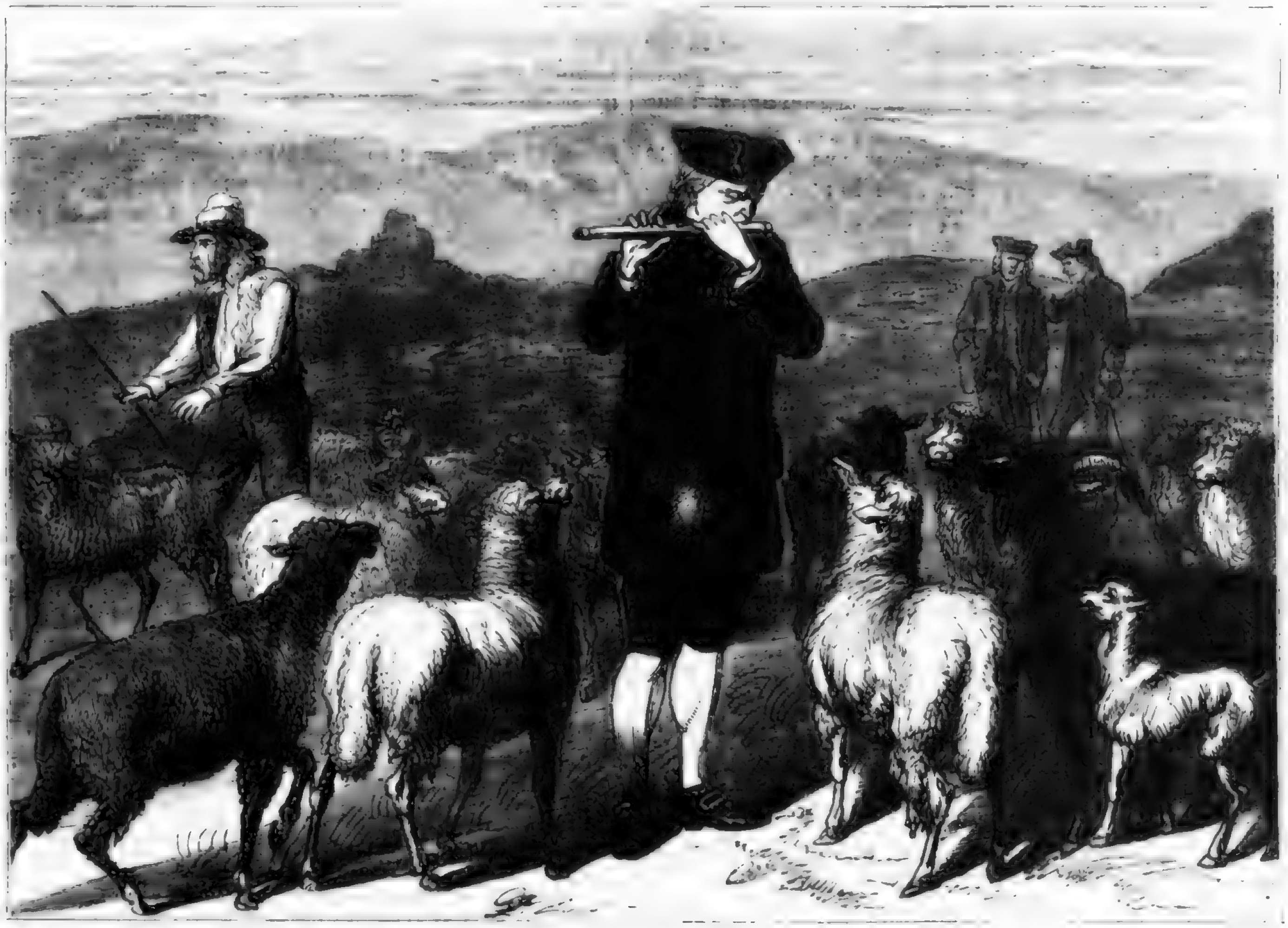


GOLDSMITH AND HIS CHERRY-COLORED COAT.

"The Good-natured Man" appeared in 1768. Although exquisitely ludicrous in many of its scenes, and notwithstanding the Prologue, written by Dr. Johnson, it was coldly received. Garrick knew the popular taste so well, he would not produce it at Drury Lane; and when it was offered at Covent Garden, then just opening, one of the best scenes was hissed so positively that it was thenceforth omitted. The author received about $2,500 from the sale of the copyright and from benefit nights, which was much more money than his books had brought him.

At this time, the elder Newbery, Goldsmith's early patron, died. This loss did not tempt him to accept the invitation of an agent of the Government to write, in the interests of a party, personal libels, for which he would have received good compensation.

The money received from "The Good-natured Man" was quickly spent on a set of chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple. These were decorated, and then began a series of parties of a most extraordinary character. For the entertainment of his guests, Goldsmith would play the buffoon, or anything else; but it did not please him that the familiarity he thus encouraged took the shape it did, and that he was considered as a jester on other occasions.



GOLDSMITH TRYING THE POWER OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

Debts increased, and the inconvenience of them grew greater. Success, too, excited jealous attacks of spitefulness from the literary Bohemians of the day, and Goldsmith could not, like Johnson, treat these with indifferent contempt. His sensitiveness, and perhaps his vanity, too, made such attacks very painful; and he could not at once rise above them. The strong support of Johnson, who was then the great literary umpire, was a strong rock of defense. "Whether, indeed," Johnson asserted to a distinguished assembly—"whether, indeed, we take him as poet, as comic writer, or as an historian, *he stands in the first class.*"

In 1769, Goldsmith entered into an engagement with Griffiths to write a "History of Animated Nature." There were to be eight volumes, and eight hundred guineas were to be paid for the copyright. It was a curious project to engage a man whose knowledge in this line was almost *nil* to prepare an eight-volume work upon it. The ignorance betrayed was most ludicrous, as, for example, his announcement that the "insidious tiger was a denizen of the back-woods of Canada." Nevertheless, the book was, as Johnson said it would be, "as entertaining as a Persian tale." A "Roman History," which, like his other histories, was a compilation, appeared while the "Animated Nature" was in process of completion. And from this time this kind of work superseded in great measure his original productions.

On the 20th of May, 1770, Goldsmith being then in his forty-second year, the "Deserted Village" appeared. This poem had been expected for some time, and received a welcome of praise which even the reviews were unwilling to impair. Now that the poem has borne the test of over a century of criticism, it stands, and must ever stand, as one of the most delightful contributions to English literature. It was gracefully dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who returned the compliment by painting a picture, on the engraving of which he put this inscription: "This attempt to express a character in the 'Deserted Village,' is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith by his sincere friend and admirer, Sir Joshua Reynolds."

The success of the "Deserted Village" enabled Dr. Goldsmith to visit the Continent, in company with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters. But, although there was much to enjoy, a spirit of dissatisfaction pervaded the party, and Goldsmith, at least, was glad to return to England.

There he resumed his finery and his frolics. Again he compiled histories and biographies, with such eagerness as his necessities enforced. He continued his witticisms, which were so often mistaken for wounded vanity and envious spite, and was loved, despised, courted and misunderstood as before.

Again he decided to write a comedy, the success of the "Good-natured Man" encouraging him to try that vein once more. "She Stoops to Conquer" was the outcome of this resolve. Colman, manager at Covent Garden, hesitated long about taking it, but Goldsmith's friends insisted. During the rehearsals Colman avowed his distrust of the play, and it was under very discouraging circumstances that on the 15th of March, 1773, the night arrived when the public was to judge of its merits. Goldsmith's agitation was so great he could not go to the theatre, but wandered around St. James Park until a friend found him, and persuaded him that his presence in the theatre was necessary.

The piece was a success from the beginning, and the proceeds justified the venture.

Although the money that came in was as much as could have been expected, it did but little to relieve Dr. Goldsmith from his embarrassments. The light heart of youth was gone, and burdens began to weigh heavily. His health became affected. Depression of spirits and irritability attacked him, and he quarreled with the booksellers, and even had one or two serious tiffs with Dr. Johnson. He wrote part of a poem, "Retaliation," in which he sketches with his masterly pen the characters of some of his associates. This was his last work.

A nervous fever, aggravated by mental disturbances, laid him low, and on the night of the 25th of March, 1774, in his forty-sixth year, he died. He was buried in the churchyard of the Temple, but all traces of the grave are lost. Some of his friends placed a cenotaph to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and Johnson wrote the inscription.

The announcement of his death was received with many demonstrations of sorrow. Burke burst into tears, and Reynolds threw aside his pencil for the day. But the loudest grief came from an assemblage of those upon whom Goldsmith had spent a large portion of his time and money in unwise charity or worse. If he could have restrained his inclinations and his taste for gambling, his life might have been prolonged, and his years would have been full of comfort and honor. But his failures are past, his achievements remain to us, and it would be a hard heart that had no place of honor for gentle Oliver Goldsmith.

A TARTAR BAZAAR IN CENTRAL ASIA.

By David Ker.

It is high noon on the steppes of Turkistan, and as hot as befits the hour and latitude. The little flat-roofed mud-hovels of the village of Korzalinsk, and the low, gray, earthen wall of the Russian fort around which they have grown up, gape with countless cracks under the blistering glare, as if opening their thirsty lips for a drink. The commandant's thermometer (the only one within a seven days' journey) stands at 103° in the shade; and I find it recorded in my diary that it is a fortnight since I last saw a cloud, and three weeks since I felt a drop of rain.

The fresh morning breeze has long since died away, and the still air is heavy as lead. The few scorpions who happen to be abroad on business, stroll along in a leisurely way, as if they had their hands in their pockets; and the very camels, too lazy to bite me, content themselves with a derisive snort as I pass by.

But despite all this, the panorama is not without a certain amount of life and bustle. Camels and horses are passing and repassing through the broad, dusty, sun-parched square of the bazaar. Bales of merchandise are being opened, keen bargains driven, wares of all kinds sharply scrutinized and chaffered over, while a motley crowd of semi-savages, of every race from Siberia to Afghanistan, are screaming and gesticulating as none but the "stately Oriental" *can* scream and gesticulate—although it must be owned that the Frenchman often runs him hard.

All Eastern bazaars have a strong family likeness, from the stifling little beehives of Arabian cities to the vast, shadowy colonnades of the "Great Bazaar" at Constantinople; and this little Tartar offshoot bears the generic stamp plainly enough. But to convey a clear idea of it to any Western reader is no easy matter. Most people picture to themselves a kind of cross between the Palais Royal and the Burlington Arcade, swarming with gorgeously attired Bluebeards, and abounding in every variety of costly merchandise. The reality is widely different. Imagine two gigantic honeycombs of baked mud, one within the other, with an Asiatic tradesman sitting cross-legged in every cell, and a score of camels grouped in the centre—cover everything with a thick coating of dust, and diffuse throughout a smell as of a thousand stables—and the product shall be the thing required.

Into this delectable place I saunter leisurely, piloting my way between a very fractious camel which is just coming out, and a lanky, half-nude Kirghiz, mounted on a black cow,* who is just going in. The inner ring is in full bustle, and I, mindful of the pithy Oriental proverb, that "Hurry belongs to the evil one," make the tour of it at an average rate of one step per minute. But my approach is not unmarked. The point at which I enter is garrisoned chiefly by Russians, and the mere sight of a possible customer half a mile off is sufficient to stir *them* into instant activity. I have scarcely time to look around me, when I am overwhelmed by a tremendous clamor.

"Buy a spoon, *barin* (master)? Fine wooden spoons; good to eat soup on the steppe."

"Cakes, *barin?* Nice wheaten cakes. One bite last you a whole day?"

"That's very likely," answer I, looking significantly at the filthy paste, whereat a loud laugh circles through the group; for in this primitive region a very little wit goes a long way.

"Hold your noise, you fools!" says a portly graybeard, whom, by his solemn and venerable appearance, I rightly judge to be the greatest rogue of the lot. "The *barin* doesn't want any of your rubbish; he's looking out for a good, strong bag to put his provisions in—like this!"

And he brandishes triumphantly a nondescript-looking object, very much like a burst pair of bellows.

"How much for the bag?" ask I.

"Ten roubles ($7½) to *you, barin*—to any one else, I'd say twelve."

"You old heathen! Ten roubles for a thing that's not worth two! Are you mad, or haven't you slept off your last night's drunk yet?"

And I turn as if to go away.

"*Barin! barin!* don't be in such a hurry! One might think I wanted to cheat you! Let us say eight roubles, then, and that'll be a dead loss, so help me heaven!"

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* In Central Asia cattle are used for riding almost as frequently as in Africa.

"Ah, you rascal! don't I know that whatever I give you, you'll make at least fifty per cent. profit?"

"What's to be done, father? You wouldn't grudge a poor trader a rouble or two, surely? You are rich, and can spend what you please; but we poor fellows must take what we can get."

"And you *do* take it!" answer I, with an emphasis that makes the audience chuckle again. "Come, four roubles—that's my last word."

The Russian groans deeply, and, with the air of a good man submitting bravely to some monstrous injustice, hands me over for four roubles an article not worth three. I sling the bag over my shoulder and pass on, while the bearded faces behind me twinkle into a quiet grin.

But my purchases are not ended yet. I know by sad experience that any man traveling in these unknown regions will be expected to bring back a souvenir for every acquaintance he has got; and it is just as well to get it over at once. I look about for something "cheap and durable," and pitch at length upon a heap of Kirghiz spoons and bowls of curiously painted wood, thrown pell-mell into a huge chest in front of one of the larger cells. At first I look in vain for any trace of a shopman; but after a time, in the very inmost nook of the recess, I dimly descry a magnificent old Bokhariote, in a green robe, sitting cross-legged upon a little square carpet—awake, but motionless as a statue—surveying me and my proceedings with a grand and tranquil contempt, which says more than any words that it is all one to *him* whether I buy anything or not.

I dive into the chest, and turn out its contents one by one. To all appearance I might walk off with the entire lot without making the slightest impression upon their impassible owner. At length, having fixed upon three spoons a little less dirty than the rest, and a bowl which, by some miracle, has only one crack in it, I present myself at the mouth of the cell.

"How much for the bowl?"

The automaton slowly extends the fingers of both hands, without speaking.

"Ten kopecks (about six cents), eh? And the spoons?"

Out come two fingers.

"Two kopecks apiece? Very good."

I put down sixteen kopecks and move off, with an uncomfortable feeling of having just offered sacrifice to some unknown Eastern idol. When I look back, on reaching the other side of the square, my statuesque friend has not yet stirred to take up his money.

But at this point my attention is drawn to a noise of shouting and laughter from a crowd gathered near the entrance. A hulking Cossack has been boasting loudly of his skill in wrestling, and (rather unwisely, as it turns out) challenging all comers to try a fall with him. A short, broad-shouldered Bashkir has accepted the defiance, and I come up just in time to see the over-confident challenger sprawling on his back amid a whirl of dust. The native bystanders applaud lustily, and I reward the conqueror with a few kopecks, which he instantly lays out in a thick, tough cake, like a rolled-up copybook, sufficient to knock any civilized digestion out of time altogether.

The sound of a child's voice at my elbow makes me turn round, and I see in front of the nearest booth a little round-faced, black-eyed urchin of five, sitting doubled up over a huge, greasy book, filled with crabbed Tartar characters, which a brown, dried-up old graybeard in a villainously dirty tunic is laboriously teaching him to pronounce. Fancy books and reading-lessons on the steppes of the Syr-Daria! The schoolmaster *is* abroad with a vengeance!

But my appetite now begins to hint that it is past one o'clock, and so, having by this time seen all that I care about, I set my face toward the savory *shtchee* (cabbage soup) that awaits me at the other end of the village.

THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION.

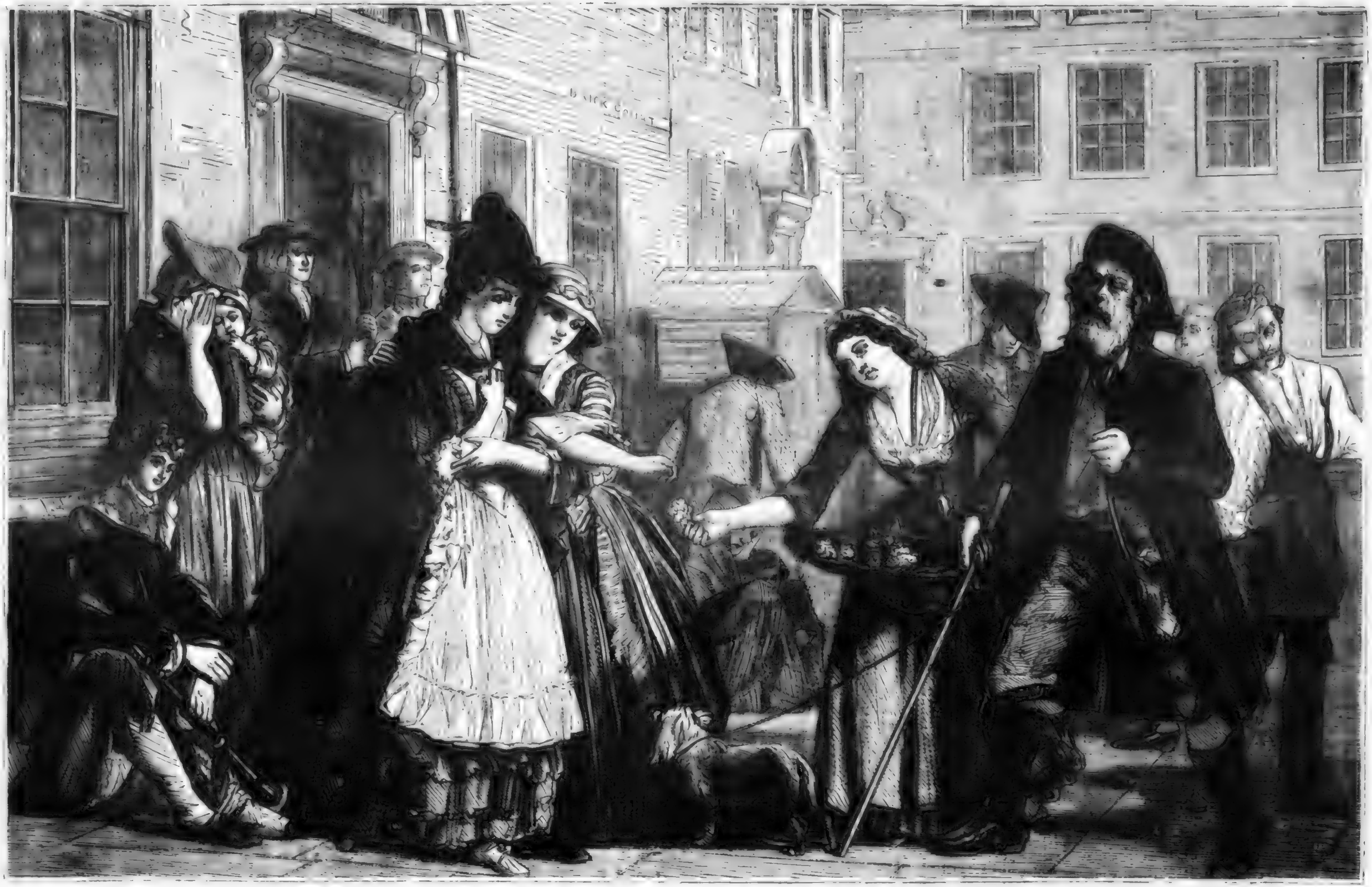
The ancient "Palace of the Inquisition," at Rome, is for sale! says the London *Standard*. The bills are out, and the brokers are in. This "desirable property" is advertised by a prosaic auctioneer as for disposal "without any reserve." The halls of the tribunal, with the changes, dungeons, torture cells, ghosts, and associations of every sort, are in the market, and will be positively knocked down to the highest bidder, the late proprietor having reduced his establishment, and being, therefore, in no further need of the premises.

To those fond of uncomfortable reminiscences, No. 4 Via Monte Vecchio will doubtless prove an attractive residence, and it may be safely affirmed that such a chance is never likely to occur again. It is true that it has its drawbacks. In the first place, it is not older than 1614, and must, therefore, have been erected long after the palmy days of the Grand Inquisitor. It should also be taken into account, in estimating its value, that the Roman Inquisition was always of a comparatively mild description. In Spain, Torquemada and his successor, Diego Daza, are believed to have burned and tortured their thousands; though even this statement is doubtful, since it rests on the unsupported testimony of that not very truthful historian, Señor Llorente. But the Roman pontiffs never approved of the Iberian doings. In Rome itself, the "Halls of Torture," now described by the Italian auctioneers with an eloquence that makes the flesh of a good Protestant creep, were really little worse than the courts of law of the period. They were not pleasant places in which to pass a quarter of an hour, but the Roman Inquisitors were never known to sentence any one to death for heresy; and while Madrid, Lisbon and Lima were making hard the ways of Jews, Moors and erring Christians, the cardinals in the Via Monte Vecchio were trying impostors who aimed at being priests, quibbling over cases of church law like that involved in the Montara dispute, or engaged in the kindly task of helping the circulation of unsalable books by putting them on the *index expurgatorius*. Latterly, indeed, this branch of the publishing trade has been performed in the privacy of the Vatican, the Italian Government having entirely prevented the exercise of the other functions of the holy office.

Hence, this "Palace of the Inquisition" is not really more picturesque than Stationers' Hall, or the Court of Arches, and in its more tragic relations might be eclipsed by Newgate and the Old Bailey. It is even questionable whether there is one salable tradition connected with it.

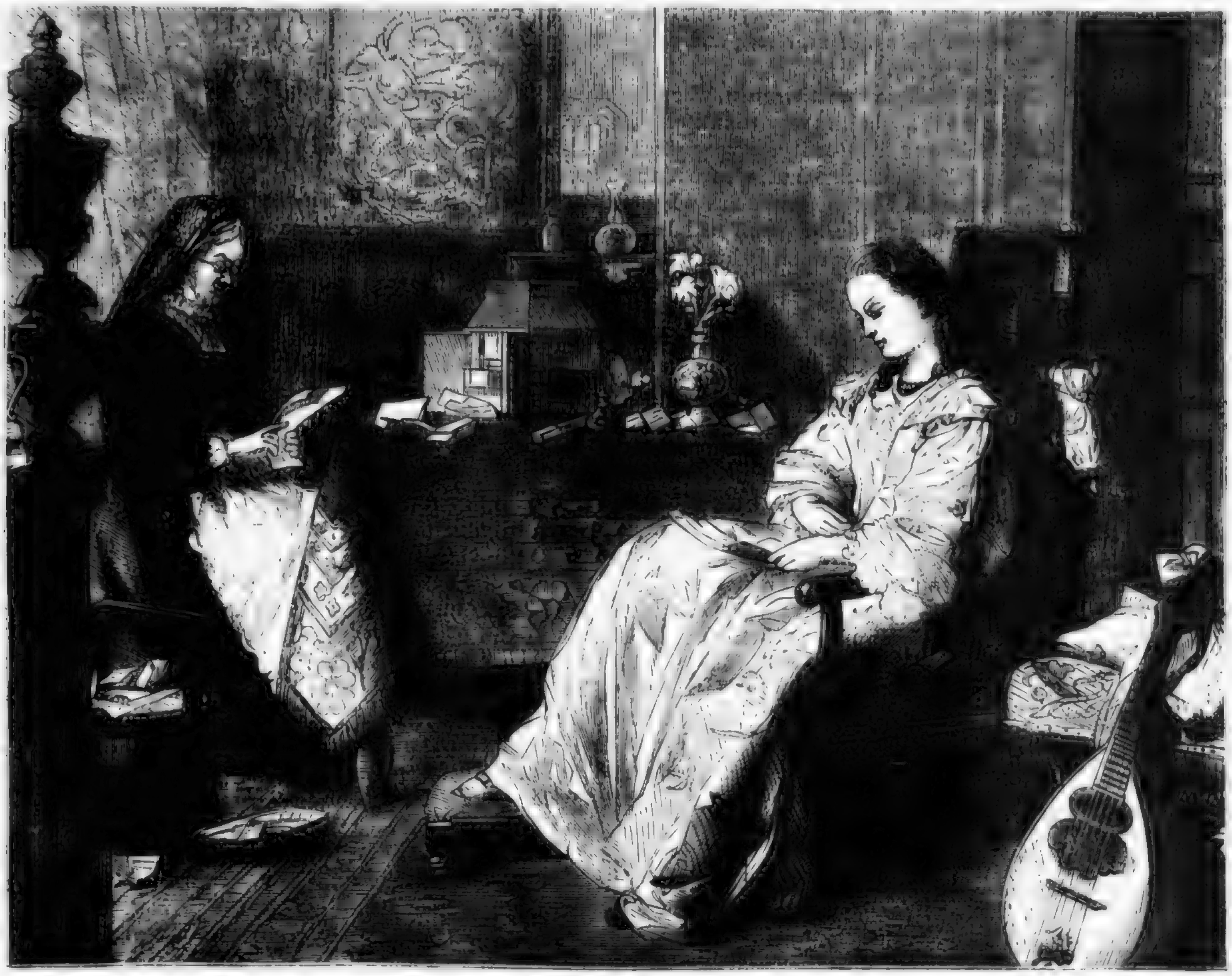
Probably the largest rock in the known world is the south dome of the Yosemite. Standing at the fork of the upper valley, it rears itself, a solid rocky loaf, 6,000 feet above the ground. A more powerful hand than that of Titan has cut away the eastern half, leaving a sheer precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this dome until last year. Former visitors gazed in wonder at the spikes driven into the rock by hardy spirits who had repeatedly endeavored to scale it. The shreds of rope dangling in the wind told the story of their failure. Last year, however, after thousands of dollars had been expended, several persons found their way to the top.

XUM



BRICK COURT

SCENE IN BRICK COURT AFTER GOLDSMITH'S DEATH.—SEE PAGE 311.



READING OLD LETTERS.

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ROSE-MARIE'S HISTORY.

My American! Before bidding you adieu for ever, it is fitting that I should let you know the true past of one who may, even now, be the victim of a misconstruction on your part, and of deliberate malice on the part of her brother. I know myself worthy of being to you what I never can be, and in proving it, pray you always to keep a place for me in your memory, for I would usurp no place that might belong to a happier woman in your heart.

My mother was an Italian, and I was born in Italy—in Florence the Beautiful. My mother died in giving me birth, and my father, intrusting me to the care of my mother's sister, returned to France with Philippe, whom he designed to educate in the École Militaire.

My aunt, Mirabella Costi, was what you Americans call an "old maid," and devoted, soul and body, to her patroness, the Princess Rospigliosi, near whose palace we lived, and in whose garden—you recollect it, do you not?—I was often allowed to play, provided I would promise not to fall into the fountain. To the presence of the august lady of the palace I was often admitted, graciously allowed to kiss her hand, and to repeat, with my baby accents, some of the most terrible passages from the "Inferno" of Dante, the princess being pleased to be amused by the contrast between the sublimity of the subject and the childishness of the raconteuse, who indulged in the most dramatic gesticulations, and had been carefully drilled in elocution. She often condescended to admire me, as a small animal of a different species, quite perfect in its way, and a pleasing movable ornament for her magnificent *salons*.

I was fourteen when her only child, and the heir of the house, returned, having completed his foreign education by extensive travel. He dawned upon me like a young god. Never had I seen anything so splendid as this young cavalier—handsome, with the uncommon beauty of his house, graceful, polished, highly accomplished.

In Italy, one loves as the flowers open—the sun shines, and the petals expand at once, changing in a moment from the bud to the perfect flower. *My* sun shone, and my heart opened at once to receive the blissful rays. I did not know that I loved. I knew only three people who ranked as *persons* with me—for I had lived in almost conventual seclusion—my aunt, to whom I clung from the habit of affection; the princess, who was my sovereign lady; and now the young prince, to whom I offered my loyal homage, but to whom I felt myself drawn by the sympathy of youth. I know the princess never thought it possible that *her son* could regard me as anything but a petted domestic animal, very bright and well-trained, capable of a thousand amusing antics, but as easily to be put

XUM

aside when any important interests should supervene. Guido, however, saw with the eyes of nineteen, and those eyes were in the head of a youth.

We were sitting by the fountain one afternoon, when he told me, suddenly, that he thought me very beautiful. I looked into the fountain and smiled, for it was very pleasant to see the face that looked out, like a naiad, from the clear basin. He then told me that he loved me. I was confused, for I then understood the feeling that had been tormenting me so long, making me cry when I should have been at ease, sad when I should have been gay, and as full of contradictions as an April day.

He asked me if I loved him. I told him that I thought so, but I could not be sure until I had asked my aunt. When I made this reply, he laughed, and took me in his arms and kissed me. This frightened me, and I ran away and concealed myself from him in one of the many alleys of the garden. He pursued me, and I heard him calling my name, and searching for me through the garden, with whose labyrinthine recesses he was not as well acquainted as myself.

An idea suggested itself to me; and, escaping into the palace, I possessed myself of a long white wrap belonging to the princess, and returning enveloped in it, climbed upon the pedestal on which stood the nymph of the fountain, and, clinging to her, covered from head to foot with my white drapery, was indistinguishable in the dusk that had now crept over the sky.

Guido came up, breathless, just as the princess swept down the terrace from the palace, her long robes trailing behind her. She dressed in deep black at this time, and must have looked like Lady Macbeth.

"I have been wishing to see you, Guido," she said, in her impressive tones, which now seemed doubly impressive. I thought he looked troubled, and wondered if he were afraid of his stately mother; but, with his usual courtesy, he bared his head and stood before her, waiting her further commands.

She laid her hand on his shoulder—she was as tall as he—with more tenderness of action than I had ever before observed in her.

"You are almost a man, now, Guido."

"So I call myself, mother."

"And you are the heir of the house. If anything should happen to you, our ancient name would become extinct."

"My cousin, my mother?"

"Do not name him. I hate him."

"Let us hope that nothing may happen to me."

"You should marry, Guido. With children one can, indeed, meet 'his enemies in the gate.' I understand that passage to apply particularly to the nobility. You frown, Guido."

"Find me a woman like my mother, and I will marry her," he said, kissing his mother's hand; "until then, I must beg to be allowed to wait."

The princess bent her brows and looked at him thoughtfully.

"You have not any one in your mind, Guido?"

He started.

"My mother!"

"You might have seen some one in France, in Germany, or——"

"My flames have expired very soon upon the kindling," he said, laughing. "Very few women will bear the test of a long acquaintance."

"I am afraid you are going to be too particular, Guido. You might trust to your mother."

"I would, if *you* were to be the one to marry the person whom you select, dearest mother; but I must choose for myself."

"Marry any one you please, provided she be noble, beautiful and of a suitable age. I am getting old, and old people must yield to the young."

"*You old*, my mother! All say I look like your brother."

They walked toward the palace as he spoke, and I stood, leaning against the cold shoulder of my marble nymph, scarcely conscious that the water was pouring from her vase over my draperies and slippered feet.

Guido to be married! My pleasant companion and friend to be taken from me, and I to be left to my original loneliness in the great chambers of the palace, in the long, dark alleys of the garden! I began to cry. I mingled my tears with the cold stream of the fountain. I wept despairingly, with my cheek pressed against the cold marble shoulder of my nymph. I heard an exclamation, and looking down, saw Guido's dark eyes gazing upon me, widened by surprise. I sprang from my pedestal, and was taken, all shivering and forlorn as I was, into Guido's arms, my head upon his shoulder, while his hands wrung the water from my hair, and he laughed, wondered, soothed and teased by turns.

"So you turned into a marble nymph to escape me? The fables of mythology are nothing to this. And your dress is wet, your hair is wet, and your face—why, you are crying!"

"You are going away."

"Going away? silly child! When I have but now told you that I cannot leave you."

"But if you are married?"

"If I am married and go away, you will go also."

"I don't—understand."

"If you are my wife, my darling, won't you always go with me?"

"But I cannot be your wife."

"Why?"

"I am neither noble nor beautiful."

"Had you been born a queen, you could not better look your title. As for your beauty, consult your glass, or, rather, my face, when I am adoring you with all my eyes."

"Then you will not go away, Guido?"

"Not if you will keep me as your husband."

I plighted my troth that night, as we sat by the fountain, the moon painting our portraits in the water, as Guido said.

The next morning we were married, secretly, and with little ceremony, in the family chapel in the Church of the Annunciata, and I returned to my aunt, and Guido to the palace, unsuspected. I had not the least idea what I had done; all my thought was to keep Guido. Having done that, I was content, and thought little of my title of princess, and my beautiful ring, which was to me but the charm which was to keep Guido.

About a week after my marriage, I was walking in the garden, when I saw Ninetta, Guido's nurse, beckon to me from a distance. I went to her, and found her standing by a door that I had never before remarked, and which opened from the wall of the court into the garden.

"I have something to show you," she said; and, taking me by the hand, led me up a dark, closed staircase to a door which she bade me open, and which led into a suite of five rooms, magnificently furnished, and consisting of a *salon*, a dressing-room, two bedrooms and a small octagon, three sides of which were of glass, which was furnished with plants, and had a fountain in the centre. I uttered an exclamation of delight, and, as I did so, Guido stepped from behind the sweeping curtains of a window, and throwing his arm around me, asked me how I liked our home.

"Our home!" I exclaimed, looking from him to Ninetta.

"I know everything," said Ninetta; "and, since you are married, it is right that you should live with your husband."

"But, the princess—but, my aunt!"

"Do you love your aunt better than me?" asked Guido, reproachfully.

"As for the excellenza, she need know nothing of it," said Ninetta. "These rooms have been closed for years. I question if the excellenza even knows there are such."

"But I must leave my aunt!"

"The principessa must *disappear*," said Ninetta, looking at Guido.

Guido leaned over me, taking my hands between both of his own.

"You must leave your aunt, Rose-Marie—not to see her, perhaps, for years. You must live only in these rooms, secluded from all companionship but that of your husband, of our good Ninetta, and of Giacomo, who will be your major-domo. When my mother is in Rome, you can have the freedom of the house. The garden you can frequent as much as you please; and, under Ninetta's guardianship, and in a proper disguise, I see no harm in your visiting the city occasionally. Can my little wife do all this for *my* sake?"

I began to weep. The prospect seemed forlorn enough for a girl of fourteen.

"This will only be until I am of age," said Guido. "Then I shall dare to proclaim our marriage; but, should I do so now——"

"What then?" I interrupted, eagerly.

"They would take you from me, and I should never see you more."

"I will stay, Guido."

My life of seclusion commenced from that day, and I was not unhappy. I was romantic enough to enjoy the mystery of sudden disappearance, and the secrecy that surrounded my every action. My repeated and stolen visits to the outer world, under the semblance of Ninetta's niece, and, when my boy was born, my duties as a mother, fully occupied me, and reconciled me to my husband's repeated and necessary absences. Often in the moonlight nights have I stolen down to the fountain to bathe my boy, while Ninetta kept strict watch. Often have I stolen into the city, in the dress of a contadina, carrying my child upon my arm, while Giacomo followed at a distance. When my boy was about eighteen months old, my husband proposed to take me to the baths of Lucca, the season being too late to risk the chance of meeting any of his acquaintances, and my health requiring a change of air. I was to leave the child with Ninetta, to lessen the difficulties of our journey under an assumed name, and Ninetta was to keep a journal, and send it to me as often as she could, and also to forward any letters which might come to Guido at Florence.

We had been a week at Lucca, when a letter came which necessitated Guido's immediate presence in Rome. "I shall only need to be there three days," he said to me, "and shall return to you as soon as possible after that time." I clung to him with many tears, and he parted from me with equal reluctance, soothing me with the promise to write immediately upon his arrival.

A week passed, and I had received no letter. At last Ninetta ceased to write—Ninetta, who had been most unfailing in her diary of all my baby's sayings and doings, his pretty ways, the new and cunning tricks he was learning every day, the thousand nothings that have so much importance in a mother's eyes. Ninetta did not write—then something must have happened. My baby was ill; I must go to him. But how could I go without Guido, who, for the first time, had failed to keep a promise? My visible anxiety and wretchedness at length attracted the attention of a young Frenchman, to whom Guido had taken a great fancy. With the delicate tact of his nation, he drew its cause from me, and himself offered to escort me to Florence. I accepted his offer with ardent gratitude.

It was night when we reached Florence, and I hastened to the house of Ninetta's niece, where I eagerly asked news of Ninetta. Flaminia had not seen her for a long time—"eight, nine—no, ten days"—counting them upon her fingers.

She had been, probably, entirely occupied with the child, I thought; and refusing all offers of refreshment, I hastened toward the garden of the palazzo. Admitting myself by my own private key, I walked down the dark orange-tree alley, to the well-known door, so conveniently hidden by its screen of luxuriant vines.

The door was opened from the outside by a massive latch, of which the handle was of ebony, curiously carved, being a swan's head and neck. It was not easily to be missed, even in the dark, and with only the sense of feeling to guide one. The door, also, was curiously carved, knotted, and so heavy that it would have been difficult to open, had not its own weight swung it outward when unlatched; and yet, passing my hand over it in every direction, I could find no latch, and all its grape garlands and queer little heads of fauns and satyrs presented only an evenly rough surface, like the roughness of stone, to my touch. Rendered desperate at last, I slipped into the porch of the palace, and taking from its iron hook one of the lamps which lighted the entrance, returned to the garden. Doubly impatient from my enforced delay, I pushed back the swinging vines, and stretching my hand toward the latch—*there was no latch there!* There was no door—only the rough stone walls, blank and gray as death.

Was I dreaming? Was I not in reality in the garden at Florence? I pushed the shade from the lamp, and let the flame touch my hand. The sharp sense of pain convinced me that this was no vision. Had I mistaken the position of the door? Carefully I investigated all that wall of the court against which the garden lay. The other doors were there—I counted them—but not the door from which the heads of fauns and satyrs peered through encircling vine-leaves.

Reckless with a vague terror, that every moment grew more real and overwhelming—with a feeling as if the earth were sinking under my feet, and reason itself were forsaking me—I rushed into the palace, flew up the stairs, and down one corridor after another until I reached the one in which was "my house," my child. I had been half conscious that here and there, in my mad course, a scared face had crossed my flying vision, a terrified shriek had pierced my bewildered brain, that lights had glanced, and footsteps echoed mine upon the stones of the corridors; but I was now at the door. "My baby!" I cried, in a wild scream, and then, when they came up, I was beating the blank wall with my agonized hands. I was trying to tear down the great stones which had been raised as a barrier between my child and me; I was mingling appeals to heaven and wild laughter in one fearful sound. *There was no door there,* only the wide, gray walls—and Ninetta and my boy!

XUM

I heard a voice say, "Mother of heaven! 'tis she, and she is mad!" and I saw my aunt's face, set like a gargoyle against the wall, white with terror, and the princess, her eyes darting and glittering like a snake's, as she echoed, "Mad!"

* * * * * *

A painful glare cut my eyes like a knife, and I opened them upon the familiar walls of the bedroom where I had spent my childish years, and upon the sun shining brightly in at the window through the vine, which hung, weighted with scarlet blossoms, down to the railing of the balcony.

"'Tis an hour yet to matins," I said, and would have sprung from my bed, but found myself too weak to do more than sit upright. Then I remembered that I was no longer careless, laughing Rose Germont, but the Princess Rospigliosi, a wife and a mother.

But why was I here? What had happened? Slowly memory took up the train of thought, and brought all back to me—my joy, my woe. Which was the dream? or was it all a dream?

The door opened, and my aunt came in—not plump, rosy and brisk, as I remembered her, but thin, pallid, and dressed in deepest black. She uttered an exclamation—it seemed one of pleasure—then her face grew grave again, pitying also. She came up to me, kissed me, and asked me how I was.

"I?—oh, aunt, my baby! Where is my baby?"

"It is dead, my poor child."

"*Dead!* When?—where? Oh, Ninetta! Send Ninetta to me! Why did she let him die?"

"I know nothing of Ninetta, my child. Your baby was born while you were unconscious. It was dead, poor little thing!"

I remembered now—and I should never see it? Well, God's will be done. But my heart yearned toward my living child—my boy.

"Where is my boy, aunt?—my darling boy, so like his father! Where is Guido, aunt? Has he come back? Oh, my head! Tell me something, quick, or I shall go mad!"

"My poor child, may the saints give you peace! I know nothing of your child—I know nothing of your lover."

"He was my *husband!* How dare you speak so of him? How dare you speak so to me—to the *Princess Rospigliosi*?"

My aunt drew back from me, and looked alarmed. Did she really think me mad? I got down from the bed, and went to her, quietly, beseechingly.

"Take me to the palace, aunt—only take me to the palace."

"You shall go to the palace, my child, and the Blessed Virgin grant you relief!"

I dressed myself with trembling hands, assisted by my aunt—excitement had lent me unnatural strength—put on the large straw hat that Rose Germont used to wear, and, clinging to my aunt's arm, bent my feeble steps toward the palace. I went up the staircase, I retraced my mad course down the corridors, until I came to the walls behind which were the rooms I had called "my home." The door through which Ninetta had gone, day after day, the door through which I had led my boy's unequal steps, from behind which I had played bo-peep with him a thousand times, was not there!

The princess came sweeping down the corridor as I stood there, shrugged her shoulders when she saw me, and looked down upon me with a pitying, half-contemptuous expression. I sprang toward her, and grasped her velvet robe with both my hands.

"My child! Give me back my child!"

"Take her off, Mirabella!" she said, not shrinking from me, but speaking as if I had been some pertinacious animal.

"No, I will not be taken off! I will not let you go until you tell me what you have done with my boy."

"Was it not a *girl*, Mirabella?" ignoring me.

"Do not excite her, excellenza," said my aunt, in a low tone.

"I am not mad. You cannot make me think myself mad. Call your attendants. Let them see how calm my voice is, how temperate my words are, as I ask you only to restore a child to its mother. The most natural thing in the world—a child belongs to its mother."

"Poor thing!" said the princess, with that diabolically contemptuous smile of hers.

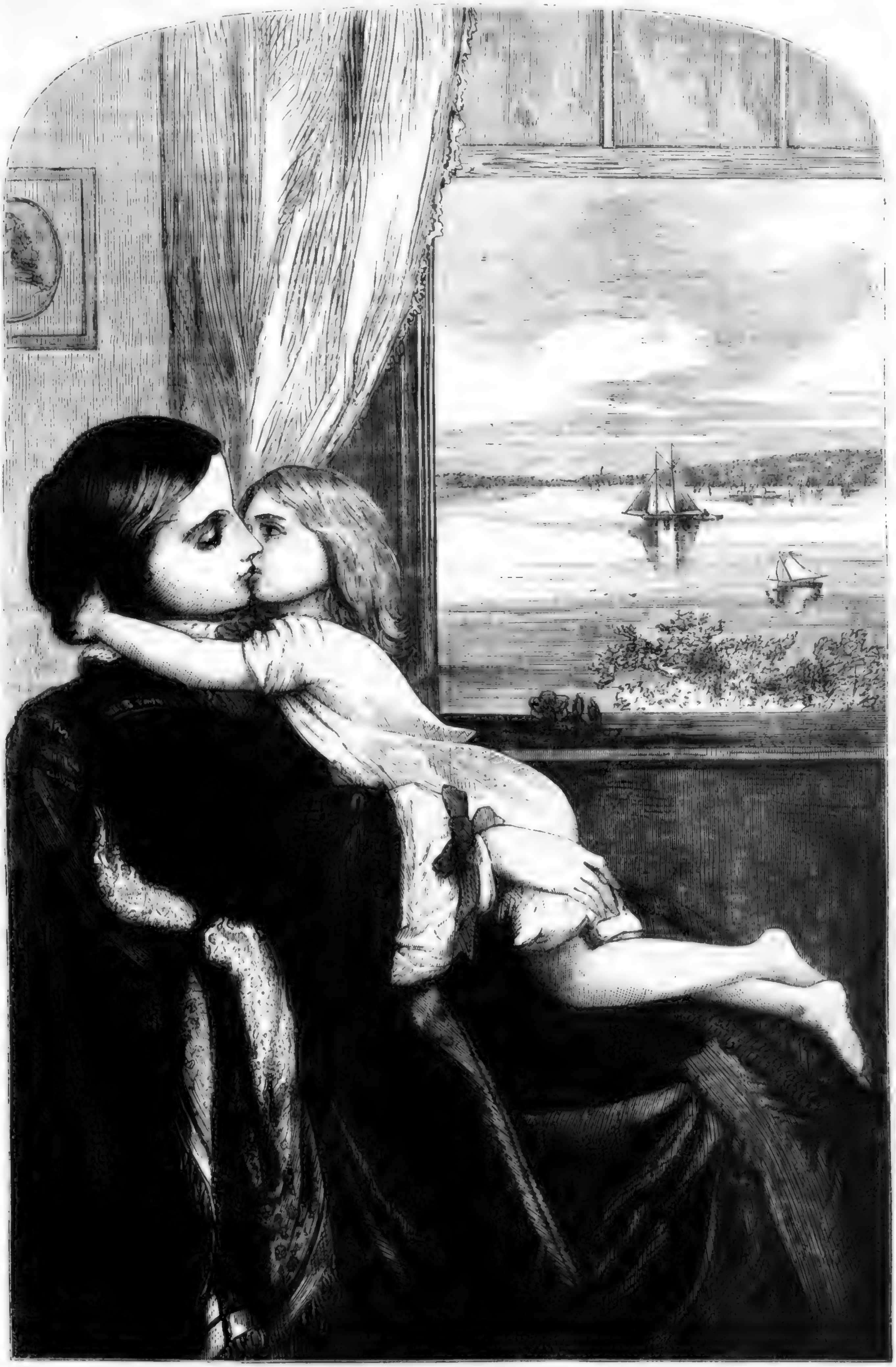
That smile of hers seemed first to curdle, and then to turn my blood to flame. I flew at her. I think I tried to clutch that white, arching throat of hers. Had I done so, I would never have yielded my grasp until the breath had been forced from it, never to return, for then I *was mad*.

When again my reason returned to me, they told me that I had been under the influence of the brain fever that had attacked me upon my return to Florence from Lucca, and that six weeks had passed since my second relapse. I no longer asked any questions of my aunt, but as soon as I could leave the house I went to the palace. The princess was gone, and I questioned the servants. Guido had not been back. They knew nothing of him, had heard nothing about him. They seemed to pity me, and, I thought, were honest in their replies. I was allowed to wander over the palace at my will. Day after day I went into the garden, to seek the entrance to "my home"; day after day I wandered through the corridors, on the same hopeless quest. I think they all thought me mad, but I was never interfered with.

The young Frenchman who had been my escort from Lucca was yet in the city, and came to see me often. To see him gave me as much pleasure as anything could, now. At last I told him my story, and begged him to go in search of my husband—while I would stay in Florence, to be there should he chance to return. Monsieur d'Arbrai—have I said his name was D'Arbrai?—complied with my request. I think he searched faithfully, for his was a very kind heart.

A year passed—I still waited, still watched, still "hoped against hope." Another year, and then every one said I was dying. My aunt wrote to my father to come and take me home to France, saying that my health was very bad, but making no disclosures. The letter was returned in an inclosure that informed her of his death. She knew nothing of Philippe, where he might be, or if he were alive or dead. Then Monsieur d'Arbrai came forward and said he loved me. He would take me as I was, broken in health and in spirit—disgraced, forlorn. I felt that I should never see Guido again, that I was a disgrace and burden to my aunt, that I was dying; and, feeling this, I longed for some kind heart on which to lean in the last dreadful hour. Was it a sin that I consented? was I weak to shrink from dying unloved and alone?—for my aunt was failing every day. As it was, I gave my hand to Monsieur d'Arbrai, and went to die in a strange land.

But in the soft climate of Southern France I regained my health and strength. Monsieur d'Arbrai was the very soul of kindness. I had a darling daughter, not as dear as my lost boy, but still my dear child. I was not happy, but I was at peace. When Monsieur d'Arbrai died, Philippe proposed to me to leave Josephine in the care of his



THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

XUM

father's sister, and travel with him for the benefit of my health. I acceded, and we came to Italy, after having made the tour of Great Britain and Germany. How he became acquainted with my secret I cannot tell; but, holding that over my head, he has tried to work upon my fear of ruining my daughter's future, that he might make a speculation of me by marrying me to some one rich enough to pay his gambling debts. I am now resolved to shield my child and myself under another name, and so, for the last time, sign myself Rose-Marie d'Arbrai.

I can say with Thekla, "I have lived and loved."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DOOR IS OPENED.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

SHE is here, and has sent me word that she will be ready in an hour. The hand of my watch is almost upon the hour. Such a nervous trembling seizes me that I cannot stand. My boy cannot be there, for she would not condemn herself. If not there, where is he? Not *alive*, or Ninetta would have brought him to me. Oh, God, pity me!

* * * * *

The hour struck, and I rose to go, when I found myself unable to move. I was as if paralyzed. Guido came in at the moment. He ran to me and said, "Madonna, what is the matter?" I could not speak. I motioned toward the door. He lent me his arm, and I tottered rather than walked down the corridor to where she was standing with the masons. She started when she saw me, and grew deadly pale. She has some conscience, then! As I reached her she straightened up her long neck, and her eyes flashed.

"I did not know you required a witness," she said, her lips trembling and very white.

"He comes with me as a friend—and support. One requires such at the door of the tomb."

"Begin your work," she said to the masons.

They began to tear down the wall. The mortar crumbled like whitened bones, the stones fell as the first clods strike upon a coffin. I held Guido very tightly, and leaned against his shoulder, almost fainting when the long-hidden door was at last exposed.

"Open the door," said she.

It creaked upon its long-silent hinges; it groaned and wailed as it swung slowly back. She entered with apparent composure, drew aside the curtain, touched the spring that held the window, and pushed open the heavy shutters. It was the *salon* we were in, and a great bar of sunlight falling across the floor, blazed upon one of my child's playthings, lying directly at my feet. I threw myself upon it with a cry. I kissed it, for it seemed yet to bear the print of his little fingers; I huddled it in my long-empty arms, and held it to my aching heart and rained hot tears upon it.

An exclamation from the princess made me look up from where I was crouched upon the floor, and there, standing in the dusk of the further end of the *salon*, in an unfamiliar dress, with the light from a small lamp in his hand shed upon his colorless features, was my husband! the father of my boy! I did not stir. Had the dead risen? Would those pale lips unclose, and hurl their dreadful accusation upon us trembling mortals, shrinking from this awful presence?

I saw the princess pass me with hasty steps, and approach the apparition. I saw it wave her aside, and come forward until the daylight shone upon its pale features and smoking lamp. I saw it was no spirit, though attenuated almost beyond belief, but living flesh and blood—and did not faint, only crouched there, silent, my baby's toy still held unconsciously against my breast.

"Rose-Marie!"

The well-remembered voice of old—the soft tones, the little chord of tenderness that had so often thrilled my heart, sounding through the words.

I rose to my feet. With one hand I still clasped the toy, the other I held toward him. He did not touch me.

"I am a priest," he said.

My eyes glanced down his dress, and I saw not only a priest, but a cardinal! It was as if a gulf had opened between us. He stood on one side, once my husband, now a holy priest, consecrated from the love of woman; I stood on the other side, his wife, with the phantom of another man holding me back from him—with the face of my daughter, and yet no child of his, rising between us. I stretched my hands across this gulf imploringly; I struggled against the grasp of that phantom memory.

"A priest!" I said. "But you were my husband, first."

"Rose-Marie, does nothing but the dress I wear come between us?"

I fell on my knees.

"Only the memory of a good man, who cared for me when all the world forsook me."

"My darling!"

This was a cry. I rose to my feet. I went toward him. He withdrew from me, and held out his hand warningly.

"It is forbidden. I am not my own master."

I turned to the princess.

"See what you have done! This is my husband, before God and man, and yet he dares not take me in his arms."

"You are not worthy," replied she, hoarsely.

"Be silent, mother. She *is* worthy."

"Oh, Guido! I do not ask what cruel falsehood was used to part us, but I *do* ask you for my boy—*my* son, as well as yours. What did that woman do with him?"

"He stands beside you."

I turned—Guido! I saw it all now. How blind I had been, when his father's young self had stood before me all this while! I was in his arms. He towered above me—he, who had not reached my knee when we parted. He held me, clasped in the strong arms, so tiny when they last held me. My joy, my ecstasy, bordered on agony.

My husband came forward, and, holding his hands above us, blessed us solemnly:

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace! You have your son, Rose-Marie; death only can restore your husband to you. I have heard that you have found one whom you can love as you once loved him. Let no memories come between you and an honest heart. Be—happy. I am dead to you. Think of me as of one at rest with his God. Let me again bless you, my—daughter."

I kneeled. He blessed me solemnly in the solemn language of our Church. As he closed, his hand fell for an instant on my head, and when I looked up, he was gone. The princess was gone also. Only Guido was left—my boy, never to be taken from me again!

I am divided between great joy and great grief. I never tire of looking at or being with my recovered treasure; but that which is lost to me costs me many bitter tears. He knows me innocent—thank God for that!

Guido sits on a cushion at my feet. He holds one of my hands, and the other caresses his dear, bright head. I never weary of hearing him speak, of listening to the most trifling of his recollections. He has received the education of a gentleman, and has a liberal income, without ever being aware of the source from whence he drew his supplies. The princess he has always known as his godmother. His father has only been to him his good friend Cardinal Rospigliosi. He remembers Ninetta, for he was eight years old when she died. Good Ninetta! She was faithful to my boy, if not to me.

* * * * * *

I have wronged Ninetta. Having discovered that her niece was yet living, I have been to her, and she remembered me, and has given me a sealed letter that was sent to her by an unknown hand, with instructions to deliver it to me should I ever return to Florence.

The Letter.

Most Noble Lady:—It is Ninetta who writes to you—Ninetta, who will not, *cannot*, die until she has told you, wherever you may be, that she was always faithful, always true to you.

Oh, dear lady! what must have been your agony, to come back and find your little, your darling baby, was not there! You had been gone but a week, dear lady, when, notwithstanding all my care, his little excellency escaped through the door of the *salon*, while I was gone to the kitchen to get his dinner, and was found by the excellenza playing in one of the corridors. When I came back with the little cakes that he loved, I found her in the *salon*, holding the child by the hand, and looking as tall and fearful as the angel in the Last Judgment. I dropped my cakes, and looked so dreadfully frightened that the little prince was frightened also, and, beginning to cry, tried to come to me, but the excellenza held him back.

"Who is this child?"

My courage came back, for I knew that everything must be disclosed, and I answered, boldly:

"Your grandson, most noble lady."

She started.

"And his mother?"

"The Princess di Rospigliosi."

"You are a liar! There is no other princess than myself!"

"She *was* the Signorina Germont."

She drew the child toward her as I spoke. He stopped crying, and looked at her fearlessly, though her brows were drawn together and her mouth contorted. I thought his blood showed itself in that look, so brave, with the tears yet shining in his great dark eyes!

The excellenza looked at him steadily for a while, and then she seized him in her arms, sprang to her feet, and ran out into the corridor. I followed her. She threw open a window looking into the court, and held the child out of it, over the great paving-stones. My blood turned to ice at the sight.

"Promise me," said she—"promise to do what I tell you, or I——"

"I promise!" I cried.

"Swear it." And she made me take a dreadful oath. Then she set the child on the floor before me. He had never shed a tear all this time, but he now held fast to my skirt, and looked up at his grandmother while she told me what I was to do.

I was to take the child to Venice, and there I was to stay until she should send for me. I was to take another name than my own. I was to call our darling baby Guido, only. I was never to speak of Florence, or of having been there. I was to have no communication with you, his excellency or my own family. If I held to these conditions, I was to be allowed the care of my darling prince; if not, he was to be taken from me.

I consented, dear lady, and I kept my oath, until now they tell me I am to die. Surely death breaks all bonds but those of love and kindness; and now that I am to leave the world so soon, my heart yearns to you, my dearest lady. I long to kiss your dear hand, to see your sweet face again, and to show you our beautiful boy, grown to be so much like his father—above all, to tell you that Ninetta has been faithful to the last.

Farewell, dear lady. May the dear Mother of our Lord bless and keep all sorrowing mothers on earth, is the last prayer of your loving Ninetta.

I showed this letter to Guido, to whom I also narrated my history. How delightful it was to have him soothe me with such loving words and caresses, telling me that no sorrow his arm could ward off should ever approach me more. How I clung to him! He is my all now. At times I am afraid that I shall weary him; and, alas! for the time when some other love shall come between him and his mother's heart. And I have put that other love from my heart. It seems to me a thing of centuries past. I think now only of Guido and his father. Oh! for one little word from him, "to feed the mighty hunger of my heart!" Even if I am never to see him again, I will live a widow for his sake.

I have a letter from him, written by his own dear hand. He still thinks of me, then? My weak hand can hold back some portion of his thoughts from his Church.

His Letter.

My Dear Daughter:—As flesh is weak, I think it best not to see you again; but, desiring to prove to you that, although all earthly love is forbidden to me, I still respect and care for the innocent, suffering woman whom I once called my wife—and also to disabuse you of the belief that my will was in any way accessory to the act that separated us, I write what I fear will be too long a letter.

You remember that I was called to Rome by business. I have since discovered that the business was put into my hands to separate me from you; but, not being aware of it at the time, I transacted it, returned to Lucca, and found you were not there. You were to have been removed, I suppose, but your happening to leave with Monsieur d'Arbrai furnished the basis for a new plot. I found at Lucca a letter from Ninetta (a forgery), written wildly and incoherently, informing me of your flight with Monsieur d'Arbrai, and her unwillingness to be separated from the child, whom you would take with you.

There is no need to describe to you my anguish and despair. But still I was incredulous. I rushed to Florence, reaching there in the evening. I entered the garden, and reached "our home" through the hidden door. I have since discovered that the door was walled against your return, but the wall removed directly after, that I might suspect nothing. The apartments were empty. Ninetta was not there. Giacomo also had disappeared. I went to my mother's apartments. She appeared surprised by my sudden appearance, but received me with composure.

The next morning I went to the house of Ninetta's niece. She knew nothing, had heard nothing of her aunt. It was true, then! I abandoned myself to the most dreadful despair. My mother observed my sufferings, and loudly attributed them to failing health. She recommended foreign travel. I feigned to follow her advice, but secluded myself with an eminently holy man, and after a course of study, took upon myself the vows of the priest-

XUM

hood. I returned to my mother the shadow of my former self. She now recommended a bride. I informed her that I had taken the Church for my spouse. In the height of her disappointment and resentment she revealed the truth. It struck me to the earth. When I recovered, and had upbraided her, I announced to her my intention to secure to my son the name and honors of his father. She produced papers showing my marriage to have been annulled by the Pope, thus rendering our boy illegitimate.

As a priest, I could do nothing. I begged my mother to let me see my boy, but she refused to tell me where he was. And not until Ninetta's death did I discover where he was hidden. Then he was committed to the care of a relative, at whose house I often met him, proved myself a good friend at every opportunity that occurred, in some degree superintended his education, but was denied the miserable consolation of telling him that I was his father, though the child soon discovered himself to be one set apart from his fellows by the accident of his birth.

I have always hoped that some day you would return to that Florence where you had been so happy, and I have haunted my ancestral palace, even after it was made a residence for strangers. But I never knew of your being there until after your return from Venice, where my mother wrote me that she had met you, and you were on the eve of marriage to a rich and handsome American. Then I took off the locket I had always worn, and trampled it under my feet, even as I felt you had trampled my memory.

Rose-Marie, it was the last struggle of selfish, human love. I came out of it to remember that I was to you but a memory. You had suffered enough—why should I grudge to you a late happiness ? Then I saw you in the garden for the first time in all those long, long years, and how I reveled in your matured loveliness—the flower of the sweet bud I had worn in my bosom. When you fainted at my feet, I took you in my arms and gave you my last kiss. Many a fast and weary vigil must atone for that sin, but I cannot regret it. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak ;" and my human heart sinks as I write farewell. God does not burden us more than we can bear ; and, after our probation here, heaven dawns upon us, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage ; but we are as the angels. Awaiting that blessed re-union, I die to you upon earth, GUIDO.

How much one can endure and live ! I did not know, until I had read this eternal farewell, that some hope had yet lingered in my heart.

"You have me, mother," said Guido, who had read the letter over my shoulder. "Poor, darling mother ! Every one stabs this tender little heart. Can you endure yet more, mother dear ?"

"Have I not drank the cup to the dregs ? Is anything left to be endured ?"

"Here is a letter from the princess. I do not think she would write had she anything pleasant to say."

"Open the letter, Guido, and read it. Nothing can move me very much now."

Her Letter.

MADAME ——: You thought that the victory was yours, did you not, when you took your recovered son in your arms, and looked over your shoulder at me so triumphantly ? But the Church will not restore your husband, nor will any prayers or tears win back to you your daughter.

You did not know that the child to which you gave birth in your unconsciousness was a *living* child ! I told Mirabella to deceive you, and she did it well. That child is now a woman, beautiful, intelligent, affectionate—one who would be the very pride of a mother's heart. But you shall never know what it is to have a daughter ; and, in possessing her, I do not envy you your son. *My* son was the cause of pain and disappointment to me, as, undoubtedly, your son will be to you ; but your daughter is the blessing of my life. I take her from you, and from Italy. Years hence, I may tell her of the weak and criminal woman, whose memory is her disgrace, who left her husband for a stranger, and who abandoned her helpless child to the loving care of her grandmother.

VITTORIA, Princess Rospigliosi.

"Beatrice was my sister ?" said Guido.

"Did they call her Beatrice ? It was a lovely face. I remember it now."

"How many memories have been laid up for you, my mother !"

"I am only thirty-six, Guido, but I remember enough of sorrow for a woman of ninety. She says that I shall never know what it is to have a daughter. But I *have* a daughter.'

"The child of that other man."

"Guido, if *you* shrink from me, I shall die !"

"Mother, I will never forget that I am your son."

"But you looked so when you said that."

"He was not *my* father."

"Remember always that *your* father has forgiven me, Guido, and that I thought myself dying."

Why will women be so weak through all their strength ? Why could I not endure to die alone, as my Guido did to live alone ? Then I should not have seen my boy shrink from his mother, even for an instant. Is there another trial still in store for me ? And must I part from this adored child because duty calls me to that other helpless child, who is, in his eyes, a shame to me ?'

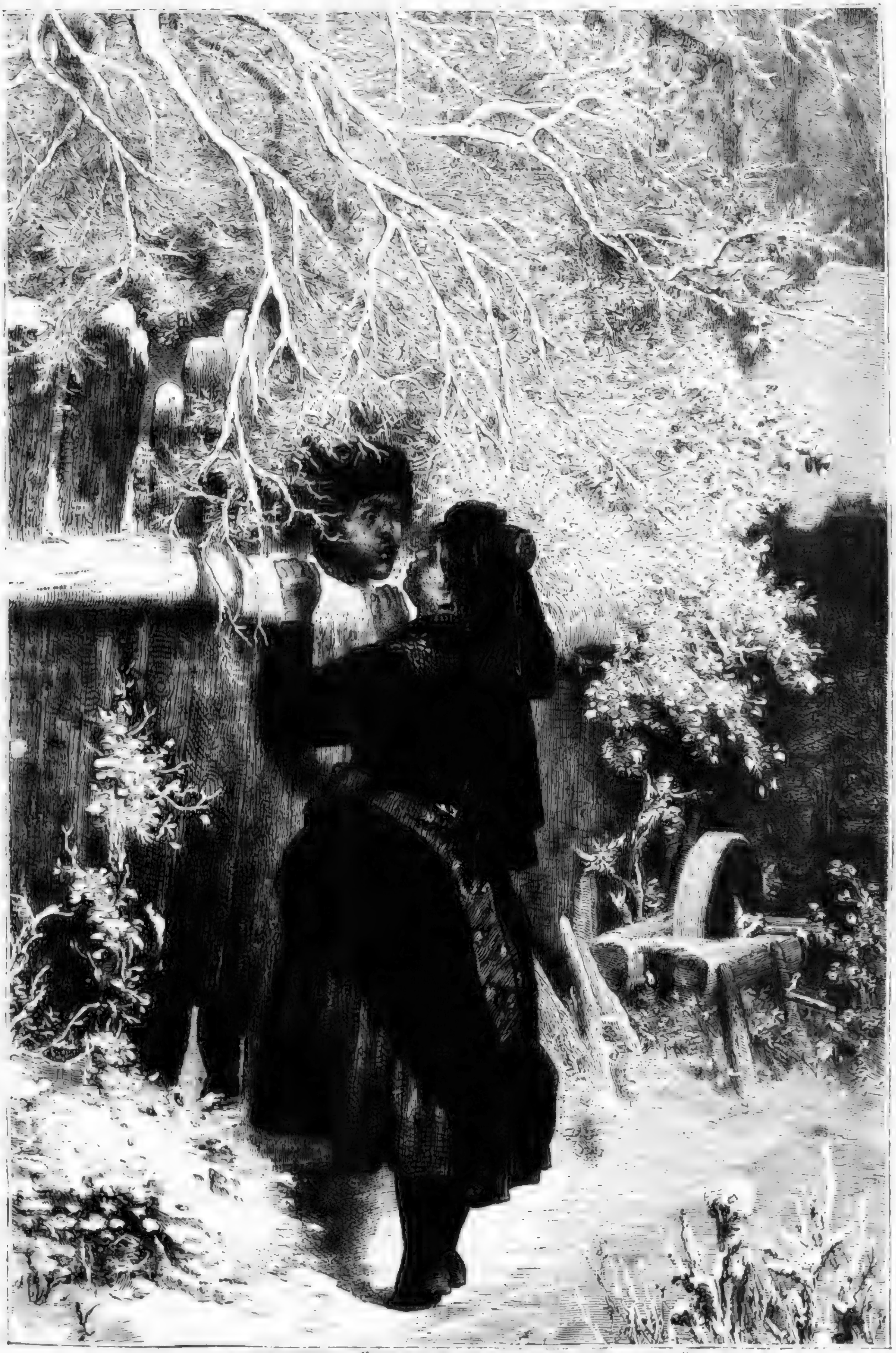
CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE CARNIVAL.

THE sun had risen upon Rome, and the solemn and stately Corso, that had lain so gray and silent under the pale rays of the moon, now looked like a divided rainbow ; for the long lines of grim, grand palaces on either side had blossomed, at balcony and window, with hues as bright and glowing as if the heavens had rained flowers in the night. Banners floated, gorgeous-hued silks waved, lustrous velvets, with gleaming golden fringes, draped the balconies ; festoons of rosy silk drooped above the heads of giant caryatides. Here the gray wall glowed with iris-colored velvet looped with flaming orange ; there white and vermilion wound around the pillars, with knots of blue and silver streaming to the air, and brilliant tapestries hung their rich arabesques of gold and crimson from some lofty window, above which fluttered draperies of pale azure, rayed with silver. But, though all this wealth of color and material was spread so lavishly, not an eye was visible to gaze upon it—not a fair and blooming, or dark, bearded face looked from the blossoming balconies, or peered through the bright draperies of the windows. Not a person was visible in the long perspective of brilliant color : the only living thing was the breeze, which fluttered and flaunted the gay silks and floating banners.

At last the iron tongue of a bell clove the silence, and rang out a merry peal.

At the signal, as if by magic, the grand old street was filled with a mad throng of maskers, pouring from every



A WINTER GREETING.—"THE HEARTS ARE WARM, IF COLD THE WEATHER."

XUM

side-street and alley, rushing from the doors, leaping from the balconies, gliding from every niche and nook and corner—coming faster and faster, leaping, dancing, whirling, hopping and running, rolling a tide of laughter down the street, as if the gods were again worshiped in Imperial Rome, and this had been the feast of Momus.

The windows and balconies now filled with the flower-like faces and magnificent forms of the fair Roman patricians, their rich dresses and flashing jewels adding to the splendor of the scene. White hands, glittering with ancestral gems, showered down flowers and confetti on the motley crew beneath, and occasionally some more dubious missile hit some occupant of the long line of carriages moving slowly through the crowd of masks, and, bursting, whitened with powdery lime the dark locks and velvet-covered shoulders of the victim.

As the crowd moved on, each instant some monstrous figure was succeeded by another more monstrous and more strange. It seemed the reign of goblins and contradictions; for, if one saw a modest nun slow passing, with decent sable gown and ample vail, a sudden caper, three feet in the air, would give to view the short skirts and pink-stockinged legs of a ballet-girl; and a sober monk, doffing at once his gray frock and muffling cowl, showed the Enemy of Mankind, horns, hoofs and tail complete.

Anon, some noble dame of the old régime would come mincing down the street, with powdered hair a foot above her head, paint, patches, white bare shoulder, damask gown and velvet train; and, glance but on the other side, she was a laughing contadina, with skirt barely reaching to her knees, and a gay kerchief laid over her black, close-braided locks. A huge Falstaffian figure, bearing all before him with his enormous paunch, would suddenly explode, and from the powdery ruins would skip a little scarlet imp, armed with a gilded prong. Great bears walked around on their hind-legs; monkeys skipped and chattered; faces like incarnate nightmares looked down from bodies ten feet high; men, with their heads between their shoulders, like the Anthropophagi; dragons and serpents, fauns and satyrs; huge birds walking on human feet; preposterous noses, which brayed forth like trumpets; enormous eyes, which flashed fire; mouths gaping like caverns, and lolling scarlet tongues, yards long, between their monstrous teeth, presented themselves on every side.

But not all these figures were monstrous or uncouth. Occasionally a simple domino, black, white or red, would glide quietly through the grotesque throng; or some beautiful form would appear, rendered doubly attractive by the contrast of the hideous, mocking crowd. One of these had suddenly appeared upon a balcony of the Rospoli Palace—a beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen, dressed in a simple white satin skirt and blue bodice, her profusion of blonde hair crowned by a wreath of crimson roses, and shading her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. In her hand she held a small basket filled with confetti. From the balcony she sprang, light as a zephyr, to the ground, and in an instant was surrounded by a crowd of frightful masks, loudly admiring her in the hyperbolical Italian adjectives, imploring a curl of her hair, mocking, murmuring, cooing, and imitating the sound of kissing, and trying to steal her confetti, which she held close to her satin bodice, covering the contents with both her hands.

One mask, with an enormous nose, bent it aside, and poked a pair of blubber lips into her face; another went on his knees at her feet, and, while kneeling, craned his neck three feet above her head, and pretended to nibble the roses of her wreath; a third stretched out two gigantic hands, and appeared about to clasp her waist. The girl, who had laughed at first, seemed now to be frightened, and glanced around her apprehensively. A gray domino passing near, she bounded from the circle of her tormentors and clung to his arm. The masks pressed after her, but the domino received them with a powerful swing of the right arm, that seemed to be significant, for they backed away laughingly, and crying out, "An Englishman, an Englishman!" and left him and his pretty companion to themselves.

The girl clung tightly to her protector's arm, and breathed quickly.

"Have you lost your companions?" asked the domino, kindly, in Italian, spoken with a foreign accent.

The girl turned her head quickly.

"Yes. If you could only find them for me."

"How were they dressed?"

"In domino. But they were going to change their dresses—at least, madame intended to."

"Madame!" echoed the gray domino.

"Madame d'Arbrai. Do you know her?"

"I have—seen her."

"Do you know, she has lately found her son, whom she lost when a child? Such a handsome young man! They call him the Signor Guido."

The domino started.

"Guido! Why, they said she had eloped——"

"She went with him at that time, to seek the proofs of his identity. Had she eloped with anyone, it would have doubtless been with the Signor Americano, whom she loves."

"An American! His name?"

"It is Lorenzo, in Italian—Lorenzo—paf! The other name escapes me."

"That is enough. And she is free?"

"Free as air. I think I see my friends. Adieu, and many thanks, kind domino."

She made him a little courtesy and tripped away, the bright waves of her hair glancing in the sun.

Ah! with a turn of her hand, a mask, a dainty bit of satin and lace, was made to conceal all of her face but the scarlet lips, and round, velvety chin, and a scarlet domino taken from her basket covered her dress. In front of her was a knight-templar sauntering along, wrapped in the folds of his long white mantle, with the red cross on the shoulder. She passed him, passed and looked around, as if in doubt and anxiety. The templar approached her, and asked if he could be of any assistance. His voice trembled as he spoke, and his eyes were fixed eagerly on her beautiful hair. She gave a start and a little scream.

"It is you, Guido!" and then she seized his arm and clung to it. "I am so glad! I am so glad!"

"If you are glad, then judge what I must be." He bent over her caressingly, protectingly. "I find you alone!" he went on. "I had thought that General Lyon, or—or the chevalier——"

"Don't speak of him!" she said.

"Even his protection would have been better than none in this crowd."

"I plunged into the crowd to escape his persecutions." She began to sob under her mask; the tears poured from under the fringe of lace. "Guido! if you only knew!"

"My darling, what is it?"

They were jostled and pressed by the thronging masks, and these words were whispered in her ear, to which his lips were bent. She turned her head suddenly, and whispered back in his ear.

"*Maledizione!*"—the hissing Italian malediction was audible to those around, so moved was the speaker, as was shown by the grinding of his teeth under his mask, even

XUM

through the noise and confusion. "My God! Rafe," (two dominoes, walking behind them, started) "you must let me constitute myself your protector. My mother loves you already as her own child. I have no one else to consult. There is a chapel close at hand—in five minutes, I am your husband——"

"But do you know whom you are about to marry?" shouted a strong voice in English close behind him, and the templar found himself confronted by a gigantic domino.

"It's the general! He hates you!" whispered the scarlet domino. "If there is no other way, knock him down, and we'll slip away."

"Thanks. I do not require any information from you on this subject," said the templar, measuring his adversary with his eye, as if half inclined to follow his companion's insidious advice.

"It is *I* who require information, by — by a statement of one simple fact. Are you intending to marry Miss Beatrix Amberside?"

"Say *no*," whispered the scarlet domino; but the templar seemed to scorn her suggestion, for he answered, boldly:

"Have I any other consent to ask than her own?"

"If she says *yes*, it's all right, by — the new-fashioned way of arranging such matters. Here, Bee!" He turned suddenly, and then whisked around again, a scarlet-draped figure held in his mighty grasp, which he placed on one side of him, while at the same time he seized the scarlet domino by the arm, placing her on the other side. "By Jove! it's like the caskets in the 'Merchant of Venice!'" he said. "Choose, my Lord Bassanio. Shall it be lead, or silver? This plated, Palais Royal affair on my left seems to be uneasy."

In fact, the scarlet domino had tried to extricate her sleeve from his grasp; but, by a dexterous movement, he unmasked her, and then stood petrified by his discovery.

"Why! it's Madame What's-her-name?—the Amber Witch! by — by an unforeseen conjunction of circumstances."

"I choose the silver casket," said the templar, holding out his hand, as soon as the Amber Witch had vanished in the throng.

"The silver casket held—wasn't it a donkey's head?" said Rafe, laughing, and half shrinking back, as the general placed her hand in that of the templar.

"The ass's head is on Germont's shoulders," said the general. "He had planned to spite both you and Bee; I'll be bound, but I didn't think you would be taken in *twice* by that woman, Laurence."

"Laurence! Why, general, it's—it's Signor Guido."

The general bounded back a few feet.

"By——"

Here an egg filled with lime hit him on the chest, and exploding, filled his open mouth with its choking contents.

IN the balcony of a palace, under loops and festoons of carnation and silver, madame was sitting, wearing a black domino, the hood of which was thrown back from her lovely, pallid face, from which her hair was brushed plainly, the long curls rolling at length over her sombre drapery, glittering in the bright Italian sunshine. Thus sitting, and looking absently at the varying shapes before her, she seemed some sad madonna, revolving in her mind some prescience of the fate of her divine offspring. Many a fantastic mask had paused to gaze into the sorrowful eyes; many a grotesque figure, brimming over with carnival jollity, had subdued his capers and stilled his uproariousness when passing by the balcony where that fair face and form seemed to say, with Queen Constance—"Here I and sorrow sit."

Had madame not been so occupied with her own thoughts, she would have remarked a violet domino, who had stationed himself near the balcony, in such a position as to obtain an uninterrupted view of her, and had watched her steadily for an hour, never removing his eyes, which sparkled like jewels through the holes in his mask. But madame, neither observing him nor any one else, sat with her head bent upon one hand, and her eyes fixed in a dreamy gaze that seemed to see something invisible to other eyes. A hand touched her shoulder; she did not start, but looked around with an expectant air, and saw a pretty basket, filled with many-colored confetti, held toward her by a pair of small white hands.

"Buy my confetti, lovely signora, most noble lady? Bright as your lips are, sweet as your voice is. Fill, fill your white hands to throw to your lover," chanted a melodious voice in her ear, in the softest and most liquid Italian.

Madame raised her eyes. When her eyes fell on a long lock of the hair which streamed over the girl's shoulders, she cried, "Rafe!"

But the mask put her finger on her lip.

"One cannot always tell the lamb by the fleece," she said. "I met a knight templar with a scarlet domino upon his arm, and he bade me tell you that the true emblem of St. John is hidden by a red silken mantle, and that Dante is not the only lover blessed by a pure and lovely Beatrice. Being an interpreter of dark sayings, I give you these"—pouring the confetti into madame's lap—"for the love of the sweet tongue of the speaker, and only ask in return that you offer my gifts to the saint when you see his emblem."

Madame's eyes sparkled, and a bright flush rose to her cheeks. The message and messenger were in the true spirit of carnival adventure, and the news they conveyed gave her the first sensation of pleasure she had known for some days. If obliged to leave her son, she should leave him with happiness secured, and linked with that of Rafe, for whom she felt so warm an affection. She leaned from the balcony, eagerly watching for their approach, her glance passing carelessly over the violet domino, whose immovable gaze never left her face; and when a diabolical-looking domino, dressed in black, slashed and seamed with scarlet, came out upon the balcony and stood beside her, unnoticed, the violet domino drew nearer, until he was just below the balcony, and could hear and see everything that might be said or done.

The scarlet-seamed domino drew nearer, and madame, hearing the rustling of silk, turned quickly around.

"Princess," said a soft voice, "the fates have at last proven kind to you."

"I am mistaken for some one else," said madame, looking at the impenetrable scarlet visor, with black lines sewn around the eyeholes, giving a most fiendish expression to the glancing eyes of the wearer.

"You are *not*," said the soft voice, with emphasis. "It is not given to *every one* to find a husband and a son in one hour, to lose that same inconvenient husband in the same hour; soon after, at once to find and lose a daughter; again, to gain a daughter from an unexpected quarter. I rhyme unintentionally."

"You speak in riddles," said madame, shrinking a little from the fiery eyes which were searching her face.

"I speak only for your ears, and you understand me as well as I could wish. Do you know that the American is free?"

XUM

"Who are you?" said madame, shrinking still further from him, and grasping the railing of the balcony with one hand.

"I am the one who has been the means of securing the pretty Rafe for your son; I am the one who was the means of saving the American from the wiles of the Amber Witch; and I am the one who then went to him and said, 'You are free. What will you do now with regard to a woman who loves you with her whole soul, and to whom you gave proofs of your love in the garden at Florence, and on the waters of Venice?"

Madame arose.

"How dared you?—how dare any one take such a liberty with my name? Who are you, who exhibit such unexampled effrontery?"

"Only your brother, Rose-Marie," said the domino, removing his mask. "My sister, it is allowed that the worst of sinners may repent, and amendment is always required upon repentance. In a fit of rage and disappointment, I had injured you in the eyes of the American. I now sought to repair the wrong I had done, by securing your happiness; and, having opened the field for you, I presented myself as your champion, and required your whilom knight to redeem his pledge."

Madame stared at him with dilating eyes.

"And what did he say?"

"He said —— Oh, here are the happy pair!—your son and daughter. What bliss!—what rapture! The heavens cannot 'rain odors,' as Cesario wished, but you can shower them with confetti, forgetful mother! You ask what the American said? *That he must beg to be excused*, for he thought your past rendered you unfit to be a good man's wife."

"The insult and your interference were both uncalled for," said madame. "I have no dearer memory than the love of him who was my husband—no dearer hope than the happiness of him who is my son, and to both of them it was and is my intention to devote myself."

"Begin by scattering your blessings on the heads of the happy pair," said the chevalier, ironically.

The templar and the scarlet domino were now approaching the balcony. Madame forced a pallid smile, and made them a friendly sign. Then, as they reached her, she gathered up the confetti that filled her lap, to cast upon them, but they fell from her agitated fingers upon the violet domino, who was still beneath the balcony. There was a report, an explosion, and little jets of flame seemed to play upon the violet domino, who fell forward without a groan, his head striking the hand with which madame had grasped the balcony as she leaned forward. The templar, kneeling, raised him and tore off his mask. A low cry of agony escaped madame. The dying man's eyes raised themselves slowly to her face, and a smile of ineffable happiness parted his convulsed lips. Death had no terrors for him. It released him from a life of vain regret and longing, and in dying he had saved the life of his own son.

The chevalier and his accomplice were sought for, but in vain; and with them vanished for ever from the social stage the celebrated Amber Witch.

THE END.

As in the succession of the seasons, each by the invariable laws of nature affects the productions of what is next in course; so in life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forth accomplished manhood; and such manhood passes, without uneasiness, into respectable old age.

THE CHIFFONNIERS OF PARIS AT HOME.

There are in Paris upward of 30,000 rag-pickers, who form a community apart, congregating together in "cités," that are hidden away in remote suburbs, rarely explored either by the dwellers in, or visitors to, the capital of pleasure. Through these cités, which are unfamiliar ground to most persons, I propose conducting my readers; but before doing so it will be well, perhaps, to commence with a few statistics.

Thirty thousand men and women trudge nightly through the city streets, seeking in the rubbish and refuse, in the sweepings of the boudoir and the kitchen, the saloon and the scullery, the hospital and the restaurant, daily bread for themselves and their families. This heterogeneous mass, which the fraternity of the hod and crook collect, finds its way eventually to the sorting-rooms (of which there are 200 in Paris), where the street-sweepings are sifted and sorted previous to reappearing in the world under new forms. About 1,000 men and 10,000 women earn their living in these *ateliers*, so we have a total of over 40,000 persons employed, one way or another, in the chiffonnier trade.

The rag-pickers are divided into three categories: there are some—the *bourgeoisie*, so to say—who work on their own account, get the highest market price for their wares, and contrive, one day with another, to earn from forty to fifty sous per diem. These are looked up to by their colleagues as independent gentlemen and ladies, at the mercy of no hard taskmaster. A second class, lower down on the social ladder, are those who dispose of their findings at so much per pound, the good with the bad; these find it a hard matter to make the proverbial ends meet. And there is yet another category of chiffonniers, such as are paid a franc or less per day by the wholesale chiffon merchant, who is generally a thriving person, whilst his employés are the barefooted outcasts of society.

The cités inhabited by the rag-pickers and their families are principally to be found in the suburbs of Clichy, Levallois, Malakoff and the adjacent neighborhoods. A weary tramp it is from these far-off quarters to the centre of Paris; at nightfall they start with the hod, the lantern and the crook, walking over miles of unprofitable ground by all weathers, to earn a pittance scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Their cités are stretches of waste land upon which are erected wooden huts, affording a very imperfect protection from the inclemency of the weather. A gust of wind carries away the roofs of the wretched sheds, a pelting rain enters by every crack; the air is thick with foul smells, the atmosphere breathed is contaminated with the exhalations of half-rotten vegetables, offal, filthy rags, and bones.

The first cité that I explored was tenanted by the aristocracy of the rag-picking brotherhood, who work on their own account. Even here, however, a strong dose of moral courage was necessary, for albeit that the Cité Cloys is the Faubourg St. Germain of the quarter, it is stamped with poverty, degradation and insalubrity. It was close upon noon when I passed this cité in review; the night-laborers had returned, their hods had been emptied into the centre of the room, which served as bedroom, living room and warehouse. The majority of the men, worn out by their long tramp through the streets, had thrown themselves on the mattress, sacking or heap of paper which stood in lieu of bed. Dingy-faced, matted-haired women were cooking the midday meal of the family; young girls and boys with hard-looking, unyouthful faces, were seated around the rubbish spread on the floor, sorting it. This was accomplished with the rapidity of experienced fingers.

The paper was thrown here, the rags there; broken glass and crockeryware on one side, broken victuals on another; defunct cats and birds in this corner, remnants of wearing apparel in the opposite one; until, in an incredibly short space of time, the mountain had become so many mole-hills, the odor arising from the same being such as to make it a problem for me how it was possible for men, women and children to live and sleep in the midst of such unspeakably foul smells without being overtaken by disease. And these were the relatively fortunate ones amongst this squalid population!

THE WHITE SPOONBILL.

At a stone's throw in the same street one comes across an archway, over which is written "Cité Maupit." The ground on which this cité is constructed belongs, it is stated, to two or three deputies, who let it out to M. Maupit for 1,400 francs a year. The investment, I was told, is not a bad one for the latter. The wooden sheds he has built, each consisting of one room, he lets out to his ragged lodgers at two francs and a half per week, the rent being punctually claimed in advance, under penalty of immediate ejection. To give an idea of the fragility of these sheds, where the chiffonniers and their families live, penned up like cattle, the following incident, which happened a few Winters ago, will suffice:

On an unusually gusty afternoon, ten or twelve of these "houses" were fairly carried off by the wind, and thrown a heap of *débris* to a hundred mètres distance from the spot where they had stood. The teachings of experience were not lost on M. Maupit; on the roof of every shed there are now placed huge stones, to counteract the effect of the elements. The huts are revoltingly filthy, the dwellers therein not less so, and distress of the direst form is the normal condition of the poor people, who, according to the rules of the cité, are bound to sell their findings at a fixed price to their landlord. He lives among them, and contrives to enrich himself by his enterprise. His house, consisting of two rooms, might lay claim to a sort of distant relationship with a museum: it contains a collection of art in its last stage of decrepitude, decay and dismemberment. On the walls there is a fragment of an oil painting representing a moonlit landscape, which, to judge by what remains, had in its better days some artistic merit. There is a portrait of a knight of olden times, with many rents in the canvas; on the mantelshelf there is a bust of a King of France, with a damaged head, and a nose wanting; beside it is a Venus with no head at all. Amongst this rubbish is a quantity of caricatures dated 1830, whilst a corner beyond reveals a company of stuffed birds, over which is ranged a display of ancient chinaware more or less broken. The carpet on the floor resembled a patchwork quilt, but as nothing matched anything in the room, the carpet was not out of keeping with its surroundings. In front of the merchant's door are huge heaps of wares, waiting to be dispatched to their different destinations. At one end of the inclosure is a wine-shop, kept by the landlord's nephew.

When I entered the cité, two tattered, begrimed men were seated at the roughly made wooden table placed outside the cabaret. A woman of whom I asked some information invited me to seat myself beside these two gentlemen and to question them, and thus I could learn all I wanted to know. But my companions remained taciturn. One, indeed, could not do otherwise, since he was dumb; the other, an old soldier who had served in the African campaign, bewailed a little his hard daily lot, but seemed too muddled in the head to prove a useful informant. All I learnt, in short, in reply to my questions, was, that he slept on the paper he gathered in the streets, and that he changed it every four nights to get rid of the vermin. No doubt these two lodgers of M. Maupit were posted at his nephew's wine-shop table to attract the notice of any visitors who might chance to pass through the cité. The wine to which they were treated was surely charged twice the price the wretched stuff was worth, and the few coppers I left on the table for the men, I feel pretty certain, were confiscated by the cabaretier.

After a cursory glance into several other miserable alleys, pompously styled cités, I proceeded to that known by the name of the Cité Fourcault, which is situated in the Avenue de la Révolte, a low-class, disreputable neighborhood, through which a nervous man would scarcely care to pass after nightfall. The proprietress of this cité is (or rather was, for she has died since my visit to her unsavory estate) a well-known character, who obtained a certain notoriety under the pseudonym of the "Femme Culotte," a name given her because she habitually donned masculine attire. It was she who built the cité called after her; it was she who ruled like a potentate in her tattered, squalid kingdom; it was she who maintained order amongst her turbulent subjects, interfering personally in the daily frays, souvenirs of which she bore about with her in the shape of numerous scars on her grizzled head and wrinkled face. When she died, a short time since, a paragraph was consecrated to her memory in the majority of the French newspapers. It is reported that she had amassed a large fortune, a statement I can well believe.

Her estate was a productive one, and she used her unlimited power to trade upon the miserable population who filled her cité. She had about 400 tenants, each paying a weekly rent of two francs, which gives a total of over 40,000 francs a year. Perhaps, to purchase the ground and erect the hovels, she may have expended 25,000 or 30,000 francs; this would certainly be the maximum. It is easy, then, to understand that she died wealthy. Of course she was exposed to the risk of her lodgers becoming bankrupt, in which case the rent was not forthcoming; but as she generally exacted it in advance, and turned out those who failed to pay, without the smallest compunction, her pocket never ran great danger.

I will now sketch in a few words the aspect of the cité which is christened after the "Femme Culotte." It is difficult to describe the painful impression produced on one's mind on witnessing this corner of Paris, where misery, degradation and vice, engendered by the most deplorable promiscuity of sexes, has set its stamp upon every surrounding, and every person.

The Cité Fourcault is a long alley, on one side of which wooden huts are built, each having two rooms, let out to different families. On the ground floor there is a sort of cellar—it can scarcely be called a room—to which air and light are admitted by an aperture which may at one time have been a window, but has in the majority of cases lost its unique pane of glass. An ordinary-sized man cannot enter the door without stooping. The floor is clay, and for all furniture there is but a revoltingly dirty mattress thrown in one corner, a crazy chair or two, and a scarcely less invalid table. Dirt, foul smells and vermin are the predominant characteristics of these pestilential cellars, which teem with living creatures who seem lost to all sense of decency or shame. How can it be otherwise, when grown men and women, youths and young girls, little children and infants, are huddled together in one room, parents sleeping side by side with big girls and boys, whose apprenticeship to vice begins almost with their birth? Scenes which the pen refuses to transcribe meet the gaze at every step in these hotbeds of immorality and disease. Persons stricken down with contagious maladies lie in these cellars swarming with human creatures, who appear as indifferent to the dangers of contagion as they are to the most elementary rules of cleanliness or decency. Through the doorway of one room on the ground-floor, I saw a woman lying with her newly-born infant beside her, whilst her husband, dead drunk, was stretched on the heap of refuse he had just emptied from his hod. A girl of twelve, with a face of forty, was preparing some food for the sick mother and wailing infant, while half a dozen smaller children wallowed, half naked, in the dirt on the floor. The male population, I was told by the "Femme Culotte," were good husbands and fathers, as a rule. There was little wife-beating, rarely ill-treatment of children, and she pointed out to me here and there amongst her lodgers certain individuals who had lived upward of twenty years in the cité, working like slaves to provide for their families, paying their rent regularly, and rarely frequenting the wine-shop. But the cité was not, of course, without its *mauvais sujets*, who were ready to rob, drink, fight, and caused the masculine-looking landlady much trouble at times.

After inspecting this haunt of misery and vice, I thought there could remain nothing more in the chiffonniers' cités to be seen. I was mistaken. Not far off, I was told, was the Petit Mazas, a cité so hidden from sight that, after its locality had been indicated to me, I went round about the cité during half an hour before lighting on it.

The agglommeration of unspeakably filthy hovels which go by the name of the "Petit Mazas," are concealed from public view by a decrepit, crazy wall, through an aperture in which one passes to obtain access to the cité. It is difficult to imagine that within a few miles of the luxurious Boulevards such a place can exist, and it is incredible that the town authorities have not long ago swept it away. One would imagine the Petit Mazas was never visited either by a *sergent de ville* or a health officer. The hideously dirty cellars in which the rag-pickers live are a disgrace to a city which boasts of being the capital of civilization. The sights and smells make one feel sick, morally and physically. From stagnant pools of dirty water the most nauseous emanations arise. The huts, made of mud, are reeking with foul humidity. The commonest necessities of life are not provided for in these squalid hovels.

When I passed through the Petit Mazas, the July sun was beating down upon the alley. The smells arising from the heaps of refuse, and the pools of slimy water, were insupportable—to me, at all events—for the ragged creatures who seemed scarcely to have either sex or age, that live here, were apparently impervious to offensive sights or smells. They were eating and drinking outside the doors of their hovels, a barrel turned on end or a rickety chair serving in lieu of a table. Some were sleeping stretched across the narrow strip of ground which separates the huts from the dung-heaps, their heads almost touching the foul-smelling accumulation of filth.

As far as I could judge from a cursory glance, the huts seemed almost devoid of furniture. In a few I caught a glimpse of a mattress, but the majority appeared to be provided with no sort of bedding. Yet on the walls of some of the huts I perceived a print almost effaced by dirt, or a cage with a canary in it, or a bunch of artificial flowers, found probably in the streets, and hung to a nail in the wall, to enliven the dismal poverty of these wretched habitations. There was one old man, now infirm and bent with age, who told me he had been born in the Petit Mazas. He had contrived to reach the age of eighty in this pestilential den of vice and destitution. There were young girls, who had been born and bred here, who had been reared in these hovels, and who, whilst yet almost children themselves, become the mothers of other children —miserable, sickly little beings, whom it made one's heart ache to contemplate.

I cannot pretend to decide whose task it should be to ameliorate the lot of the wretched population which fills the rag-pickers' cités. But that blame must be attached to some one is evident. In the present age of progress and civilization, no community of French citizens should be allowed to drag out their existence in pestiferous mud-huts unfit for human habitation.

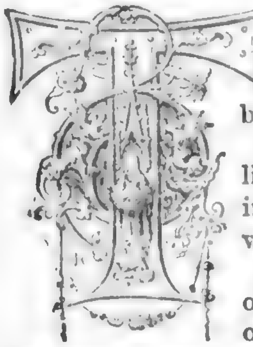
LETTY'S GLOBE,

OR SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a color'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leap'd,
And laughed, and prattled in her pride of bliss!
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearned eye
On our own Isle, she rais'd a joyous cry,
"Oh, yes! I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Charles Tennyson Turner

DIES IRÆ.



THE street was full of people—a crowd who bore upon their faces the keen, alert look of Frenchmen, but Frenchmen of the lower classes.

It was a day of note in the Catholic Church, and the throng was pouring along the avenues toward that vast cathedral of Montreal.

In the balcony of a house upon one of the main streets, leaning carelessly over the railing, his listless eyes upon the surging mass below him, sat a man whose dark face and jetty hair gave sign of Southern birth; whose air of negligent hauteur was one of the outward tokens of a life of wealth and ease. His thirty-five years had not silvered hair or beard, and Norman Dallas looked now, as ever, as though he defied time and care to rob him of his striking beauty.

The smoke of his cigarette curled slowly from between his delicate fingers, the diamond on his left hand flashing in the sunlight.

It seemed almost as if that scintillating ray from his ring had traced a track of fiery light straight down to one face in the crowd below him, for his eyes suddenly fell upon a face of marvelous fairness, a figure of subtle grace, a woman who walked slowly along, a little behind the great mass of human beings; walked alone, with her mantle drawn about her, her head erect in a haughty poise, that the man who looked remembered well.

Despite all his nonchalance, a flush mounted over his swarthy cheeks and brow; a light, hard to define, came flashing to his eyes. The hand, thrust carelessly in the breast of his dressing-gown, clinched the nails deep into the tender palm. An oath, whether of surprise or anger, came from between his lips.

As he looked, fascinated, as any man might well be by that presence, the woman suddenly flashed an upward glance, and saw Dallas. A scarcely perceptible start went over her frame, but no change was visible upon her countenance to the man who watched her. Then she went on quietly, as if she had not seen, for the first time in years, the man whose destiny she had marked with ineffaceable record.

"Curse her! oh, curse her!" came in a low whisper from Dallas's whitened lips, as his eyes followed and could not leave the retreating figure. What terrible charm had that woman still for him? Now, when the fulfillment of the long-cherished vow of vengeance seemed likely to be near at hand—now that he had found her, after years of fruitless search, was the old glamour still to bewilder and inthrall him?

He gazed after her until the last flutter of drapery had disappeared round the corner of the street. Then, with a start, he awoke, and all the deadly anger cherished through months of patient waiting and watching blazed up anew with a more intense flame than ever before.

"Yes, I will go to this priestly fooling," he said, starting up from his chair, all his carelessness gone, a deep red upon his cheeks and a sparkle in his eyes. "The day has at last dawned. Honor shall be avenged. What a poor, foolish, trusting fool I was!"

He stepped through the window into his room, and hastily rang the bell.

"Bring out my carriage," he said to the servant, "and get ready to drive me. I shall ride to the cathedral this morning."

"If you please, sir, you ordered me to put up the horses half an hour ago," stammered the man, scarcely knowing his master in that gentleman with fiercely lurid eyes.

"Do as I order you," was the short reply of the usually kind master, who felt his nerves tingling with some curious desire to furiously break down anything that should oppose him.

All the listlessness of life was gone. His blood was on fire, his hands trembled as he dressed with careful elaborateness.

"Drive to the cathedral, and drive fast," he said, as he took his seat in the open barouche, his lips crimsoned by the deep draught of wine he had taken before he left his room. "The devil will aid me to find her," he said to himself, as he pushed through the crowd and gained at last a place within the body of the church.

The services, whatever they were to be, had not yet begun, and the vast crowd was swaying and murmuring, eagerly struggling for the best places for sight and hearing.

"She will not be with this herd," he thought; "her fastidious taste would not allow her to soil her drapery by contact with these people. I know her well."

He looked carefully along the few places which wealth had managed to have reserved for itself. Though she had sauntered along on foot, she was now sitting comfortably,

SPRING IS COMING!

waving her fan with a slow motion, its fragrant sandalwood yielding her a perfume that stifled the odors of the crowd.

If Irene Britton's heart beat less evenly than usual, no flutter of lace betrayed that pulse. Perhaps her dark-gray eyes roamed more restlessly than common over the crowd which she overlooked. In all her life of intrigue and wickedness, she had never met a glance so full of a sure power as that poured down upon her from the man she had seen upon the balcony scarcely half an hour since.

Care-free as she seemed, there was a rush of thought behind that smooth brow that no one could have guessed—certainly not Dallas, who could have believed her possessed of a demon's power of self-control in any evil course.

Suddenly a hand softly touched her shoulder—a touch as light as the fleeting wing of a bird, but she knew it. A faint wave of color surged up to the pure blonde face; the scarlet lips turned a shade paler. The man was as composed as she now; all that blind fury was overpassed, and Irene Britton looked up at a face cold and hard and handsome, with no pity in one of its curves.

"Miss Britton," he said, ignoring the name she might once have laid claim to.

He did not say another word, but stood looking down at her, waiting for her speech.

With strange emotions, Dallas saw, now that he was near her, the marks of dissipation on her face; fine and well concealed were the marks, but they were there.

In an instant after he pronounced her name, she raised her eyes full to his, thinking, perhaps, they might have all their old potent witchery. And they were bewildering eyes — deep and soft and dreamy; filled with that indescribable light which has such power over man.

With an inward breathing of thankfulness, Dallas saw that, at last, she held no more such power over him; every memory of a short and deceitful happiness was swallowed in the absorbing desire to punish this woman who could dare to meet his eye after such a past as hers.

"At last I see you again," she murmured, in a low, melodious voice, extending an ungloved, jeweled hand to him.

"Have you the effrontery to think I will touch that hand?" he asked. "Who knows what vile lips have been upon it?" with a smile that made her shrink, skillful actress though she was.

"It is not like you to condemn me unheard," she responded, proudly. "I, too, have suffered in this separation, which has lasted so long. For did I not love you?" The last in a tone of indescribable seductiveness; but that voice fell upon ears of stone.

"Your actions have spoken," he said, "and I have made a vow to the eternal God of vengeance. I will not suffer alone. From this time, so long as you live, you shall never be out of my sight."

The woman shuddered as she heard that hard, metallic voice. For the first time in her life, a cold despair benumbed her heart. There seemed no escape from this man of iron. But he was man—he might again feel her siren arts as he had once done. She had been used to victory—let the eagle not desert her now, and she would keep out of danger ever after.

"You do me wrong. What other happiness do I care for than to be again restored to you!" she asked, with tremulous lips and softly-drooping eyes.

At that moment through the vast cathedral there swelled the first notes of that hymn, strong as the ages, fearful as death, whose voice has sounded down through the long years since the mighty mind first composed it.

The eyes of Norman Dallas emitted flames of fire; his lips trembled with the feeling that possessed him, as the organ breathed forth those strains of the Dies Iræ. His purpose swelled and grew strong. Yes, the day of wrath should come, and he be the instrument of a divine justice. So warped was his mind, that he felt at that moment as if he was appointed of God to deal punishment to this gloriously beautiful woman by his side. Oh, the agony of the hours in which he had waited and sought for this time!

She, glancing up at him as he stood there, while the terrible music shook the building, shuddered with an awful premonition of the doom which was to be meted out by this man she had wronged to the full extent man can be wronged by woman.

A wild and fierce desire took possession of her to escape, any way, so that she could be free from him who claimed her, with no love, no mercy in his aspect.

Involuntarily she made a movement as if to go, hemmed in as she was by that vast crowd. He looked down at her, and his glance held her like a chain.

What change had come over him? That face was more like that of an inflexible monomaniac, than like the countenance of a sane man.

The bold woman had never been really frightened before.

She sank back on her seat again, murmuring, in a pleading and soft voice:

"Oh, Norman! You did not used to look at me so!"

Through all that rolling of sublime music he heard her words, and, stooping, whispered, with hot breath sweeping her cheek:

"That was because I did not know you."

The organ-notes suddenly changed from their sweeping notes of wrath to a high and joyous strain of thanksgiving.

He bent over her and said, rapidly:

"Come—we will go. The tones of joy are not for us. We have heard our hymn. Take it as a prophecy."

She could not, she dared not, resist. With outwardly deferential courtesy, he assisted her through the crowd. Once a furious swaying of people threatened to crush them, and he felt her yielding form in his arms, inhaled again the sweet breath, and was caressed by a stray tress of her hair. That involuntary touch sent a shiver of emotion through his frame. Some passing thought of the old-time fabled vampires, beautiful as houris, crossed his mind. Never again could he thrill at her touch, as he had done. The dreams, the intense joys, were for ever done in his life. One glorious face had changed his wine into bitterness. Now, this sight of her had transformed a human desire for revenge into a satanic, irresistible longing. He could not hope to make her suffer as he had done, for she had not loved, but he would try his invention.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, as he put her into his carriage, and ordered the driver to his hotel.

"Where? Home, of course," was the reply, with a laugh whose tone curdled the blood in her veins.

She sank back on the seat he placed her upon, while he sat opposite, his gaze fixed on her face, for he appeared to be unable to remove his eyes, but gloated with a sort of bloodshot, lurid glance, that deprived her of every thought that might have aided a plan of escape.

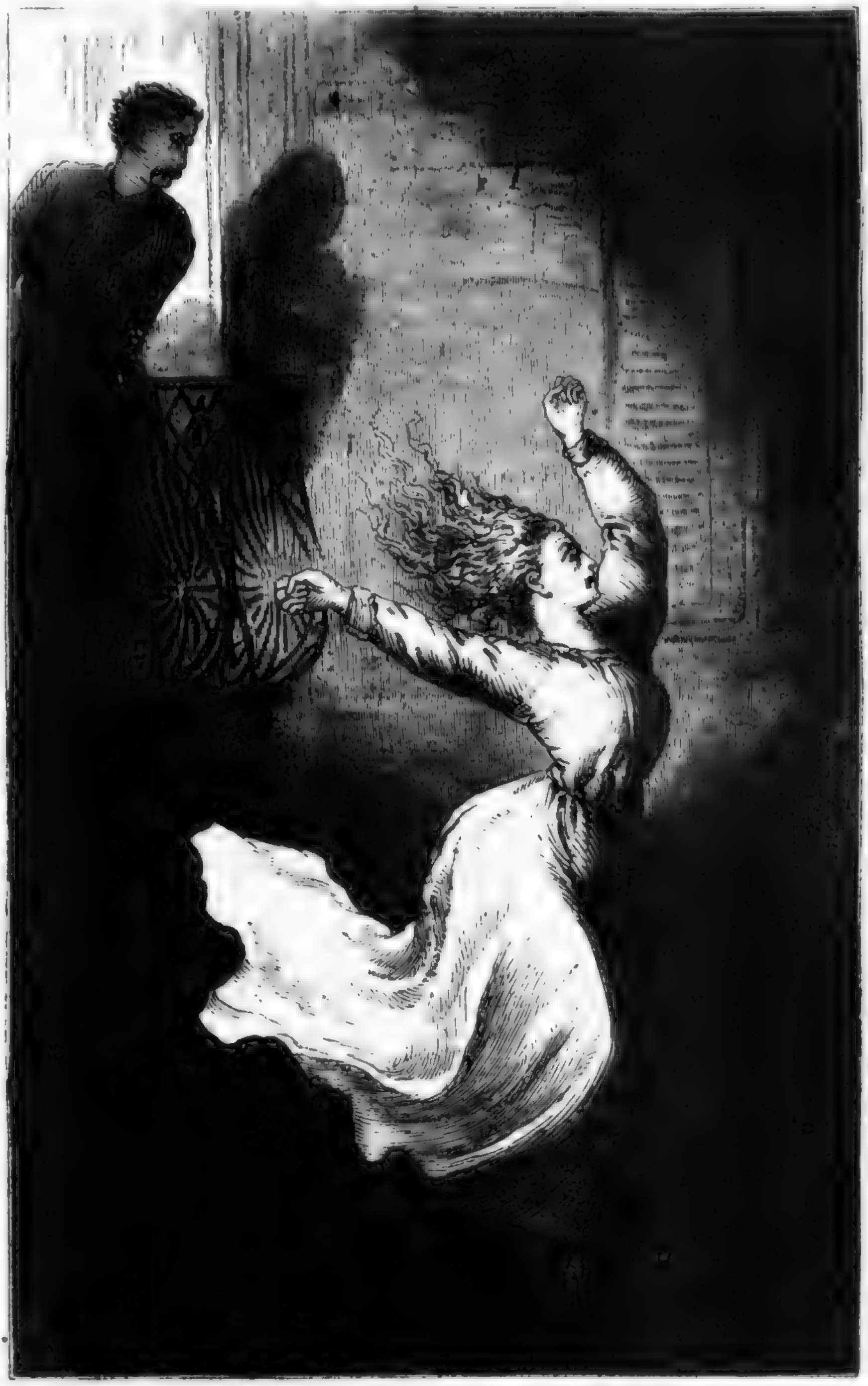
"You will not disgrace me by taking me to your room in this way, will you?" she said, haughtily, as they stood for an instant in the hall of the hotel.

"Oh, no—your reputation is safe. The tender flower shall be well cared for," he replied. "I shall resume my rights."

An acquaintance came through the hall as he spoke, and Dallas said, with ceremonious politeness, after greeting him warmly:

"Let me present you to my wife, Mrs. Norman Dallas. I see I surprise you."

The gentleman bowed low, concealing his astonished



DIES IRÆ.—"SHE GATHERED HER DRAPERY ABOUT HER, AND LEAPED INTO THE STORMY DARKNESS."—SEE PAGE 335.

XUM

face over the lady's hand. Then he lifted his admiring eyes, and remarked :

"Indeed, Dallas, you take your friends by storm. I could have sworn you were a confirmed bachelor."

"One would have said so, certainly," was the answer. "And, now, Mrs. Dallas, I know you must be fatigued after our church-going. Mr. Eustace, I trust you will visit us."

With courteous, sardonic face, Dallas accompanied his wife to the sumptuous chambers he occupied.

He placed a chair for her, and stood leaning against the window, looking down at her.

All hope of deceiving a man who could look so at her, fled from her. Were she gifted with enchantment, she could not hope to lure him to her toils.

"So you take me back to my old place as your wife ?" she said, at last, growing uneasy beneath his gaze.

"Nominally I do so," he said. "It is fortunate, is it not, that the world recognizes a tie by which I can keep you near me ? Where is your paramour—where is Gerald Lacy ?"

A crimson color suffused the face of the false woman. Had not shame, then, left her utterly ?

"I do not know ; he is dead, I think," she answered, at last.

"But not dead until he had deserted you, I hope ?" went on the man's pitiless voice.

"He left me."

"Ah ! that is well. And then you found another fool to be beguiled by your devilishly beautiful face—did you not ?"

"Lord Allanton took me under his protection," was the reply, as if the woman was at a confessional.

"Yes, I know the libertine. My wife became a common courtesan, with, perhaps, some slight choice as to her lovers."

She remained silent ; her beautiful head bent to her hand, her eyes drooped. One who did not know her would have said she was some fair, repentant woman, whose sins had been light.

"I shall kill you," Dallas said, in a sharp, deliberate tone—"I shall kill you, but I cannot yet decide how I shall do it."

She lifted her head with a sudden gesture of frightened entreaty. It was strange to see how subdued she was by this man, in such deadly earnest.

"Yes, let your torments begin now ; mine have lasted years, and I will not spare you one pang I can inflict. You have blasted too many lives to be allowed to live to go on with your work. In the East they tie such women as you and throw them into the sea. But that will kill you too suddenly. I shall not be sure enough that you die. I must think of something."

Was it a man, or a demon, who talked thus ? Stronger hearts even than that of the woman who listened, would have trembled with horror.

Every drop of blood fled backward from her face to her heart, and gave to it such a tumultuous throbbing as almost suffocated her.

With a sudden motion, she threw back her shawl, and rose from her chair, clasping her hands together in an agony of supplication.

Dallas thrilled with horror, as he saw that supple, elastic form—more graceful, if possible, than when, in earlier years, it had thrilled him with a feeling different, but as potent—the intense admiration of a first love.

She came toward him, and he recoiled at her approach, as if fearing her garments might touch him.

She threw herself on her knees at his feet, and raised her hands toward him, her voice, musical even now, breaking forth in a wild pleading for mercy.

It was a picture that might have been named Retribution, and the stern man the incarnation of a horrible fate.

"Have you no memory of the time when you loved me ?" she cried ; "let a thought of those days give you mercy !"

"I must forget those days, if I would feel mercy," he said. "As you have been kind, so will I be ; as unpityingly as you have dealt, so I will deal."

"Can you be thus cruel to a helpless woman ?" she murmured, bending her head until it rested on her ungloved hands.

"Be silent !" he cried, more violently than he had spoken before. "Your voice maddens me ! It is a melody I hate ! I will grant you this much of mercy. I had intended to keep you in this world a year, that I might prolong your misery, but I grant you a respite of six months. At the end of that time, I swear you shall die. Do not think I fear any law. You may possibly know me well enough to know what my resolution is. I am rich—money will hire faithful servants, who will watch every movement you make, if there is a time when I am not watching you myself. You shall not breathe, but there is a spy upon you. In the most secret chamber, there shall you find one of my hirelings. You shall not walk, or eat, or sleep, but you shall be watched. Oh, I will make your life hateful, and you may welcome death ; it will be inevitable at the time I set. I see by the cursed gleam of your eyes, that you think there may come a time in six months when you may escape. Try it. By all the strength of hell, I will hold you until I am willing you should die."

He turned shortly from her, and walked into the next room. Before the following day was out Dallas had taken his wife to a country seat he had just bought—a large stone mansion half a mile back from the St. Lawrence, gloomily guarded by poplars and dark-leaved firs, and surrounded by a heavy and high wall, the gates of which he kept locked. The house held half a dozen servants, and two or three quiet-looking women, who did not appear to have any special duty ; but it was at last observed that Mrs. Dallas never went out anywhere, save in the dismal garden, and that then there was invariably a woman walking a short distance behind her, and never taking her eyes from her.

Can any one imagine the dread and horror of such a life ? Mrs. Dallas grew from a fair and beautiful woman to one who showed her thirty-five years as if they were fifty. Her brilliant skin became sallow, and the incipient wrinkles deepened. This alone was more dreadful to her than words could tell. She saw no one, save regularly at their formal dinner she met her husband, who was scrupulously polite to her, and inquired anxiously concerning the cause of her altered appearance. Was she not well ? To which she invariably replied. "I am perfectly well, thank you."

And he responded :

"I fear you do not exercise enough. You should take longer walks."

This was the extent of their conversation every day.

The servants began to have a vague idea that their mistress was insane ; and their master rather encouraged the idea. They thought he was very kind and forbearing to her.

Meantime the six months were wearing to a close, and, strangely enough, considering her life, Mrs. Dallas had a growing horror of death. The eyes of her husband grew more and more like those of some relentless evil spirit as the day approached. She could hope for no mercy there.

At last that day dawned; a dreary December morning, with a blinding sleet in the air, a deep darkness of clouds over the heavens.

It had happened that Dallas was called away on business the day before, and the hours deepened into the darkness of night on the day he had set, and still he had not returned.

A faint hope dawned in the bosom of his wife, as she waited, with pallid face pressed to the window-pane. What if he should never come back? If the storm had smothered him in its cold embrace? The brilliance of a faint joy came to the wife's dull eyes at the thought, and she prayed with fervor that her husband might be lying dead in a snowdrift.

It wanted but an hour of midnight, when she fancied she heard a step in the corridor. A premonitory shudder shook her frame as she listened. In the next moment the door was flung open, and Dallas entered, his heavy riding-coat on, his hair and beard frosted with the snow through which he had been traveling.

"You see, I have not failed at our little assignation," he said, taking off his hat, and coming nearer her as she cowered into the window recess. "Do you feel that any of your sins are expiated?"

The miserable woman rose from her seat; her beautiful hair, uncared for now, fell about her shoulders; her sharpened features, her hunted-looking eyes, told something of what she had endured.

She would have spoken, but words failed her. She stood and looked at the pitiless man before her.

At last a whisper, a thousand times more emphatic than a louder tone could have been, broke from between her white lips:

"Curse you! A dying, murdered woman curses you!"

"Do not let us be melodramatic," he said, approaching still nearer, and throwing open the low window, which overlooked a steep and rocky descent, unbroken by fence or cultivation of any kind. The snow was not so deep but that the huge forms of the rocks could be seen.

"I hope you do not think I shall lay myself liable to arrest for murder?" he said, in that quiet, piercing tone he always used to her. "Our day, or, rather, our night, of wrath has come. I shall redeem my oath, and I have only five minutes before it is to-morrow. You must leap from this window. It will be a case of suicide, you see. Your death cannot but be sudden, perhaps easy. Do not waste time."

She had not taken her eyes from his face, and she spoke again in that deadly whisper that made him shiver in spite of himself.

"Remember, I curse you for ever! I have been wicked, but you have had no mercy."

With a suddenness of movement which he had not expected, she turned toward him, and laid her icy hand for an instant upon his; then she gathered her drapery about her, and leaped out into the stormy darkness.

A terrible shriek rang upward from that place; then all was silent there, save for the rushing wind and snow.

But that shriek was answered by the ringing laugh of a maniac, and Norman Dallas turned from that window hopelessly insane; raving and gibbering, with no meaning in his words.

Surely his revenge had been consummated; that woman's work had been well done; and he who had thought to take punishment from God's hands felt the thunderbolt he had hoped to wield.

THE brain is like the hand, and grows with using.

THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

RATHER more than a century ago, in the year 1764, just as death had closed the career of the once all-powerful Madame de Pompadour, who had long since exhausted all her arts in vain endeavors to revive the jaded passions of her royal lover, and when the star of the notorious Dubarry was gaining the ascendant, the Marquis and Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, attended by servants and outriders in the gayest of liveries, were driving one day in a carriage and four from their hotel at Paris to the château of Passy, of which pleasant riverside village the marquis was *seigneur*. All at once their attention was attracted to a little girl about eight years of age, clad in the beggar's accustomed livery—rags and tatters—who, carrying a younger sister on her back, ran beside the carriage, at that moment proceeding up the hill at a slow pace, and appealed for charity after the following strange fashion:

"Kind lady and gentleman, pray take pity on two poor orphans descended from Henry II. of Valois, King of France."

The marchioness, struck by the singularity of this appeal, the next day dispatched a trusty servant to the place where the children lodged, of whom there were three in all, at the adjacent village of Chaillot. The people of the house, and the neighbors generally, confirmed, so far as they were able, the truth of the little beggar-girl's story.

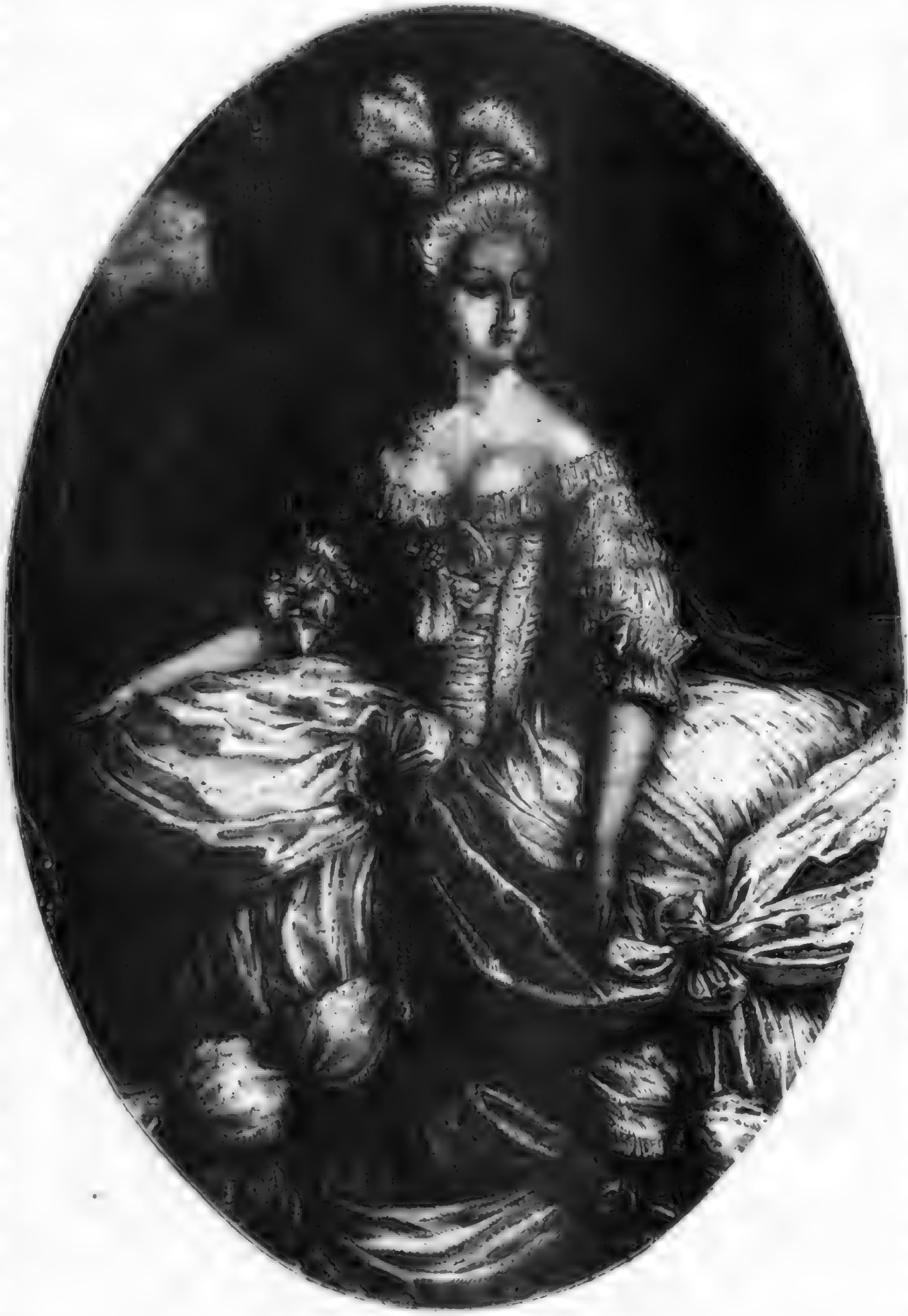
The marchioness having generously taken the children in charge, her next care was the education of the young orphans, and Jeanne and her sister were sent to a boarding-school in the neighborhood of the chateau, where they made rapid progress. In less than two years, however, the youngest girl died of the small-pox, at that time a disease not only very prevalent, but commonly fatal. Jeanne remained at school for several years longer, but at length, at her own request, was removed, and with the view of placing her in a position to provide for herself, Jeanne was articled to a Parisian mantua-maker for a term of three years. Ill-health, however, compelled her to leave before completing the engagement, and she filled one situation after another, subject to constant attacks of illness, until at length a change in the fortunes of the family made it no longer necessary for her to labor for her daily bread.

The young Jacques de Saint-Remi, brother of the sisters, had received his education under the care of M. Leclerc, the husband of his sister Jeanne's governess, and on its completion had been sent to sea.

The members of the Saint-Remi family had now their several titles awarded them. Jacques was henceforth to be styled Baron de Valois; his sister Jeanne was to be known as Mademoiselle de Valois; and Marianne was for the future to be called Mademoiselle de Saint-Remi.

To avoid the attentions of the old reprobate Marquis de Boulainvilliers, Jeanne and her sister Marianne were sent as boarders to the Abbey of Yères, in the neighborhood of Montgeron, some dozen miles or so from Paris, on the road to Lyons. Here she asserts that for a time she contemplated taking the vail, a resolution, however, which, if ever seriously entertained, was very soon abandoned.

At this abbey the sisters remained for about a year, only quitting it, say they, on the death of the abbess. Arrived at Paris, Jeanne took to mantua-making; and it was while our heroine was being initiated into the mysteries of the craft by the most distinguished of Parisian *modistes*, that the "chains of her dishonor," as she styles them, were, unknown to her, being forged in the form of a diamond necklace, such as the world never saw before, and the like of which it can scarcely hope to look upon again. Here is a description, penned by a master hand, of this regal jewel, this unique gem, long an object of desire with queens and women, which caused a nine months' convulsion of the world of Paris, and the remarkable story connected with which was for a time the talk of every city in Europe, while the mystery enveloping it is thought by many to be scarcely cleared up even now: "A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped multiple star-shaped or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot themselves, round a very queen of diamonds, on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now, lastly, two other inexpresible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible sixfold row; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind neck—we may fancy like lambent zodiacal or aurora-borealis fire."



MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

This matchless jewel had its origin in a freak of Louis XV., the "Well-beloved," as he was endearingly called at the early part of his reign, whose infatuation in later years for the notorious Countess Dubarry led him into all kinds of extravagance, and caused him to dissipate with more than his accustomed recklessness the already seriously impaired revenues of the State. On one occasion, whilst visiting with his architect the costly pavilion of Louveciennes, lately erected for Madame Dubarry, he expressed his regret that he could not present her with a palace constructed entirely of gold and precious stones. Unable to realize this extravagant whim, he resolved to bestow upon his mistress the most costly set of diamonds which could be collected throughout Europe. The result was the world-renowned Diamond Necklace.

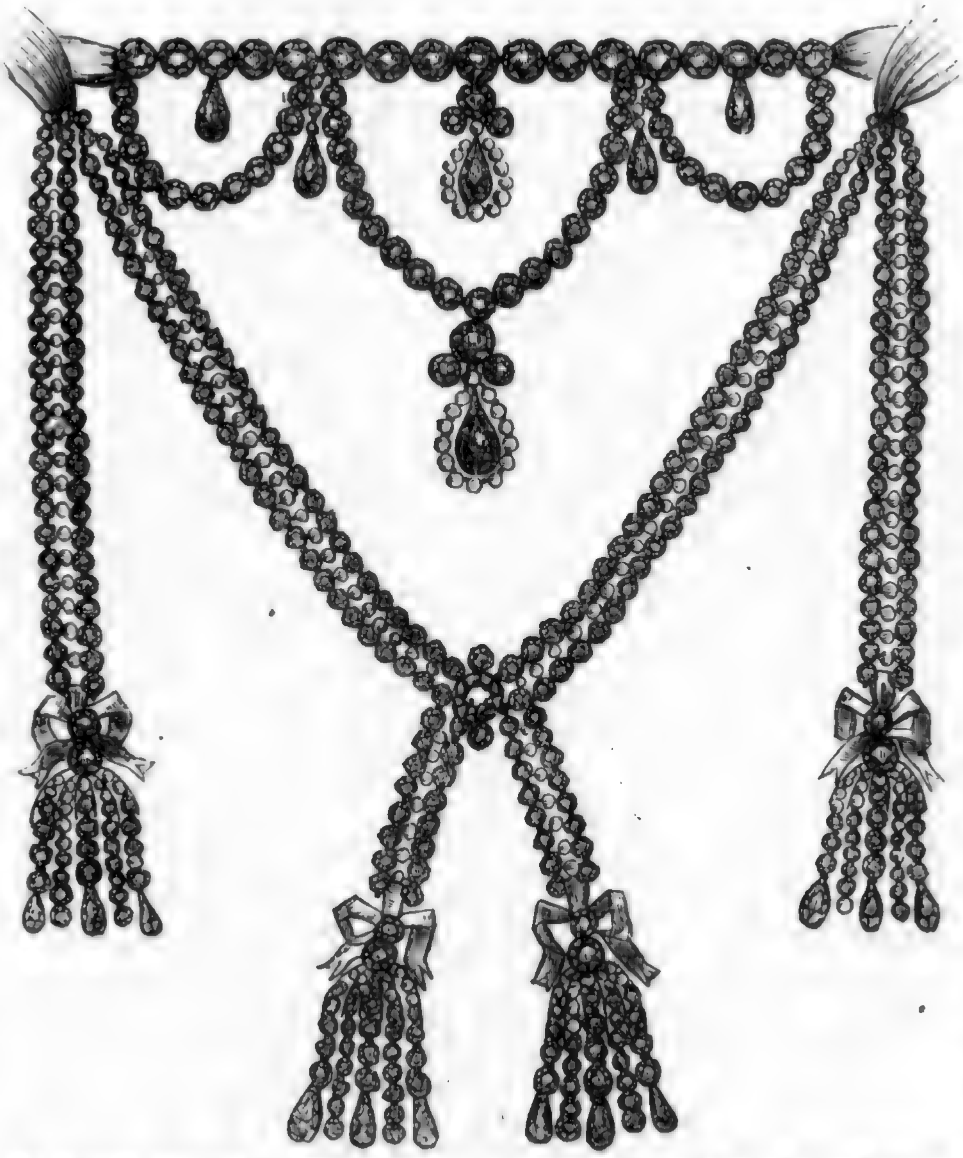
Louis XV. gave the commission to the crown jewelers, Böhmer & Bassenge, who entered heart and soul into the undertaking. The execution of so rare an order was, of course, an affair of time. Not only had the jewelers to raise funds to enable them to secure the largest and finest diamonds that were in the market, but they had to hunt out and employ the most skillful lapidaries to fashion them to their several shapes. Every important city in Europe, and others far more remote, were ransacked to collect these matchless gems. Some of the finest were met with in Germany, others in Spain, others again in Russia, a few in Brazil, and a very fine one indeed was picked up in the City of Hamburg.

For many of their purchases credit was obtained by the crown jewelers for a limited period; for others, when they had exhausted their own capital, they were obliged to have recourse to their friends. But they were full of confidence, for two millions of livres (francs) was the sum fixed to be paid by the King for this jewel beyond price.

The work went bravely on at the Böhmer & Bassenge establishment, "Au Grand Balcon," Rue Vendôme. The jewelers, their friends, their working lapidaries, their trustful creditors, were all in the highest spirits, when suddenly evil tidings cast dismay into the Böhmer & Bassenge camp. One day comes the intelligence that the King is ill; three days afterward the news arrives that he is in danger; another week brings the report that he is dead, and the late favorite for whom the rich ornament was destined banished for ever beyond the precincts of the Court.

Where is a purchaser to be found for it? Böhmer & Bassenge, crown jewelers though they be, must still pay their debts. Kings, according to a certain fiction of State, never die—"Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!" Böhmer & Bassenge, however, learn by sad experience, not only that kings do die, but that creditors, alas! do not.

What is to be done? Only one course suggests itself. A young and lovely Queen has just ascended the throne. Will it not be possible to induce her to become the purchaser of this unrivaled specimen of *bijouterie?* It was to Versailles that Böhmer betook himself, carrying with him the diamond necklace in its case of richest velvet, and ere many hours have elapsed he is displaying its matchless variegated brilliancy — its "flashes of star-rainbow colors," to the admiring gaze of the beauteous Marie Antoinette, then just twenty years of age, of a gay and lively disposition, verging, some say, on to giddiness, yet perfectly innocent; fond of pleasure, and, like other fair young creatures in this world, not indifferent to those personal ornaments which help to enhance the charms which nature has bestowed upon them with so liberal a hand. Still, pleased as she was with the gem, she nevertheless felt that the times were unpropitious; or else she scorned, may be, to wear an ornament, however beautiful, the original destination of which was, to say the least of it, unfortunate. But be this as it may, one thing is quite certain, the purchase of the necklace was declined.



THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.—FROM A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE FOR BÖHMER AND BASSENGE, JEWELERS TO THE QUEEN.

Several years went by, during which every effort was made by the Court jewelers to dispose of the diamond necklace. Shortly after the birth of Madame Royale the necklace was again offered to the Queen, but although the reduced price of one million eight hundred thousand livres was named for it, there was a more serious obstacle than ever in the way of its purchase. France was at this period engaged in a war with England on behalf of the American colonists, and her navy was in a most crippled condition. No sooner did the crown jeweler name the subject of the necklace, than Marie Antoinette interrupted him with this queen-like remark: "Monsieur, we have more need of men-of-war now than of diamonds."

On leaving the Abbey of Longchamp the two sisters Valois decided upon making their way to Bar-sur-Aube, and embarked on board one of the Seine barges plying between Paris and Nogent, from which latter place they proceeded up the River Aube to their destination. Arrived at Bar-sur-Aube with merely a few livres in their pockets, and a single change of linen beyond the clothes they had on, as asserted by Jeanne, instead of entering a convent, they put up at a miserable little inn called La Tête Rouge, where they made good their footing by their high titles and the claims they set up to the manors of Essoyes, Fontette and Verpilière, in the neighborhood. The great expectations they announced soon became generally known in a small country town, and the consequence was that the good people round about flocked to see them, out of curiosity; and it was then that a Madame de Suremont, touched by their distress, offered the fugitives the use of her house for a few days, until they could manage to provide some other lodging for themselves.

Instead of stopping merely a week at this hospitable house, according to the terms of their invitation, the Demoiselles de Valois managed to remain in it for twelve months, flirting with all the young fellows who visited there, and exhibiting more levity and freedom than was becoming to their sex. In due course several of these young fellows became smitten with our heroine, and amongst those who contested for the honor of her smiles were two who stood out in advance of the rest. One was M. Beugnot, son of a well-to-do citizen of Bar-sur-Aube. The other was M. de la Motte, a nephew of Madame de Suremont's, and son of a chevalier of St. Louis, killed at the battle of Minden. This young gentleman, an officer, or, as Madame Campan and the Abbé Georgel say, a private in the *gendarmerie*, and destitute of any fortune whatever, had already managed to involve himself deeply in debt. Previous to the Revolution the *gendarmerie*, very different from the force now known by that name, was the first cavalry regiment in France, and the usual refuge for young men of good family but poor estate.

The marriage having been sanctioned by Madame de Boulainvilliers, an early day was appointed, by the advice of the friends of M. de la Motte, for the celebration of the nuptials, which took place, according to the custom of the province, at midnight on the 6th of June, 1780.

From the day of her marriage, in the Summer of 1780, our heroine assumed the title of Countess de Valois de la Motte, though on ordinary occasions she dropped the former portion of it, retaining only the name De la Motte, by which she afterward became so notorious.

De la Motte himself had nothing but his sword, and the countess had not even her scanty pension to depend upon.

In direst straits, the De la Mottes resolve to seek assistance from the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, and to Strasbourg the pair hasten as fast as a French diligence of the eighteenth century will carry them, which is, however, not fast enough, for on their arrival they learn from the great charlatan of the age, Count Cagliostro, who just then happens to be showing off in the capital of Alsace, that the Marquis and Marchioness de Boulainvilliers have departed for Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan's palace at Saverne. There was nothing else but to give chase, so off the De la Mottes start, and on their arrival in the vicinity of the episcopal château, put up at some little inn, whence the countess writes to Madame de Boulainvilliers, apprising her that she is in the neighborhood, and asking when she may be permitted to call upon her. The next day she is honored by a visit from the marquis, who escorts her over to his wife. Some few days afterward, while the marchioness and madame are taking a carriage drive together, they meet the Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, to whom Madame de Boulainvilliers introduces her *protégée*, and recommends her to this powerful prelate's kindly notice.

The Countess de la Motte, having tasted the sweets of Paris, now repaired thither, her mind's eye fixed upon the coffers of the cardinal.

Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan, at this time in his eight-and-fortieth year, is described as a tall, portly, handsome-looking man, with a slightly ruddy complexion, bald forehead and almost white hair. There was a noble and easy bearing about him, and his manners are said to have been singularly agreeable so long as he kept his temper, of late grown exceedingly choleric, under restraint. He was weak and vain, and credulous to a degree; anything but devout, and a ladies' man. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he responded favorably to the countess's first and second appeals.

This gave her hope; and, the better to profit by the grand almoner's liberality, and to secure his influence in support of her claims, she took an apartment in Paris during the Summer of 1782, within a short distance of his hôtel.

This hôtel, built in the year 1712 by Cardinal Constantine de Rohan, uncle of the grand almoner, on a portion of the gardens of the Hôtel de Soubise, is now the National Printing-office, and internally retains no traces of what it was when Prince Louis de Rohan lived here in state befitting the dignity of a prince of the German Empire and a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. The entrance gateway and the buildings forming the external boundaries of the court in front of the hôtel are, with the exception of some evident alterations, much the same as they were in the days when the Countess de la Motte was a frequent visitor at the Palais-Cardinal. The court itself is divided by parallel ranges of buildings at right angles with the principle front, and a gateway on the right-hand side leads to what was evidently the stable-court, where a noble bas-relief by Couston, representing the watering of the horses of the sun, with the animals full life-size, may be seen over one of the arched entrances to the stables—those stables where the horse of one of the cardinal's heyducs dropped down dead on a memorable occasion of which we shall by-and-by have to speak.

The principal façade of the De Rohan Hôtel has undergone only some slight alteration since the grand almoner's time, but it is far different with the interior; the grand staircase has been removed, and the magnificent *salons de réception* have been converted into *bureaux* for the officials attached to the national printing establishment. In the principal waiting-room are four paintings by Boucher, said to have formed part of the original decorations of the Palais-Cardinal; one represents Mars attiring for the wars, with Venus holding his shield and Cupid handing him his helmet; another shows Mars reposing, with Venus, who looks wonderfully like a French marchioness of the eighteenth century, with even a scantier allowance of drapery than usual, reclining beside him on a cloud; a third portrays Juno with her peacock, the immortal Jove facing her, and Boreas and Æolus at his feet, blowing as though they would burst; while in the fourth subject we have Neptune ruling the waves with his trident, and a trio of sea-gods spurting water out of long, conch-shaped shells.

The Countess de la Motte was woman of the world enough to know that much may be accomplished by personal solicitation when written applications are of little or no avail. The Cardinal de Rohan, too, had a reputation for gallantry; and as for the countess herself, she tells us in her "Memoirs" that "her face, if not exactly handsome, had a certain piquancy about it, which, combined with her vivacity (Beugnot admits her smile was perfectly enchanting), supplied in her the want of beauty so far as to lay her open to the importunities of designing men."

At the first interview Madame de la Motte had with the cardinal, the latter, as might have been expected, from his well-known character for gallantry, proved incapable of resisting the countess's artful allurements; and she, bent on completing the conquest which she felt she had made, was careful, on the occasion of subsequent visits to the Hôtel de Strasbourg, to pay the utmost attention to her toilet—decking herself out in her finest feathers, putting on her most coquettish airs, and making the magnificent saloons of the Rue Vieille-du-Temple redolent with the odor of her perfumes.

At Versailles, which at this period was crowded with intriguers and adventurers, living for the most part by their wits, the countess now went to reside; and, having next to nothing to live upon, it is not to be wondered at that the De la Mottes were soon deeply in debt. Fortunately for her, there was always the Cardinal de Rohan to fall back upon, and the snares which she laid for him appear to have been set to some purpose, for ere six months had gone by, Madame de la Motte had so far improved her acquaintance with the grand almoner, who even assisted her in the composition of her petitions and memorials, as to become convinced—in accordance with the rule she had laid down, that alms could be only effectively asked for at the church door, or from a carriage—that a more respectable lodging was indispensable to enable her to profit by the opportunities which this intercourse seemed to open out to her. There were, moreover, other and most pressing reasons for quitting, it was said. The result was a police case, and their ejectment from the premises. A "spacious *appartement*," the rent of which was twelve hundred francs, was therefore hired by them in Paris.

Soon after the countess had become regularly resident in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles, she was a frequent attendant at mass at a convent of Minimes. A certain Father Loth, having his eye upon so interesting an addition to the common fold, made her an offer of a key, by means of which she might let herself into the chapel to the ten o'clock mass, attended, as he explained to her, only by persons of her own condition. The countess accepted the offer, and a kind of acquaintanceship sprang up between Father Loth and her, which resulted in the former becoming a constant visitor at the De la Mottes', and insinuating himself into the confidence of the family; and subsequently, when brighter days dawned upon them, officiating as a sort of steward of their household.

Although the countess went constantly to Versailles, in the hope of obtaining by some lucky chance access to the Queen, she seems to have been baffled in all her efforts. She had scraped acquaintance with Desclos, one of the Queen's pages, at a man-midwife's at Versailles, and was on gossiping terms with the gatekeeper of the Little Trianon, but could make no further advance at Court, until, by a lucky chance, she one day succeeded in penetrating into the apartments of one of the princesses. Here, whilst waiting amongst other visitors for her turn to be introduced, she suddenly fell down like a person fainting from weakness, and otherwise exhibited symptoms of great suffering. Her poverty being known, there was instantly a rumor afoot that sheer hunger was the cause of this debility. The incident produced considerable excitement in the Court circle, and news reaching the ears of the Countess de Provence that a lady of rank had fainted in the *salle d'attente*, from lack of sustenance, she flew to her assistance, and after treating her with all the tenderness that humanity dictated, gave her some twelve or fifteen louis to relieve her necessities.

The countess, much affected by the occurrence, is said to have mentioned it on the following day to Marie Antoinette, who was about to yield to the impression it made upon her sensibility; but Louis XVI., who had received so many of Madame de la Motte's petitions, and had been sufficiently bored thereby, had conceived a strong prejudice against both her and her pretensions, and pronounced her swoon to be a mere ruse to extort money. The result was that the Queen closed her purse-strings, and Madame de la Motte took little or nothing by her move.

Let us now see how it has fared with our friends, the crown jewelers, and their diamond necklace. M. Bassenge, after scouring Europe through, and ascending and descending principal and back staircases innumerable, and dancing wearying attendance in court saloons and antechambers, has returned home without effecting a sale.

Bassenge's mission having been without result, let us turn to M. Böhmer, and see what kind of luck has attended his efforts. On the 22d of October, 1781, the Queen of France gave birth to a dauphin. Böhmer, who felt this to be a favorable opportunity for him to renew his application, flew to the palace with his casket under his arm, and saw the King, at that moment the happiest man in the land. Louis XVI. received the jeweler with much condescension, and taking the casket from him, carried it to the Queen, telling her, with animated looks, that he had got a present for her. But Marie Antoinette had no sooner recognized the gorgeous gem which she had formerly rejected, than she refused to receive it, even at the King's hands; nor could the most earnest solicitations on his part abate in the smallest degree the feeling of antipathy with which, guided by her prophetic instincts, she seems to have regarded the fatal jewel.

"Is it," asked she, "that Böhmer may take girls covered with diamonds to the opera, that you would pay him for his folly in manufacturing this necklace?"

While uttering these words the Queen was greatly excited. Her nurse felt her pulse, and finding it very high, begged the King not to insist further. Louis XVI. withdrew, completely disconcerted.

This persecution of Marie Antoinette, which had begun in 1774, was continued for ten years; and every time the palace guns announced a new *accouchement*, the indefatigable Böhmer, his casket under his arm, was the first to carry his loyal congratulations to the feet of his sovereign. In due time, the crown jeweler became noted for this kind of loyalty, so that whenever he was met with in the streets of Versailles, certain wags used to point him out and ask each other: "*Serait-ce la Reine qui accouche?*"—"Is the Queen lying-in?"

Thus matters stood at the close of 1783, ten years after the order for this ill-fated jewel had been given by the infatuated lover of Madame Dubarry.

The family resources of the De la Mottes proved so far insufficient, that early in the year 1784 household goods and wearing apparel were alike in pawn at the Mont de Piété, which is scarcely to be wondered at, as the Winter was one of unprecedented severity. In a few months more the wretched adventurers will be forced to quit their "spacious *appartement*" in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles, and go forth into the streets and highways, and, in the name of Valois, again implore charity of the passing stranger. What remedy—what desperate remedy could be devised to prevent this?

Reports, which were undoubted fabrications, got into circulation. The purport of these was, that Madame de la Motte had been honored by the notice of Marie Antoinette, that she was received privately at the Petit Trianon, and was rising rapidly in the royal favor. To give an air of probability to this assertion, the countess, who had contrived to scrape acquaintance with the gatekeeper of the Trianon, managed to be seen occasionally stealing out from thence, as though returning from one of these pretended interviews with royalty.

No sooner did it get bruited abroad that the Countess de la Motte had credit at Court, than she was applied to by that busy and motley group of suitors—some of them in search of places and appointments, others in quest of patronage for new inventions, or on the lookout for opportunities to submit new schemes of taxation and finance, and others again seeking redress of real or fancied grievances—who gather together in the vicinage of royalty. The daring woman saw her chance, and entering boldly on a career of imposture, began to traffic on a credit that had no foundation, and to sell an influence which she could not exercise. This new vocation bid fair to prove a much readier source of emolument than her state petitions for relief. People came to her of their own accord, waited in *her* antechamber for an interview, conjured and supplicated *her* to lend them her protection, and in the meantime to permit them to show their gratitude by anticipation, and in a substantial form.

In this new line of business she was assisted by an old

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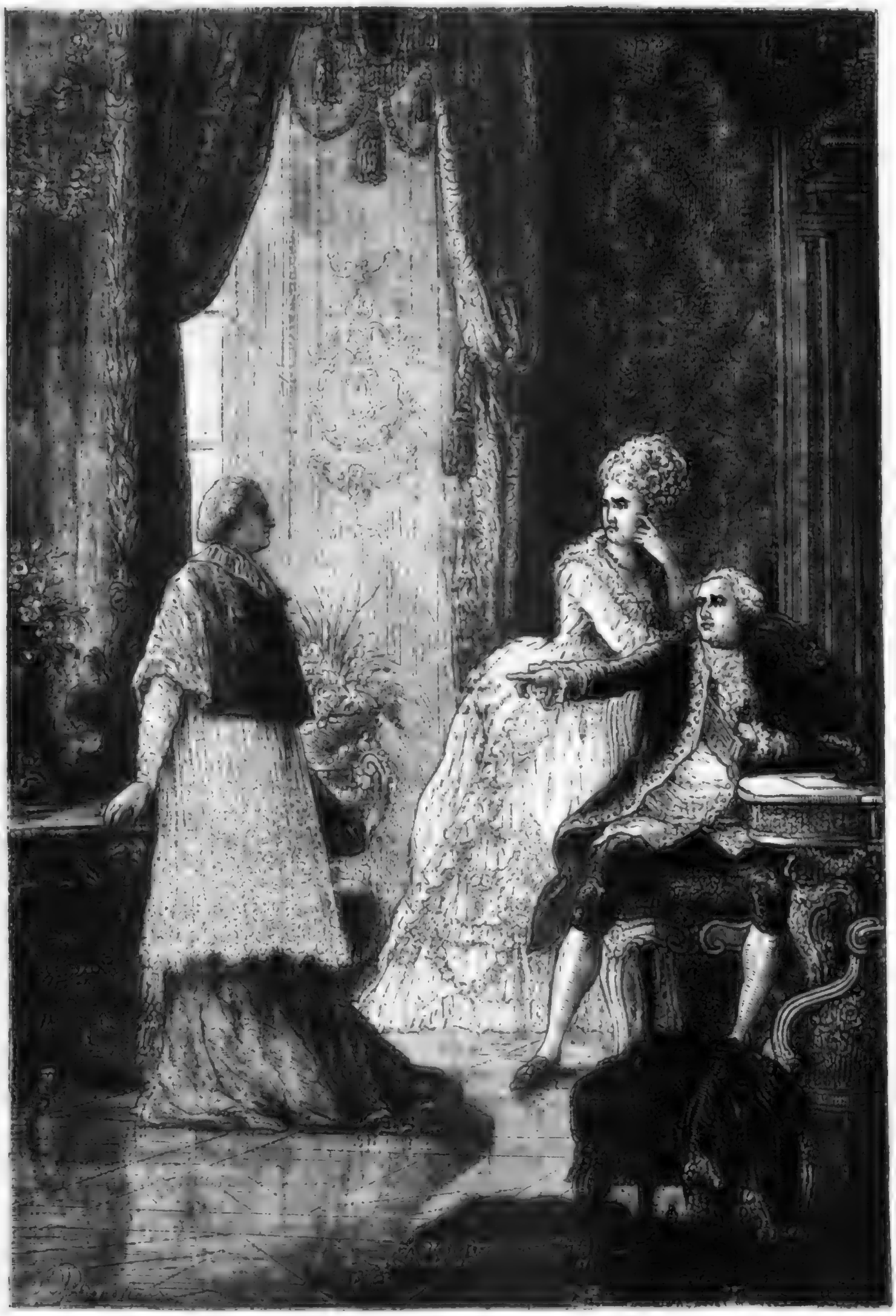
acquaintance and former comrade of her husband's in the *gendarmerie*, one Rétaux de Villette, son of a late director-general of excise at Lyons, and at this time about thirty years of age.

Finding that he was a suppliant for Court favor, Madame de la Motte first of all persuaded him that she could advance his interests, then that she would procure for him some better post than a sub-lieutenancy in the marshalsea, and finally engaged him as her secretary, and, by dint of "her piquant face, her bright and piercing eyes, her white and transparent skin, her fine teeth, her enchanting smile, her pretty hand and little foot, her graceful manner and natural wit," soon enrolled him as one of her lovers.

Marie Antoinette herself, when questioned by Louis XVI. on the subject of this intimate acquaintance, assured the King that she had never seen the woman. In a few simple words she repeats her denial when confronted with the Cardinal de Rohan, immediately preceding his arrest. And in a private letter to her sister, written at a time when the affair of the diamond necklace was making a great noise throughout Europe, Marie Antoinette thus denies all previous knowledge of her pretended confidant:



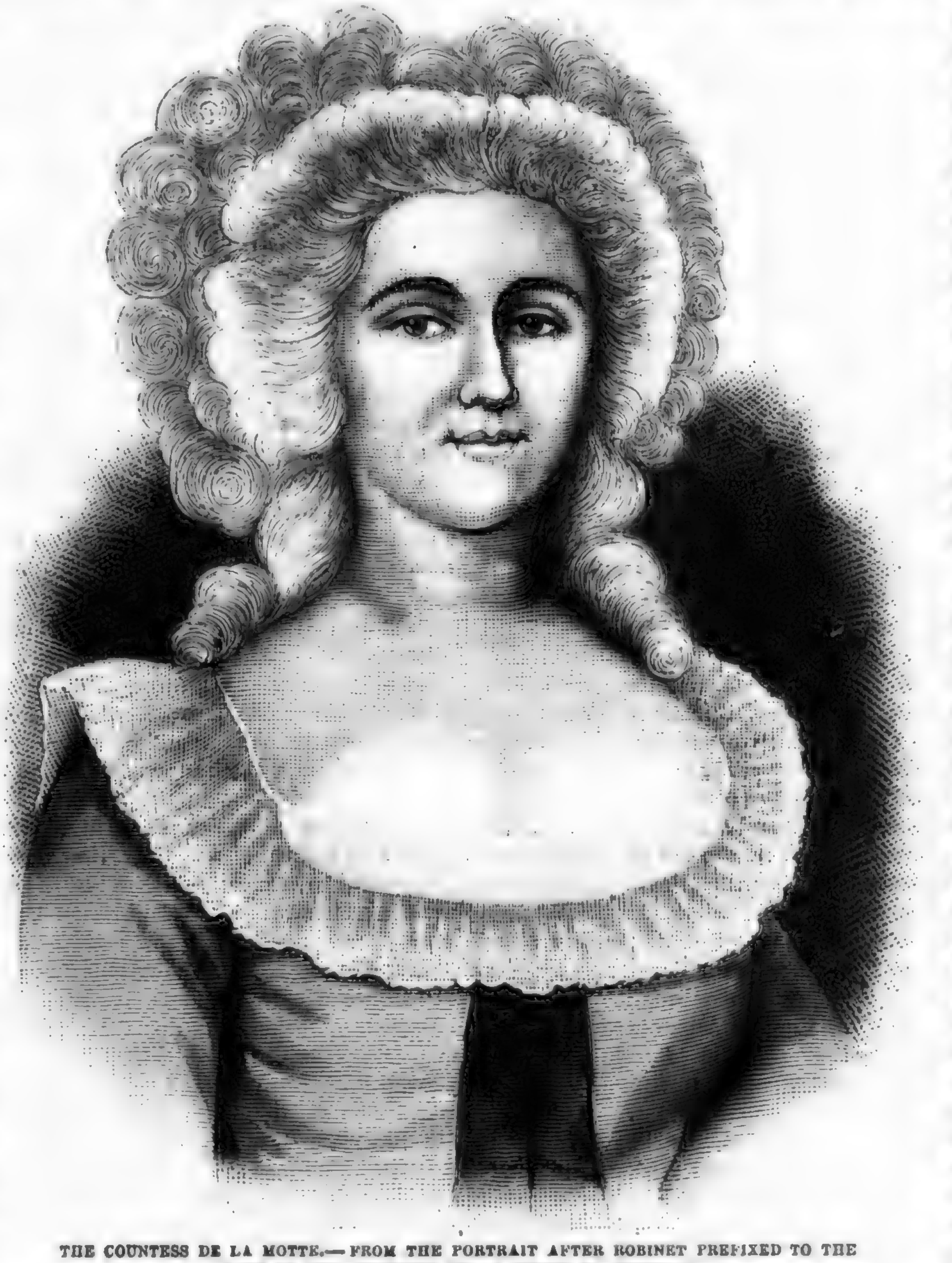
CARDINAL DE ROHAN INTERROGATED BY MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI.

"I have never seen this woman La Motte. It seems she is an

> adventuress of the lowest class, with a good address and a bold air; she has been seen two or three times on the back staircase of the Cour des Princes; this is a scheme agreed on to deceive her dupes, and to spread the belief that she is received in my closet. The Duke de Nivernois on this occasion told me that an adventuress from Paris had made her fortune in the days of Madame de Maintenon by seating herself twice a week on the stairs; one day she found the drawing-room of that lady open; she went in, and seeing no one near, she walked up to the balcony over the Place d'Armes, thus proclaiming to every one that she was in favor with Madame de Maintenon. We are surrounded in this place by persons of that class."

Again, at the very last, only a few hours before her head was severed from her body by the guillotine, she still firmly repudiated all knowledge of any such individual.

Among the tribe of solicitors who put faith in the report of Madame de la Motte's intimacy with Marie Antoinette, and sought to turn it to their own advantage, certainly by far the most sanguine of them all was her "friend" Louis-René-Édouard de Rohan. The very man who had been wont to bestow alms upon a descendant of the House of Valois, was now almost ready to cringe to the former recipient of his bounty for favor and support. He incurred the dislike, and even hatred, of the Queen of France, partly in consequence of having repeated to the Empress Maria Theresa certain scandals current at the French Court respecting the unbecoming levity of her daughter, then dauphiness — whom, by-the-way, by virtue of his office of coadjutor at Strasbourg, he had had to receive on the occasion of her first entry into France—and partly in consequence of a letter written by him in an unguarded moment, wherein he reflected strongly on the duplicity of the Empress with respect to Poland.



THE COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.— FROM THE PORTRAIT AFTER ROBINET PREFIXED TO THE LIFE OF THE COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE BY HERSELF.

In spite of the Queen's aversion, which, by-the-way, was fully shared by Louis XVI., the cardinal, whose ambition led him to covet the office of prime minister, fondly hoped, sooner or later, to recover his ground. When, therefore, he heard, as very good care was taken he quickly should hear, that a lady who stood in certain tender relations toward himself, and was under certain pecuniary obligations to him, was in favor with the Queen, the credulous dotard suspected neither deception nor exaggeration in the report; which, perhaps, was scarcely surprising, for nature, we are told, had given the *soi-disant* new favorite a frank and honest face in spite of her proficiency in the arts of deceit. The cardinal, only too ready to be blinded and deluded, counseled his protégée how to proceed in order to retain and improve the position which he imagined she had already acquired, intending, without doubt, to avail himself of her interest to recover the good opinion of the Queen, whose deep-rooted prejudice against him was the bane of his life.

Before the close of Spring in the year 1784, the Countess de la Motte has effectually built up her grand fabrication. Gradually, step by step, the vigilant schemer advances, her dupe's fancy and conceit outstepping the measured tread of the inventor, whose falsehoods are not poured forth fast enough to fill the wide throat of this insatiable gull. First she assures him that she has spoken and interceded for him with the Queen, who listened to her with attention but evident suspicion; but that, after having heard of several instances of his benevolence to herself and other persons, the royal prejudice had given way. The cardinal, of course, takes heart at this assurance, and waits resignedly for the happy progress of a negotiation which has opened so promisingly.

In due time the grand almoner is informed that majesty has at last relented, having been, of course, won over by the countess's continuous praises of him, and by her assurances that he was far less culpable than he was represented to be by his enemies; that he was full of penitence and remorse for any errors he might have committed; that her Majesty's aversion to him was his constant affliction, and that his health was yielding to this sorrow.

"I am authorized by the Queen," the countess one day calmly said to him, "to request you to furnish her with a written explanation of the faults imputed to you."

In compliance with this demand, the cardinal delivered to Madame de la Motte a lengthy exculpatory statement, the main purport of which was to accuse his niece, the Princess de Guéménée, of having intrigued to add to his disgrace at Court, while pretending to act as intercessor on his behalf.

About three weeks after the delivery of his written justification into the hands of Madame de la Motte, the grand almoner received a note, bordered with "*vignettes bleues*"—Marie Antoinette invariably wrote on paper with colored borders—and purporting to be written by Marie Antoinette. This stated that she had read with indignation of the manner in which he had been deceived by his niece, assured him that she had forgotten all that had passed, and desired him never again to make the slightest allusion to a matter so unpleasant—a convenient way of tabooing a subject, the discussion of which might have proved extremely embarrassing to the countess, and have sooner or later exposed the fraud then being practiced upon the cardinal. The note wound up with the following passage, the motive of which the reader will be at no loss to divine: "The account which the countess has given me of your behavior toward her has made a stronger impression on me than all that you have written to me. I hope that you will never forget that it is to her you are indebted for your pardon."

It is needless to inform the reader that, so far as the letters attributed to Marie Antoinette are concerned, they were one and all of them vile fabrications. They were penned, in fact, by the prospective sub-lieutenant of the marshalsea, of whom we have already spoken, Rétaux de Villette, who was attached to the countess in the double capacity of "*cavalier servente*" and secretary.

According to his usual practice, the cardinal, with Versailles and the Little Trianon closed against him, is spending the sultry summertime in retirement at his stately palace of Saverne, situated at the foot of the eastern slope of the Vosges, where he exercises all the authority of a petty sovereign, and keeps up a well-nigh regal state. Gentlemen of high birth do not disdain his service; and such is the prodigality that rules in his establishment, that he has no less than fourteen *maîtres d'hôtel* and twenty-five *valets de chambre!*

In the Summer of the year 1784, couriers bound for Paris would every now and then sally forth from the palace-gates with bags of letters, among which there was invariably one elaborately sealed packet addressed to the Countess de la Motte. Inclosed in this would be a letter for the Queen, begging, entreating, praying for an interview at which the writer might plead his cause and regain complete possession of his royal mistress's favor. Days and weeks go by while he is waiting and watching for a response. Judge, however, of the cardinal's agitation when one day the countess herself arrives unexpectedly at Saverne—having traveled post all the way from Paris—and announces to him that the long and eagerly sought interview is at length accorded to him; that the Queen has consented to a midnight meeting with him in the Park of Versailles. The countess thought, and thought rightly, that a journey of nearly three hundred miles, undertaken on purpose to be the bearer of this welcome intelligence, would give it all the greater weight, and would effectually dispel any unpleasant doubts that might perchance by this time have taken possession of the cardinal's mind.

Counterfeit *billet-doux* having been palmed off on the infatuated cardinal as genuine with such complete success, the countess now ventures on a singularly bold step, nothing less than the personation of majesty itself, and actually succeeds in foisting upon the purblind prelate *une belle courtisane* of the Palais Royal as the beautiful, high-born Marie Antoinette.

This young person, commonly known as Mademoiselle d'Oliva, but whose real name was Leguay Designy, was born in Paris in 1761, and was consequently younger than the Queen by seven years. Although her reputation was anything but spotless, she was by no means the common creature she is ordinarily represented to have been.

Mademoiselle d'Oliva is hoodwinked by the desperate countess, who visits her at her apartments in Paris.

Says the countess to Mademoiselle d'Oliva:

"I possess the Queen's full confidence; we are like hand and glove together. She has just given me another proof of this trust, by commissioning me to find her a person to do something which will be explained at the proper time. I have made choice of you, and, if you like to undertake it, I will make you a present of 15,000 livres (francs); but the present that you will receive from the Queen will be much more considerable. I cannot tell you my name just yet, but you shall soon be informed who I am. If, however, you do not think my word sufficient, and desire to have security for the 15,000 livres, we will go directly to a notary's."

The day following this interview, the count, who is accompanied by Rétaux de Villette, takes Mademoiselle Leguay, alias d'Oliva, to Versailles.

The *belle courtisane* of the Palais Royal, whose resemblance to Marie Antoinette is said to have been singularly striking—she was remarkable for the elegance of her figure, had blue eyes and chestnut-colored hair—is now dressed and tricked out in coquettish *négligée*—a white robe *en chemise*, bordered and lined with rose-color, and a white lace hood—for the famous interview which the Cardinal de Rohan had so earnestly solicited of the Queen, with whom the miserable dupe flattered himself he had been all this while corresponding.

The memorial of the Demoiselle Leguay Designy states:

"Between eleven and twelve o'clock I went out with Monsieur and Madame de la Motte. I had on a white mantle and a white lace hood. I do not remember whether I carried a fan in my hand or not; I cannot say for certain. The small note furnished me by the Countess de la Motte, with instructions to deliver it, was in my pocket.

"They took me into the park; there a rose was put into my hand by Madame de la Motte, who said to me: 'You will give this rose, along with the letter, to the person who shall present himself to you, and say to him these words: "You know what this means." The Queen will be there to see how your meeting passes off; she will speak to you. She is there yonder, and will be close behind you. You shall presently speak to her yourself.'

"These last words made such an impression on me, that I trembled from head to foot. I could not help telling them so; I observed to them that I did not know I was to speak to the Queen. I asked them, in a stammering voice, what was the proper mode or form of speech. . . . M. de la Motte answered me: 'You must always say, Your Majesty.'

"I need scarcely, I think, break off here to declare that, far from having had the honor of speaking to the Queen, or her having done me the honor to speak to me, I did not even see her at all. . . .

"We were still walking along, when M. de la Motte met a man, to whom he said: 'Ah! is that you?' . . . Afterward, when I dined with the La Mottes, I recognized in Villette, their friend, the same person who was thus addressed by M. de la Motte. . . .

"Madame de la Motte then accompanied me to a hedge of yoke elms, leaving me there whilst she went to fetch the great nobleman to whom I was to speak.

"I remained waiting . . . . The noble unknown came up, bowing as he approached me, whilst Madame de la Motte stood aside a few paces off, and appeared to watch the scene. I knew not who the great nobleman was, and although the Cardinal de Rohan now acknowledges that he was the person, I am still ignorant upon the point.

"It was a dull night, not a speck of moonlight; nor could I distinguish anything but those persons and objects which were familiar to me. It would be quite impossible for me to describe the state I was in. I was so agitated, so excited, so disconcerted, and so tremulous, that I cannot conceive how I was able to accomplish even half of what I had been instructed to do.

"I offered the rose to the great nobleman, and said to him, 'You know what this means,' or something very similar. I cannot affirm whether he took it or let it fall. As for the letter, it remained in my pocket; I had entirely forgotten it.

"As soon as I had spoken, Madame de la Motte came running up to us, saying in a low, hurried voice: 'Quick, quick, come away!'

"I left the stranger, and after proceeding a few steps, found myself with M. de la Motte, whilst his wife and the unknown went off together and were lost to our view. Count de la Motte conducted me back to the hôtel, where we sat talking together until the return of his lady.

"She came home about two in the morning, when I explained to her that I had forgotten to give the note. I was afraid she would have scolded me for this negligence, but instead of doing so she evinced the greatest satisfaction, assuring me she had just left the Queen, and that her Majesty was in the highest degree delighted with my performance.'"

Such appears to have been the famous scene in the park at Versailles at midnight, when the Prince de Rohan, deluded by an artful woman, was fain to believe that he had been honored with an interview with the Queen of France, and might soon expect to be openly received at Court. The countess knew perfectly well that the cheat would run the risk of being detected if the dialogue were suffered to proceed too far; she therefore frightened away her dupes almost as soon as she had brought them together.

A counterfeit Queen, and no other, was present at the interview. His eminence the cardinal was so much elated with his good fortune, in having thus recovered, as he hoped, the favor of the Queen, and felt so well assured that he was now in a fair way of becoming prime minister, the great object of his ambition, that the Countess de la Motte resolved at once to reap the first fruits of his fond hallucination. So great was her decision of character, so thorough her assurance, so precise and prompt her mode of action, that before many days had elapsed she had applied for, by means of a billet bordered with *vignettes bleues*, penned of course by the forger Villette, and obtained the moderate sum of 50,000 livres, in the Queen's name, assuring her dupe that the Queen required the loan for certain charitable purposes. Ere another three months had gone by, by the aid of another forged billet purporting to have been penned by the Queen, madame succeeded in obtaining 100,000 livres more. Both these amounts she received at the hands of the cardinal's equerry, the Baron de Planta. Thus the Prince de Rohan, who in the month of July had been duped by an interview with a counterfeit Queen, had been swindled, ere the year had gone by, out of no less a sum than 150,000 livres, or $30,000.

On the countess's return to Paris—the countess had retired to the country for a few weeks—the correspondence between the cardinal and the phantom Queen was speedily resumed; and it was at this time that madame applied for and obtained in the Queen's name from the cardinal the 100,000 livres of which we have already spoken; for of the 50,000 livres received in August last every sou of course was spent.

All this while plans are being perfected for the successful carrying out of that grand scheme of fraud, which not only caused the greatest commotion throughout France, but may be said to have startled the entire civilized world by its audacity. The first incidents of the new intrigue appear to have been congenial. Some hanger-on of the countess's would seem to have sought out an emissary of the crown jewelers, employed to find a purchaser for the famed diamond necklace, with the prospect of a commission for himself, and whispered in his ear that the Countess de la Motte was privately received by the Queen, with whom she had both credit and influence, but that unusual reasons existed for not speaking publicly of this intimacy. He thought, however, that the countess, if she could only be induced to undertake the negotiation, was a very likely person to prevail upon the Queen to buy the necklace.

This suggestion was duly reported to Böhmer and Bassenge, after which it appears the former waited on Madame de la Motte at her own house, and exhibited the matchless jewel. Everything else followed in due course.

In January, 1785, the countess contrives to insinuate to the crown jewelers, through some of her high-class connections, that the Queen really does desire to have the necklace. She openly states as much to the cardinal, whom, in the very depth of a bitterly cold Winter, she has summoned to Paris by the aid of a courier armed with one of those well-known and highly prized billets, gilt-edged, or bordered with *vignettes bleues*, in which the Queen is made to say: "The wished-for moment has not yet arrived, but I desire to hasten your return on account of a secret negotiation which interests me personally, and which I am unwilling to confide to any one but yourself. The Countess de la Motte will explain the meaning of this enigma."

The price eventually agreed upon for the necklace was 1,600,000 livres ($320,000), to be paid in four installments of equal amount at intervals of six months, the first installment of 400,000 livres to fall due in August. But the crown jewelers, who had been advised to be cautious in dealing with the cardinal, required that the contract should be authorized by the royal signature. To account for this demand, they explained to the cardinal that they had heavy debts and liabilities which prevented them from parting with an asset of so much value without replacing it with adequate vouchers to satisfy their creditors—notably M. Baudard de Saint-James, Treasurer-general of the Navy, to whom they were indebted in no less a sum than 800,000 livres, and who had waited so long and so patiently.

The obtaining the Queen's signature to the contract necessarily gave rise to some delay. The cardinal sent the deed, as he believed, to Marie Antoinette through Madame de la Motte, with the intimation that it was only a form,

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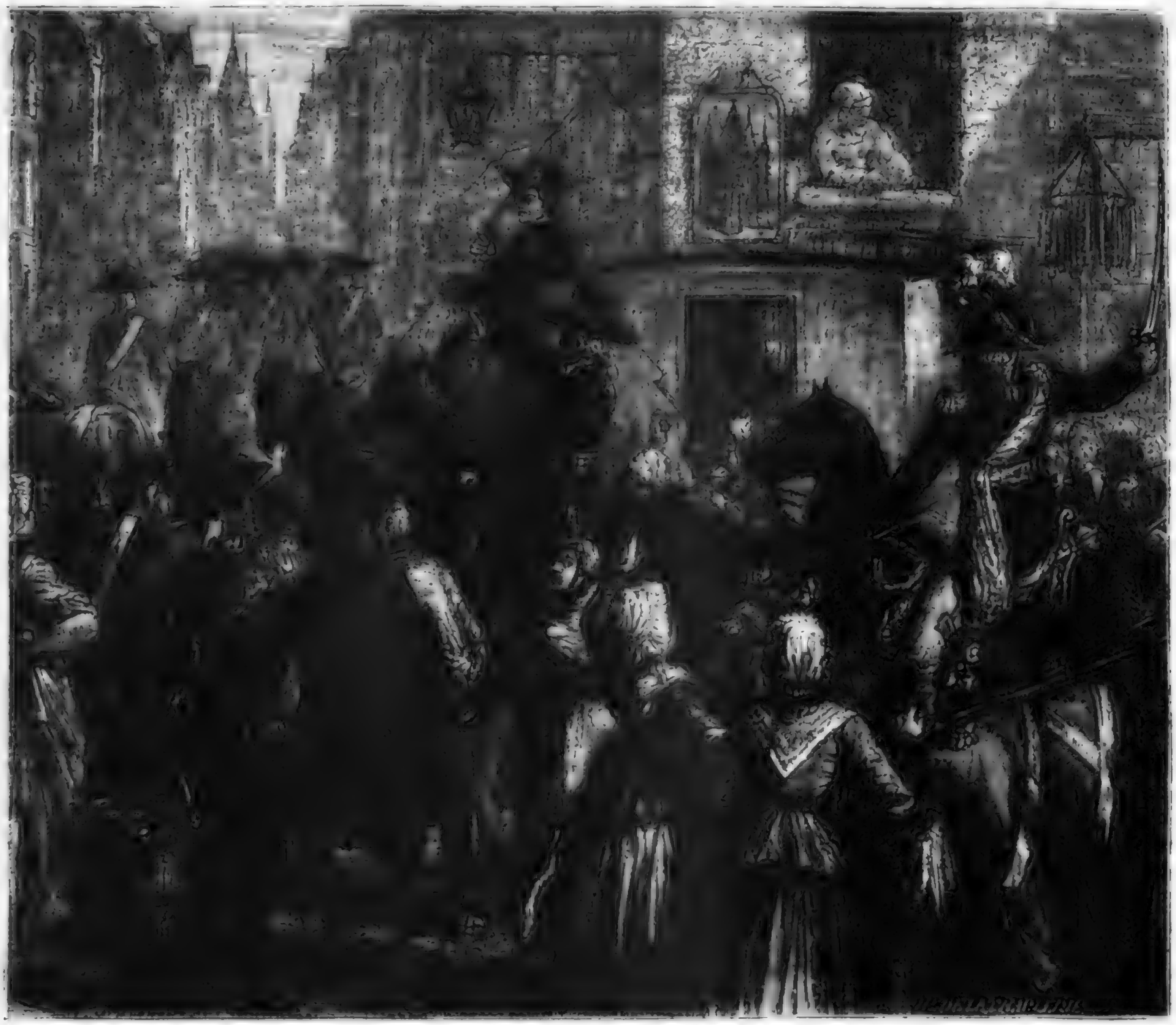


ARREST OF LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

would be merely shown to the jewelers, and not delivered up to them.

The countess, however, returns with the deed unsigned. Royalty is in dudgeon at its sacred name having been made use of. The grand almoner was greatly distressed at this new obstacle, which he thought her Majesty was inclined to aggravate. But what was to be done?

Madame de la Motte returns a second time from Versailles, and pretends to have had a second audience with Marie Antoinette. The Queen, she says, was very angry with the cardinal for having introduced her name into the transaction.

But the deluded cardinal, hoping thereby to please the Queen, bought the necklace of the jewelers on his own guarantee, for one million six hundred thousand francs, backed with the fraudulent signature of Marie Antoinette. The contract had been drawn up with great care by the cardinal himself, and was written with his own hand, since the matter was, of course, of too secret a nature to be intrusted to a professional engrosser; and, after having been exhibited to Böhmer & Bassenge for their private satisfaction, it was left in the cardinal's keeping. The unfortunate dupe, of course, believed he held possession of the royal guarantee. The confidence and mental satisfaction of the jewelers when they read the contract, ratified by majesty itself, was equal to that felt by the cardinal.

We may instance as another proof of the countess's prompt mode of action, that by the end of January, 1785, the whole affair was settled—in fact, within six weeks after she had promised "to see if she could not contrive indirectly to render the jewelers some service," the famous diamond necklace, which had been to them a source of grave anxiety for years, was off their hands.

That arch charlatan, Cagliostro, arrived in Paris just at the time the cardinal was making the final arrangements with the crown jewelers for the purchase of the necklace. Whether or no he was summoned thither by the cardinal himself, we are unable to say; but if the Abbé Georgel's statement is to be relied on, it is quite certain that the grand almoner consulted Cagliostro respecting the business of the necklace, prior to concluding the negotiations.

The Countess de la Motte, who it will be remembered had formerly met Cagliostro at Strasbourg, renewed her acquaintance with him in the *salons* of the Palais-Cardinal, where she was now a constant visitor.

So infatuated did Cagliostro become under the influence of his own delusions on the one side, and the spell of this enchantress on the other, that the countess would appear to have controlled the crafty necromancer, even in the performance of his own spells.

The Cardinal de Rohan obtained possession of the necklace early on the morning of the 1st of February, 1785, and had not long to wait ere he was honored with the

Queen's commands to deliver it into her royal custody. The cardinal, of course, expected, from having rendered the Queen a service for which she could not feel otherwise than grateful, that he would have been permitted to deliver the rich jewel to Marie Antoinette in person; and when he received from Madame de la Motte the following note, purporting to be written by the Queen, he imagined his expectations were on the point of being realized:

> "This evening (February 1), at nine o'clock, you must be at the countess's house (at Versailles) with the casket, and in the usual costume. Do not leave until you hear from me."

The countess lodged at "La Belle Image," in the Place Dauphine; and thither, on this sharp Winter's night—it was a hard frost, and the ground was almost like glass—the cardinal proceeded, wrapped up in a long greatcoat, and wearing a slouched hat that concealed his features.

He had with him Schreibert, his *valet de chambre*, who had charge of the casket. The cardinal, when they had reached the house, took it from him, and went up-stairs by himself. He found Madame de la Motte alone, and presented to her the rich burden he was carrying.

Some time after, a man, who announced himself as a messenger from the Queen, entered the apartment. The cardinal withdrew cautiously into an alcove which was half open. The man delivered a note. Madame de la Motte sent him for a moment outside the room, then came toward the cardinal and read to him the letter containing the order for delivering up the casket to the bearer. The man was then called in again, the casket was given into his hands, and he took his departure. . . . Who was that man? To the cardinal he seemed to be the same that he had descried in the park of Versailles on the night of the 11th of August, 1784, close to Mademoiselle d'Oliva.

We will undertake to answer the cardinal's interrogatory. The messenger was an accomplice of the countess's: none other than the forger Rétaux de Villette, made up for the occasion "with large black eyebrows, and pale face," and the letter of which he was the bearer was one of his own numerous forgeries. At any rate, the countess's *femme de chambre*, Rosalie Briffaut, deposed to having opened the door to him at the precise hour on that particular night, when he immediately entered the countess's apartment.

Success is attained at last! The great fraud is consummated! The woman who, when a child, we have seen running along the streets with naked feet, the tatters of poverty her only covering, and begging of lords and ladies to "bestow a few sous on a descendant of Henry II. of Valois, King of France," has at length obtained possession of the famed diamond necklace, valued at 1,600,000 livres, ($320,000)!

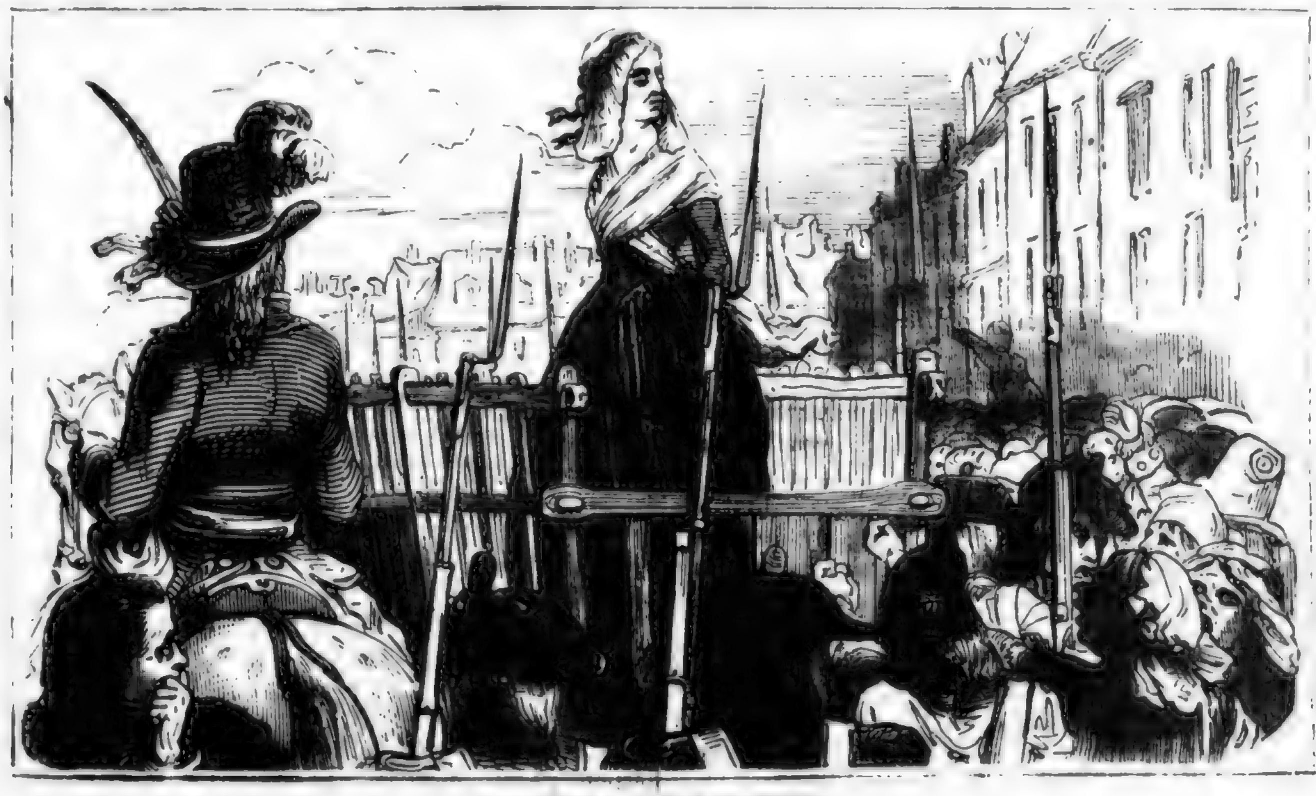
The jewelers, delighted at having got the troublesome piece of *bijouterie* off their hands, invite the countess to a grand dinner, which came off on the 12th of February.

On the 3rd of February, two days after the necklace had been delivered to the cardinal, he met Böhmer and Bassenge at Versailles.

"Well," he said, "have you made your very humble acknowledgments to her Majesty for having purchased your necklace?"

The jewelers, careless upon this point now the necklace was fairly off their hands, had not done so. The cardinal upbraided them with their neglect—a fact admitted at the trial.

Months glide by without the slightest suspicion arising, although the grand almoner is somewhat puzzled at the Queen never wearing the necklace in public. Every time he meets the jewelers he repeats his inquiry whether they have humbly thanked the Queen, and renews his very earnest recommendation for them to do so. At length, in the last week of June, after the countess has more than once hinted to him that the Queen thinks the necklace dear, the cardinal receives a letter written in her Majesty's name by the forger Villette, complaining of the excessive price of the jewel, and demanding a reduction of 200,000 livres, in which case 700,000 instead of 400,000 livres would be paid on the 1st of August; "otherwise," the letter went on to say, "the article will be returned." The crown jewelers murmur, as well they might, at this unexpected demand; but rather than be again burdened with the necklace, after consulting with Saint-James, they give an unwilling consent to the new arrangement. When all is finally settled, by the advice of the cardinal they address



EXECUTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

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to the Queen the following letter, the very words of which are dictated by the grand almoner himself:

> "MADAME:—We are extremely happy to think that the last arrangements which have been proposed to us, and to which we have submitted with respectful zeal, will be received as a new instance of our submission and devotedness to your Majesty's commands, and we feel truly rejoiced to think that the most beautiful set of diamonds in the world will be worn by the best and greatest of queens. BÖHMER & BASSENGE.
>
> "July 12, 1785."

This letter was delivered by Böhmer to Marie Antoinette with a diamond epaulette and buckles which the King had ordered of the crown jewelers as presents to the Duke d'Angoulême on the day of his christening. The Queen, who had just returned from mass, went at once into her library, where Madame Campan was present. "She held the note in her hand; she read it to me," says Madame Campan, "observing, that as I had in the morning guessed the enigmas in the *Mercure*, I could no doubt discover the meaning of this, which that madman Böhmer had just handed to her. These were her very words. The note contained a request not to forget him, and expressions of his happiness at seeing her in possession of the most beautiful diamonds that could be found in Europe. As she finished reading the note, she twisted it up and burnt it at a taper which was standing lighted in her library for sealing letters; and merely recommended me, when I should see Böhmer, to request an explanation of it. 'Has he assorted some new ornaments?" added the Queen. 'I should be very vexed if he has done so, for I don't intend to make use of his services any longer.'"

A few days afterward, namely, on the 3d of August, Böhmer, who occasionally visited the father-in-law of Madame Campan, went down to his country house at Crespy—whether or not by invitation from Madame Campan does not appear—when Madame Campan repeated to him all that the Queen had desired her to say. Böhmer, she tells us, seemed petrified, and asked how it was that the Queen had been unable to understand the meaning of the letter he had presented to her.

"I read it myself," replied Madame Campan, "and I could make nothing of it."

Böhmer observed that he was not surprised at that, as there was a certain mystery in the affair respecting which she was ignorant, but of which he would inform her fully if she would accord him a private interview.

"When I had got rid of the persons who required my presence in the drawing-room," says Madame Campan, "I went with Böhmer down one of the garden walks."

Here the promised explanation was given, on hearing which Madame Campan was "so struck with horror," "so absorbed in grief," that a storm of thunder and rain came on while they were talking together without exciting her attention. During this conversation, Böhmer stated that the Queen, having changed her mind respecting his "grand necklace," and having determined to purchase it, had employed the Cardinal de Rohan as her agent in the transaction.

Madame Campan at once told the crown jeweler that he was deceived, for the Queen had never spoken to the cardinal since his return from Vienna, and there was not an individual at Court less favorably looked upon than the grand almoner.

She assured poor Böhmer that he was the victim of a detestable plot; whereupon the jeweler confessed that he began to feel alarmed, as the cardinal had declared to him that the Queen would be certain to wear the necklace on Whit Sunday, and he (Böhmer) was greatly astonished when he saw that she did not have it on.

The half-crazy jeweler next hastened to the Little Trianon, but failed in obtaining an interview with Marie Antoinette. A day or two afterward, the Queen having sent for Madame Campan to rehearse with her the part of *Rosina*, which she was to play in Beaumarchais's comedy, "The Barber of Seville," at her private theatre at the Little Trianon, took an opportunity of asking her why she had sent Böhmer to her (who had been to speak to her, saying that he came at Madame Campan's request), when she did not wish to see him.

The De la Mottes had spirited away the necklace, it is true, but how were they to turn it into hard cash? Every working jeweler in France knew this famed piece of *bijouterie* by repute almost as well as if he had had a hand in its manufacture. The only plan, therefore, was for them, somehow or other, to remove the diamonds from their settings, and to dispose of them piecemeal. The first the De la Mottes contrived to do after a fashion by means of a knife or some such instrument; the last they found a difficult and even dangerous undertaking.

On the 15th of February the countess's first secretary and the forger of the Queen's signature to the contract with the jewelers, Rétaux de Villette, who was of course as deep in the plot as the De la Mottes themselves, was intrusted with about forty of the smaller stones to sell to two Jew diamond merchants named Adam and Vidal for four hundred francs apiece, and De la Motte went to England with a large portion of the remainder.

On the 22d of June, Count de la Motte finds himself in Paris again, with a letter of credit for the sum of 122,896 livres in his pocketbook, on Perregaux the banker.

It must have been at this particular juncture that the cardinal chanced to see some two or three letters actually written by Marie Antoinette, and that, struck by the dissimilarity of the handwriting of these letters and those received from Madame de la Motte, he communicated his doubts upon the subject to the countess. She, with her active brain and ever-ready tongue, had of course a hundred reasons to prove to the credulous cardinal that he was mistaken, and so set his mind at rest. Not so as regarded her own; she felt none of that confidence with which she could so readily inspire her dupe. She feared the mine was on the point of being sprung, and that the explosion would take place before she could make good her retreat. To reassure alike the cardinal and the jewelers, she goes with her casket of jewels—which Regnier tells her are worth 100,000 livres, to her notary, one Mainguet, with whom she pawns them for a loan of 35,000 livres, 30,000 of which she takes to the Prince de Rohan to give to Böhmer and Bassenge. Then she packs off Rétaux de Villette post-haste to Bar-sur-Aube, and so much is she taken up with these urgent matters that she neither dines nor sups nor sleeps at home on that day.

The jeweler simply thought he was dreaming when he was summoned to an interview with the countess, and she, with the calmest of countenances and the firmest of voices, said to him: "I have sent for you to let you know that you have been deceived—the word '*approuvé*' and the signature attached to the paper containing the conditions of sale of the necklace are forgeries—the Queen's handwriting has been counterfeited. As for the rest, the cardinal, you know, is very rich; you had better look to him, and insist upon his rendering himself personally liable."

When Böhmer returns home the two partners compare notes, and decide that the Queen ought to be seen without a moment's delay. To Versailles, therefore, Böhmer hastens, but is refused an audience by Marie Antoinette. A day or two afterward, however, he finds himself summoned by courier to wait upon the Queen, who has by this time learnt from Madame Campan the result of her conversation at Crespy with the crown jeweler, and is anxious to hear the astounding recital from his own lips. Böhmer, disregarding all that Madame Campan has told him, and in the full belief that the cardinal holds the Queen's written agreement for the purchase of the necklace, proceeds to Versailles in all confidence, determined to be no longer trifled with, even by royalty itself. On his arrival he is ushered into the Queen's private cabinet, when Marie Antoinette at once inquires of him: "By what fatality it is that she is still doomed to hear of his foolish pretensions about selling her an article which she had steadily refused for several years?" Böhmer, reassured by what the cardinal had told Bassenge, no longer felt any doubt as to the Queen being really a party to the purchase of the necklace, and replied, "that he was compelled, being unable to pacify his creditors any longer." "What are your creditors to me?" inquired the Queen. Böhmer then related to her *seriatim* all that, according to his deluded imagination, had passed between them through the intervention of the Cardinal de Rohan. She was equally thunderstruck, incensed, and surprised at everything she heard. In vain did she speak; the jeweler, alike importunate and dangerous, repeated incessantly: "Madame, this is no time for feigning; deign to confess that you have my necklace, and order me some assistance, or else a bankruptcy will soon bring the whole affair to light."

Marie Antoinette, driven almost frantic by this flagrant imposture and by the wanton manner in which her name had been abused and trifled with, immediately sent for the Abbé de Vermond, "her private secretary, her confidant, and her counsellor"; and subsequently for the Baron de Breteuil—the cardinal's two bitterest enemies. Delighted at the prospect they saw of crushing the grand almoner, not merely by effecting his utter ruin at Court, but by disgracing him in the eyes of all Europe, they never for a moment thought of the consequences of permitting the name of the second personage in the kingdom to be mixed up in a swindling transaction and associated with those of a profligate ecclesiastic, a wholesale forger, a Palais Royal courtesan, a sharper, and an abandoned woman and thief.

At noon on the 15th of August, 1785, on the festival of the Assumption, and the fête-day of Marie Antoinette, the Cardinal de Rohan, attired in his sacerdotal robes, was waiting in the Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf the arrival of the King and Queen, before whom he was about to celebrate high mass in the chapel of the Château of Versailles.

Suddenly the doors are flung open; but, instead of the tall *suisse* shouting out the customary announcement, "*Messieurs, le Roi!*" the Cardinal Prince de Rohan is summoned to attend the King in his private cabinet.

On proceeding thither, the grand almoner found the King and Queen together. Louis XVI., without any preliminary observations, thus abruptly addressed him:

"I hear you have purchased some diamonds of Böhmer?"

"Yes, sire," replied the cardinal.

"Pray, what have you done with them?" inquired the King.

"I thought they had been delivered to her Majesty."

"Who commissioned you to make the purchase?"

"A lady called the Countess de la Motte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was performing my duty to her Majesty when I undertook this negotiation."

"How, sir," exclaimed the Queen, "could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me, and especially through the mediation of such a woman—a woman, too, whom I do not even know?"

"I see plainly that I have been cruelly duped," replied the grand almoner, darting upon the Queen as he said so a look of indignation and disdain. "I will pay for the necklace; my desire to be of service to your Majesty blinded me. I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it."

The cardinal then took from his pocket-book a letter purporting to be written by the Queen to Madame de la Motte, and intrusting her with the commission. This letter he handed to the King, who after looking at it held it toward the cardinal, saying: "This is neither written nor signed by the Queen. How could a prince of the house of Rohan, and a grand almoner of France, ever think that the Queen would sign herself *Marie-Antoinette de France?* Everybody knows that queens sign their baptismal names only."

Louis XVI. then produced the copy of a letter sent by the cardinal to Böhmer, and inquired whether he had ever written such a letter. After glancing over it, the grand almoner replied that he had no recollection of having done so; but when the King asked him what he would say if the original letter, signed by himself, were shown to him, the cardinal could not but confess that the letter was genuine.

"If this be the case," observed the King, "explain to me the whole of this enigma. I do not wish to believe you guilty; I had rather you would justify your conduct. Account, therefore, for these manœuvres with Böhmer, these securities, and these notes."

In reply to the King's remarks, the grand almoner, who was extremely confused, kept continually repeating: "I have been deceived, sire. I will pay for the necklace. I ask pardon of your Majesties." Then turning pale, and leaning against the table, he said: "Sire, I am too much agitated to answer your Majesty in a way——"

"Compose yourself," interposed the King, "and retire into the adjoining closet. You will there find pens, ink, and paper; write down what you have to say to me."

The grand almoner retired as directed, and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a written statement of a somewhat incoherent character. After receiving it, Louis XVI. commanded him to withdraw.

De Besenval says that at this moment the King warned the cardinal he was about to be arrested.

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the prince, "I shall always obey the orders of your Majesty, but deign to spare me the shame of being arrested in my pontifical habit before the eyes of the entire Court."

"It is necessary it should be so," replied the King.

The cardinal wished to insist, but the King abruptly quitted him.

On leaving the royal cabinet, the grand almoner encountered his deadly enemy, the Baron de Breteuil, who had been lying in wait for him, and who at once called out to a sub-lieutenant of his Majesty's body-guard:

"In the King's name, follow me! Arrest the Cardinal de Rohan!"

The officer proceeded to take charge of his prisoner, who, precipitated as it were in a moment from his high pinnacle of fortune, was conducted on foot in his rich pontifical vestments, guarded on all sides, and pressed upon by an amazed crowd of Court idlers and hangers-on, to his hôtel looking upon the north wing of the chateau. He contrived to slip a paper unperceived into the hand of a confidential heyduc, who waited for him at the door of his apartment. The heyduc posts off to Paris, and

XUM

arrives at the Palais-Cardinal early in the afternoon. His horse falls dead in the stable, and he himself swoons in the apartment of the Abbé Georgel, after exclaiming, wildly: "All is lost; the prince is arrested!" The slip of paper which drops from his hand is caught up and read with eagerness by the abbé, and in accordance with the instructions contained in it, the scarlet portfolio, which held all the cardinal's secret correspondence, including the letters—gilt-edged or bordered with *vignettes bleues*—penned by the phantom Queen, and on which the Prince de Rohan set such store, is forthwith committed to the flames.

While the foregoing events were transpiring, the Count and Countess de la Motte were receiving and returning visits in tranquil security at Bar-sur-Aube. It was two days after the arrest of the cardinal that the countess set out on her visit to the Duke de Penthièvre at Château-Villain, and Beugnot was awaiting her.

A BULL-FIGHT WITHOUT SPECTATORS.— SEE PAGE 354.

It was at a dinner party, at which the La Mottes were guests, that the Abbé Maury, just arrived from Paris, announced:

"There is a piece of news which none can understand, which has astonished and bewildered all Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, was arrested last Tuesday, the Festival of the Assumption, in his pontifical vestments, as he was leaving the King's Cabinet. They talk of a diamond necklace which he was to have bought for the Queen, but which he did not buy at all. Is it not inconceivable that for such a bauble as this, a grand almoner of France should have been arrested in his pontifical vestments—do you understand? in his pontifical vestments—and on leaving the King's cabinet?"

"As soon as this intelligence reached my ear," says Count Beugnot, whose narrative we are quoting, "I glanced at Madame de la Motte, whose napkin had fallen from her hand, and whose pale and rigid face seemed as if it were immovably fixed above her plate. After the first shock was over, she made an effort and rushed out of the room, followed by one of the chief attendants. In the course of a few minutes I left the table and joined her. The horses were already put to her carriage, so we at once set forth."

The countess was sound asleep in her house in Bar-sur-Aube when the officers of justice arrived. An inspector of police drew aside the bed-curtains, and arousing her, showed her the *lettre-de-cachet* for her arrest. From this moment until her departure from Bar-sur-Aube, the countess was closely guarded by *exempts* and cavalry of the marshalsea, while other *exempts* compelled her husband, who had returned home in the meantime, to accompany them while they made a strict search throughout the house.

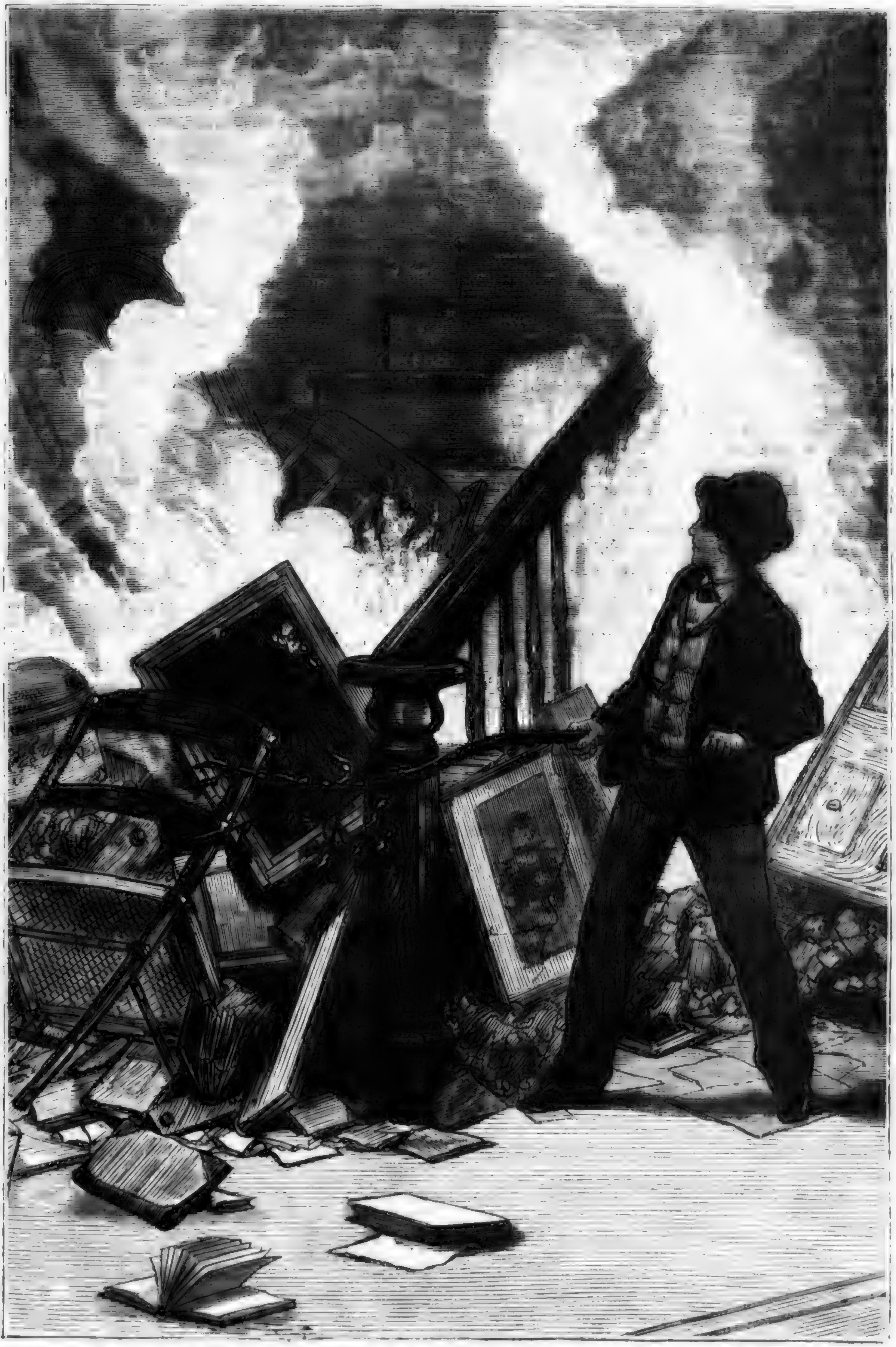
As we have already mentioned, the Cardinal de Rohan immediately after his arrest was conducted, closely guarded, to his hôtel at Versailles. In the afternoon of the same day he was removed to Paris, to the Palais-Cardinal, where he remained during the night; and the day following the Marquis de Launay, governor of the Bastille, came to receive the grand almoner into his custody, and to transfer him to the iron grip of that mysterious state prison which rarely rendered up its victims until they were snatched away by the hand of Death.

The Countess de la Motte was arrested at four o'clock on the morning of the 18th of August, and was at once hurried off to Paris, distant about one hundred and forty miles from Bar-sur-Aube, and lodged in the Bastille.

It is impossible to conceive the sensation created throughout France, and, indeed, throughout Europe generally, by these arrests, and the extravagant rumors to which they gave rise. And the great fraud of the diamond necklace was altogether regarded in the light of a political event, and no time was lost by the different inimical factions in twisting it to serve their own purposes, without the slightest regard being paid by any one of them to the real character of the act itself.

Fancy what a perfect fund of scandal this affair of the necklace, enveloped as it was at first in such an impenetrable mystery, provided for these despicable minds! What an arsenal for defamation and calumny it furnished to the avowed enemies of Marie Antoinette! The Orléans faction professed to look upon it as a state crime, pretending to believe that the real culprit was the Queen.

Her burning abhorrence against the cardinal, continually fed by fresh reports, so blinded Marie Antoinette to



COALS OF FIRE.—"DASHING ALONG THE CORRIDOR, AND THROUGH THE DINING-ROOM, HE STOOD IN THE FRONT HALL, AND STARTED BACK IN HORROR."—SEE PAGE 355.

XUM

the strict rules and rigid formalities of justice, that in her first moments of passion she is said to have demanded the cardinal's life of the King, and the King, moreover, is believed to have promised her that he should not escape the scaffold.

The trial that ensued of the cardinal and Madame de la Motte is one of the *causes célèbres* of France, and the *résumé* given of it by Mr. Henry Vizetelly will be read with intense interest. The countess brazened it out to the bitter end. Being asked to explain what she had done with the 150,000 livres extorted from the Cardinal de Rohan in August and October, 1784, in the Queen's name, Madame de la Motte calmly smiled, and with a look of offended dignity and wounded innocence, vowed that she had never so much as seen the money.

The sentence of the court was in substance that Madame de la Motte should be imprisoned for life, branded with a hot iron, and all her goods escheated. This sentence was carried out to the letter of the law, the wretched woman howling and biting like a wild animal during its execution. Cardinal de Rohan was exonerated.

One word in conclusion.

She escaped from prison and made her way to London, where she lived in the uttermost penury. In endeavoring to elude the gripe of bailiffs, supposed to be in the pay of the Duke d'Orleans, whose interest it was to bring her back to Paris—the unfortunate woman sprang out of a window and fell upon the pavement beneath.

It was her misfortune not to have been killed on the spot; her thigh was broken in two places, her left arm was fractured, and one of her eyes was knocked out; in addition to which, her body was a mass of bruises. In this state she lived for several weeks.

In spite of the prominent place which the countess and her doings had recently occupied in the public mind of Europe, the English journals of the day notified the fact of her decease in such brief terms as the following:

"August 26th, 1791.—Died at her lodgings, near Astley's Riding-school, Lambeth, the noted Countess de la Motte, of 'Necklace' memory, who lately jumped out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, to avoid the bailiff."

Thus died, at the age of thirty-four, a woman whose whole life was one long career of misery, but which might have ended happily had not the privilege of her birth, by over-exalting her imagination, developed beyond measure those sentiments of pride and ambition which conducted her to her fall.

A BULL-FIGHT WITHOUT SPECTATORS.

There are few Summer mornings in Texas that are not beautiful. With a bright sun, a fine breeze blowing off the Gulf of Mexico to freshen and cool the air, none fail to feel their charms; but to the hunter it is inexpressibly delightful to ride through those grand old woods, almost awful in their silence, for scarcely any sound breaks it, save the drowsy hum of a bee, or the occasional sharp blows of a woodpecker, as he seeks his insect breakfast upon some decaying tree. There is, too, just that dash of danger so captivating to the real Nimrod, and which our stubble-brushing, stay-at-home sportsmen can never feel. How can they ever know those woodland duels, fought without seconds, where a sure foot, quick eye and steady hand alone will avail to make you hold your own? What if you miss a rabbit? It is nothing. What if you fail to bring down a wild bull in his charge? Why, unless your guardian angel is to the fore, "salt will not save you"; none but the vultures will ever know how or where you fell, and a rusty gun, a rusty hunting-knife, and a bleached skeleton will be your only monument. Never does any one feel more helpless than with an empty gun, and in the presence of wounded large game. A bear there is some chance with, because in his attack he gives you an opportunity of bringing the hunting-knife into play; but the weight and rush of a bull are fearfully against you, unless you have the activity of a wildcat. In all close encounters, weight has an immense advantage.

It was on a beautiful Summer morning when I started to kill a beef, mounted on my mustang, armed with a 14-gauge double-shot gun of Deane's, which threw a ball, patched with greased fawnskin, of very nearly an ounce weight, and accompanied by my three dogs, Jack, Midge, and Killdevil, broken to run nothing but cattle and hogs. They were trained to keep at the heels of my horse, so that I might sometimes, as I very often did, ride suddenly on to cattle, and get a shot or two. Of course, this could only be done by riding up-wind, a point a backwoodsman never neglects, as the sense of smell in most animals is superior to that of hearing, and, I am quite sure, with all the deer tribe, keener than even that of sight. The dogs were allowed, whenever we crossed the trail of hogs or cattle, to go and bring them to bay.

On this occasion, I had been riding for about an hour due west from the plantation, without seeing anything of the particular game I was in search of. I had arrived at the edge of an upawn thicket, when all at once the dogs dashed into it, and in a few minutes I heard them open, and a tremendous rush being made in my direction. The stout poles of the thicket crashed, and bent like wheat-stalks; and then, with head down, and tail straight out, level with his back, a mighty bull came thundering on, about twelve yards from where I sat.

Although mine was as steady a horse under fire as ever was ridden, still the rush and fierce barking of the dogs made him fidgety, so that I placed both bullets too far back in the bull—the upper one, as I afterward discovered, grazing the kidneys, and the other entering the paunch. Having carefully loaded my gun, and hid my horse in a thicket, well knowing that the bull would charge my mustang as quickly as he would me, I proceeded on foot to where I heard the dogs holding him at bay.

I found them in a palmetto swamp, some two hundred yards from where I had first shot at the bull, and tried to stalk him, by crawling up under the shelter of the palmettos. But the ground was so soft that I sank in over my ankles at each step; and the palmettos were so thick, and their harsh, strong leaves rustled so much, I could not approach for a certain shot. In such mud, without even a sapling to dodge around in case I failed to drop him, I thought it better to hunt him on to different ground and thick timber. The dogs then having presently made the swamp too hot for him, I had the satisfaction of seeing him move to more favorable ground. I took advantage of a large live-oak to advance upon him, and getting within about thirty yards, fired. Unfortunately, just as I pressed the trigger, he lowered his head sideways to gore one of the dogs, and I missed him. In an instant, like lightning, he made for the flash. I stood out, and with perfect coolness waited till he was about six steps from the muzzle of my gun, then fired again; but, to my horror, he did not drop at my feet, as I fully expected. His hot breath was now in my face, his red eyes close to mine, as I turned to run round the tree, when my foot caught or slipped, I know not which, on one of the above-ground roots, and in falling, the bull passed one horn through my light-hunting-shirt, tearing most of it off me. Luckily, the impetus of his charge carried him twenty or thirty yards beyond me, and my gallant dogs coming to

XUM

the rescue, gave me a second or two to swing myself up the tree. There was no time to load, nor even to pick up my gun, and I was barely out of his reach when he was underneath, pawing the ground with his feet, bellowing hoarsely, his eyes bloodshot, the foam, tinged with blood, covering face and neck and chest—the incarnation of baffled rage. Whether his horn or head had hit me, I do not know, all passed so rapidly, but I was stiff and sore for several days after.

Having recovered my breath, and from the shock occasioned by my fall, I began to think how to rid myself of my savage jailer. Hunters are, or ought to be, prompt with expedients for almost any possible case, and my determination was at once formed—to go higher up the tree, find a bough that would do for a spear-handle, and bind the haft of my hunting-knife to it with some strips torn from the remnant of my shirt, and then to try and stab him where the head and neck join, as he often came quite underneath me.

I had scarcely regained my station on the large bough—having cut a stout stick which would answer my purpose—when I noticed some unmistakable signs of "grogginess" in my shaggy opponent; his head was lowered, and he was swaying from side to side—a riddle easily read: internal bleeding from my first two shots would, I could see, soon close his career, though he made many a gallant effort to shake off the weakness he felt surely coming upon him. Brave to the last he stood, but at length toppled over.

For a moment I thought he might be "playing 'possum"; but as he took no notice of the dogs who were licking his wounds, I saw the game of life was up for him, and descended from my perch, thankful for my escape from what my Western friends would designate as a "tight place."

Having picked up and loaded my gun, and rewarded my faithful dogs with the offal of the quarry, I rode home, from whence some negroes and mules were dispatched to skin, quarter, and bring in the carcase of as game a brute as ever fell.

COALS OF FIRE.

By Jane G. Austin.

THE town of Happy Valley lay some ten miles off the nearest railway, and was reached, when reached at all, by means of a stage-coach; not an accommodation wagon, or an omnibus, or a big carry-all, or any of the modern apologies for that all-but-forgotten luxury, but a regular stage-coach, swaying backward and forward upon mighty leathern springs, with a back, front and middle seat, the latter furnished with a broad strap by way of back, said strap to be unhooked at either end to permit ingress to the back seat; with a seat above the box whereon three persons might perch in perilous joy, while one could share the coachman's box; and a seat behind, corresponding to that designed for the guard on an English coach, but in this case given to the younger or rougher sort of male passengers.

This equipage, capable of containing nine persons inside and seven or eight outside, was drawn by a spanking team of four fine horses, the property of Hiram Blaisdell, proprietor of coach, horses and goodwill of the route, besides the comfortable little country inn known as the Hopvine House, from the profusion of plants of that description clambering over its porch, and stretching up to the wide eaves of the picturesque old house.

The house was a busy one, in spite of the seclusion of Happy Valley, for the stage-coach made the connection between two lines of railway, and did a tidy business in the transportation of passengers, who generally stopped to dine at the Hopvine, and went away charmed with its rustic beauties and hospitality.

On the 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1856, however, Mrs. Blaisdell's nicely prepared dinner waited in vain for consumers; waited until the lamb-broth was boiled to a jelly, the brook trout languid and dried up, the roasted goose a mere anatomical preparation of mummified fibre clinging to a skeleton, and the custard, pudding and pies fallen from the vigorous plumpness and freshness of that precise moment when, no longer warm, these viands yet retain the sprightliness of recent heat.

To be exact, it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and dinner had been ready at one. Mrs. Blaisdell had left off being anxious, and grown sullen; her husband, pipe in mouth, had established himself, *en permanence*, upon the top rail of the barnyard gate, whence he could command a distant view of a hill down which the coach must roll into Happy Valley; and Lee, only son—only child, in fact—of the house of Blaisdell, a good-looking youth, aged eighteen, had mounted a half-broken colt in the pasture, out of sight of the house, and ridden out upon the road to meet the tardy coach.

Five o'clock struck, and Mrs. Blaisdell, opening her bedroom door, screamed down-stairs to the cook:

"Hannah, put away the dinner things, and get supper. Tell Laviny to set the table over."

"How many'll I set it for?" asked Laviny, a good girl, born without tact, and quite unable to divine why her mistress slammed the bedroom door without reply. As she did so the colt's bare feet pattered down the dusty road, and Lee Blaisdell, flinging himself from his back, announced:

"Say, father! the coach upset coming down Brewster's Hill, and Black Bess is lamed so I guess we'll have to shoot her—and a feller's killed!"

"Black Bess lamed! There's a good three hundred dollars gone to the bugs!" groaned the landlord, while his wife, thrusting her head out from among the hopvines around her window, shrieked:

"A man killed, Lee? What man, for pity's sake?"

"Don't know, mother," replied the boy, his voice oddly compounded of horror and importance. "One of the passengers. He was on the top, and fell head first right on a heap of stones. Guess his neck was broke."

"When'll they be along?" asked the landlord, getting himself deliberately off the gate, and putting his lighted pipe into his pocket, where it presently set fire to his clothes, and occasioned a minor panic.

"Right away. They started when I did. There they come! hear the wheels!"

And, in fact, the unfortunate coach, drawn by three horses and driven by a much battered and highly self-defensive coachman, came rattling into the village at this moment, in feeble imitation of its usual flourish and *empressement* of arrival, and was immediately surrounded by an eager throng of inquirers—some of them eager to know precisely how the accident had occurred, some intent upon catching sight of the body of the slain passenger. Rather to the disappointment of these latter horror-lovers, the proposed corpse proved to be a living, although a much-injured, body, partially conscious of itself, and feebly murmuring a request for a surgeon.

XUM

This demand was both reasonable and easily supplied, since Dr. Seneca Blood was among the crowd at the door of the coach, and would probably have taken the injured man in charge, whichever way his own wishes had inclined. Now, however, he at once assumed great authority, ordered a bedroom to be immediately prepared, and superintended the wounded man's conveyance thither with a vast amount of bustle and ceremony.

Next followed a professional examination, and then Dr. Blood appeared below-stairs, evidently much delighted both with himself and his patient.

"This gentleman is called Mr. Montgomery Livermore, of New York," announced he, "and his injuries, although not fatal, are highly serious, and will necessitate a somewhat prolonged course of treatment. You may consider your best bedroom engaged for a month, at least, Mrs. Blaisdell, and Mr. Livermore is a gentleman able and willing to pay for all that he needs."

"Then he'll take a deal of waiting upon, and we had better send for Aunty Fordick to nurse him," suggested the landlady.

"I would rather say one of the Sisters of the Orphanage," replied the doctor, blandly. "They have intelligence and refinement, as well as great skill in their mode of nursing, and for a first-class invalid like this, I should say——"

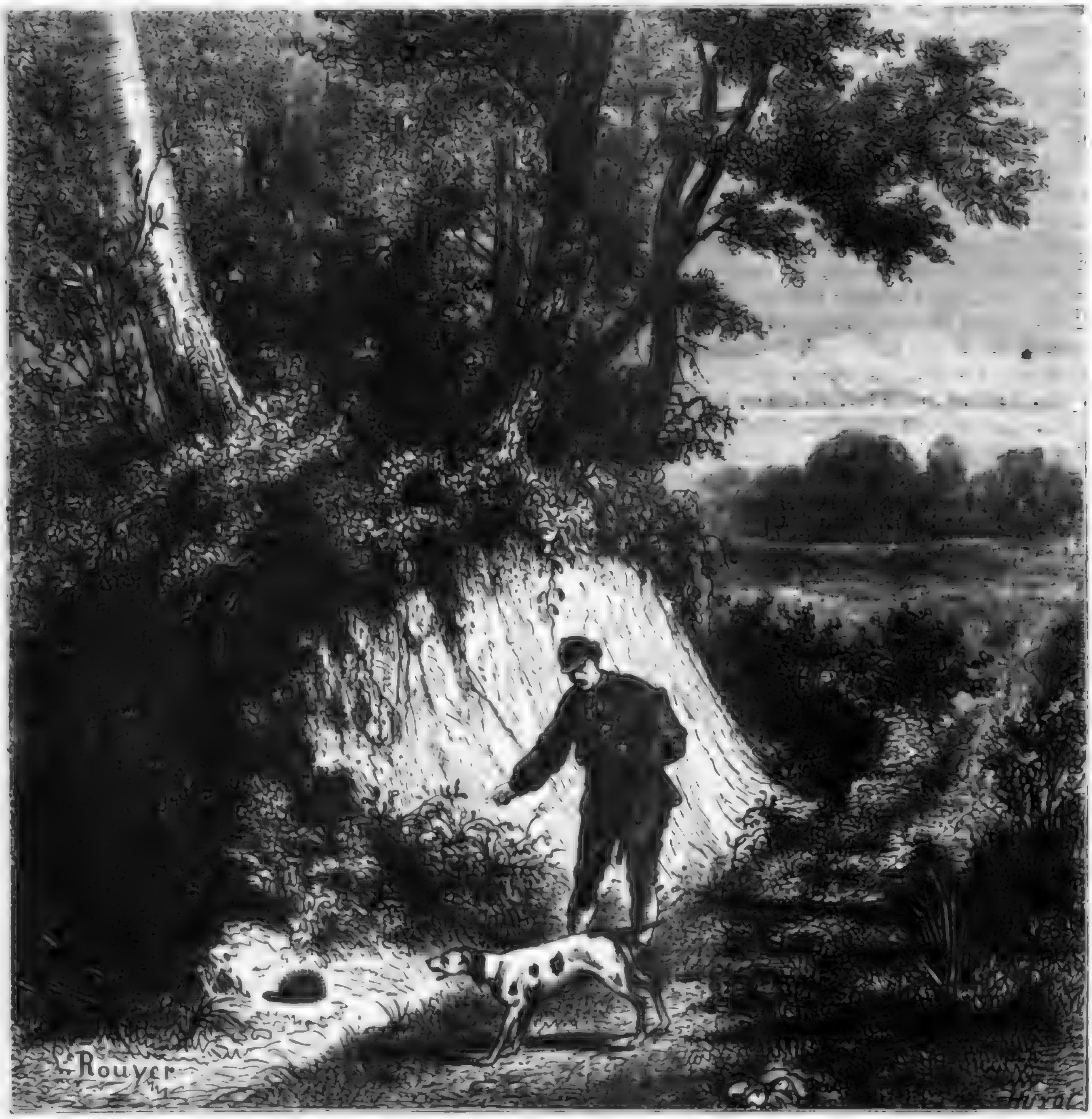
"Oh, that's so! Let's have Sister Margaret, and I'll go right down in the buggy-wagon and get her," interposed Lee, excitedly.

His mother pondered for a moment, glanced at her boy's glowing face, then said, somewhat coldly:

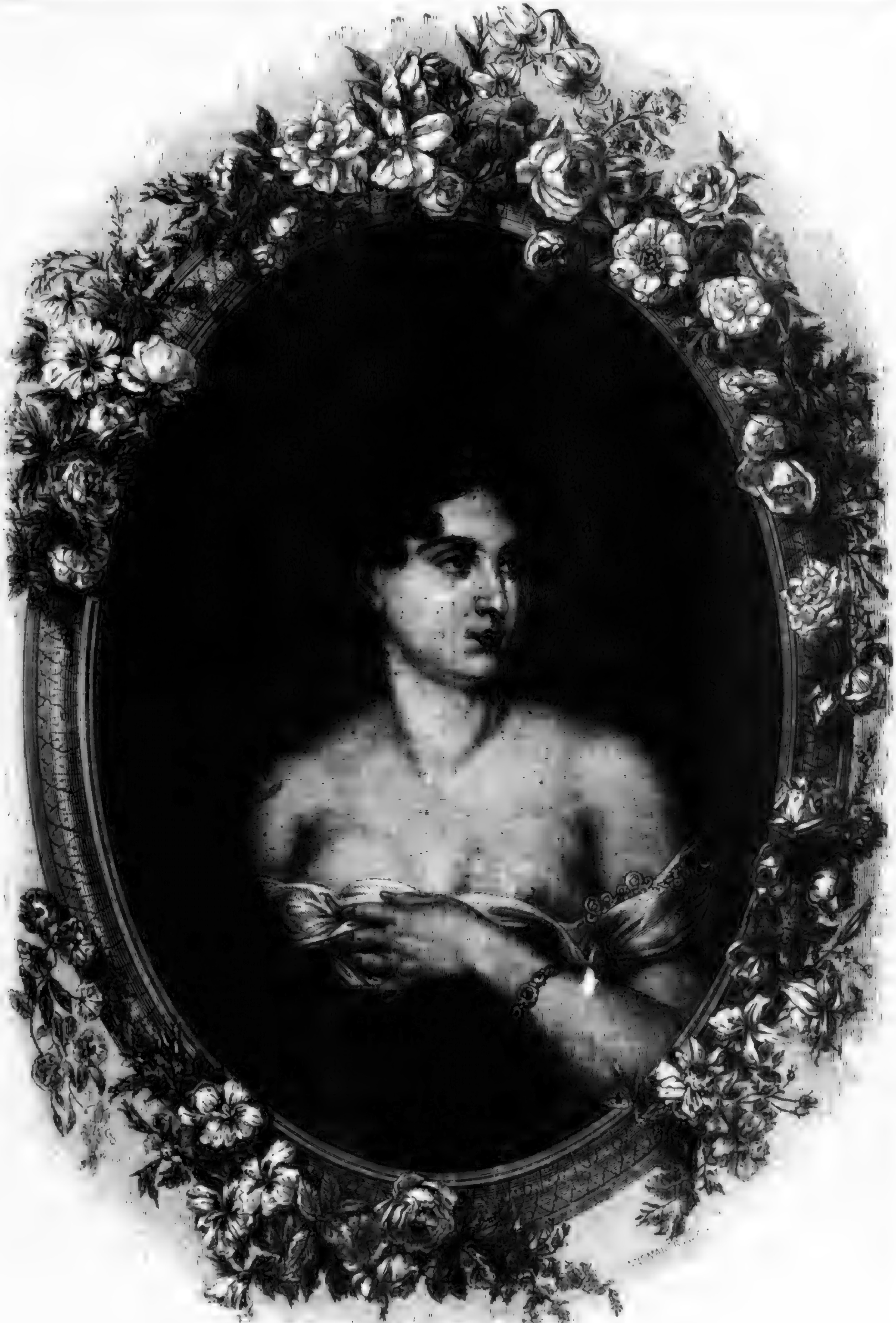
"Just as you like, doctor. I've never had anything to do with them Sisters, but the parson likes 'em, and the poor folks are all agog about them, and their nursing and their charities and all. So go along, if you like, Lee, and fetch one of 'em—no matter which."

"I guess it does matter, though," muttered Lee, as he made three bounds out of the house and across the road to the barn. "Who wants the Mother, or that old Sister Mary, or Sister Lucia, with her cross eye, or that little novice creature, Agnes, or the lay sister? Sister Margaret is the one, and I'd be smashed up myself to get her into the house if there was no cheaper way."

So Lee, having harnessed the horse himself rather than await the hostler's appearance, drove at a great pace down the elm-shaded village street to the quiet corner in the



THE HEDGEHOG.—SEE PAGE 363.



MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.—SEE PAGE 363.

XUM

outskirts of the town, where stood the quaint old country house, "built for pleasure and for state" by the Whitmans, once the great family of Happy Valley, and now dead, departed, extinct in its precincts.

The great house, fallen into decay, was advertised for sale in a distant city, and, after two or three years of forlorn appeal, was bought through their business man by a company of Protestant *religieuses* calling themselves Sisters of the Good Samaritan, and numbering six ladies and one sturdy lay sister, who apparently proposed to find her way to heaven by a ladder of pots and pans, brooms and scrubbing-brushes.

These ladies, provided apparently with the means—for want of which so many charitable works never get beyond the hearts of their conceivers—proceeded at once to put their new home, which they styled the Orphanage, in perfect order within and without, to furnish it simply but substantially, and to bring to it some eight or ten children, all destitute orphans, to whose care and maintenance they proposed devoting themselves, replacing them by others so fast as there should be openings found for placing those already in hand—either in trade, service, or in adoption by private families.

In addition to this charge, the Sisters announced, through the rector of the principal church in the town, that they were ready to be called upon at any time of day or night for service at the bedside of the sick, dying or dead, and were glad to nurse or attend such sufferers as long as required, without payment of any kind, or even the necessity for gratitude on the part of those so served.

The Reverend Mr. Blount and his wife thoroughly indorsed and recommended the Sisterhood, and, by patient argument, finally did away with so much of the popular prejudice against novelties, and the popular suspicion of free gifts, that the poorer class of Happy Valleyans at last condescended to accept the gifts and the nursing and the services of the gentlewomen, whose floating black robes and coiffed heads were apologized for by the tirelessness and sweetness, the patience and the wisdom they brought with them.

The oldest of these ladies, commonly called Mother Angelica, was a woman quite in middle life, and a little severe and stern of aspect, although gentle and courteous in speech; and next in authority to her came the Sister Margaret, selected by Lee Blaisdell as the jewel in this chaplet of saints; and her it is whom we now behold seated beside the boy and listening attentively to his account of the late accident.

A woman of perhaps thirty years old, with a face which must have fallen a little short of its present perfection in any other gear than those white linen folds which so perfectly define its classic outlines, and so marvelously suit the pure pallor of its skin, firmly grained as the petals of a magnolia.

The great, dark eyes, too, with their slender black brows and sweeping lashes, are just what an artist would, if he could, depict for a saint and martyr, and the delicately tinted lips are curved to that pensive droop, lovelier than all the smiles of unchastened joy and youth.

The poor folk, among whom she toiled so unremittingly, called Sister Margaret "nice-looking, if she wasn't so pale"; the rector and his wife were always wishing they might have a picture of her painted as the Mater Dolorosa, as the Magdalen, as Saint Agatha, or as a dozen other lovely and sorrowful saints; the young ladies—some of them, that is—wondered why she didn't use a little pink powder, and Lee Blaisdell took to saying his prayers again, having left off that pious practice for some years, and loved to fancy that it was Sister Margaret to whom he intrusted them for transmission, along with her own, to the higher Power.

If the nun was conscious of this semi-adoration—which, indeed, she might have read twice on any Sunday in the village church, where the Blaisdell pew was close to and at right angles with the Orphanage seats—she did not show it, treating the boy with just the same gentle coldness and gracious reserve she showed to every man in town, unless it was the Reverend Mr. Blount, who was chaplain of the Orphanage and spiritual adviser of the Sisterhood.

But Lee found it bliss enough to be allowed to talk to the object of his worship, and to sit beside her on the narrow wagon-seat, and when he finally drew rein at the door of the Hopvine, his right arm fairly ached with the exertion of holding in the fiery young horse, who could not understand why he was to perform his journey so slowly in returning, when it had been so rapid in going out.

The landlady and the doctor stood ready to receive the volunteer nurse, and, both talking together, escorted her up-stairs and to the door of the sick man's room without giving her time to ask a question, or indeed to speak at all.

"You'll find him conscious, but not inclined to talk much. I wouldn't ask him any questions," whispered the doctor, leading the way into the room, and going to adjust the window-blind, while Sister Margaret, smiling ever so little at the caution against talkativeness, went directly to the bedside and looked down into the hard, handsome face, with its cruel black eyes—so very black in the deathly pallor of the face, staring gloomily up into hers.

As the look of those two pairs of eyes crossed each other, however, a change swept over both faces—a great wave of excitement, surprise, triumph, changing the impressive features of the man to the mask of a successful fiend; a deeper pallor, a frozen horror, a spasm of terror, almost despair, contracting the Sister's lovely face for a moment, and then giving place to an expression of divine trust and peace as her lips rapidly and silently moved in an ejaculation of prayer. He was the first to speak.

"Really! Well, this *is* luck!" whispered he; and Dr. Blood, briskly returning to the bedside, demanded:

"What's that? What's he saying, Sister? Did he ask for anything?"

"I think not, sir. It is very close here, is it not?"

And the Sister went to the open window, through whose green jalousie shutters the hopvines were thrusting clinging fingers as they climbed up to peep in, and leaned heavily for a moment against the window-frame, while her cold fingers interlaced themselves convulsively and her white lips trembled in their prayer.

"No, no, I don't want anything but to be quiet," wailed the sick man, peevishly. "You can go now, and leave that woman here, in case I need anybody."

"Yes, sir, yes. She came on purpose," replied the doctor, not more than half pleased at his patient's tone. "She is a Sister, you know, and goes out nursing when she is sent for. I sent for her, thinking you might prefer her to a regular nurse, but ——"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. You can go now, doctor—you can go. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir. I will give Sister Margaret some instructions for the night, and then ——"

He crossed the room, murmured for five minutes in the ear of the quiet, pallid woman, who listened steadfastly and without reply, and at last withdrew, closing the door slowly and with ostentatious caution.

"Lock that door, and then come here," ordered the sick man, harshly. Sister Margaret approached the bed, and, leaning upon the foot-board, quietly said:

"I am here, but I shall not lock the door; I have nothing to say to you, I wish to hear nothing from you, that the whole world may not listen to."

"So! You are very independent, madam."

"Perfectly so. Why should I not be?"

"Why? Because you are my wife, and bound to obey me, and to be independent is to be disobedient."

"I am bound to nothing, so far as you are concerned, and you know it."

"We shall see. The moment anybody comes into this room now, man, woman or child, I will claim you for my wife, and bid you throw aside all this mummery of dress, put on your own clothes, call yourself by my name, and when I am able to leave this place go with me, and behave yourself as a respectable woman should."

"I advise you not to do so."

"Of course you do. But I am afraid I shall not ask your advice."

"Very well. You will force me to defend myself in my own way."

"And how is that?"

"I make no threats, and do not feel obliged to give you any information as to my resources. One thing, however, is certain: I shall never lay aside this habit, or call myself by your name, or live with you in any capacity again, and the law will bear me out in my resolve. I have friends, and I have weapons, both offensive and defensive."

The man lay silent for some moments, the blood mounting feverishly to his forehead, his mouth working with a passion of rage and doubt.

At last he abruptly said:

"You declared that you had given me every penny of your fortune."

"And so I had."

"How will you pay lawyers' fees?"

"My mother has money."

"Where is she?"

"I do not know why I should conceal the truth. My mother is the head of our community in this place. It is her fortune—which would have been mine at her death, and yours if you had been wise enough to bide your time patiently—that maintains the Sisterhood."

"Ho! I like that! I marry a girl professing to be heiress of a great property, and she, from some craze or other, runs away, turning her back on all her marital obligations; and not only steals herself, but persuades her doting mother to follow her into the same folly, and invest the money I have a regular legal, and, as you may say, a religious claim upon, in I know not what fanaticism and tomfoolery! But, I can tell you, once for all, Mrs. Livermore, I am not the man to stand that sort of nonsense. You may tell your blessed mother that the Sisterhood is going to be sold out cheap, and she and you are coming back to New York to live as becomes decent and sane women, or I will shut you both up in a lunatic asylum!"

The last words were screamed out in a tone of resistless frenzy, and Sister Margaret perceived that the fever, whose approach she had foreboded, was already upon the patient, and likely to increase with great violence and rapidity. No danger now of what he might say attracting undue attention; and, going to the door, Sister Margaret summoned the landlady, asking her to send again for the doctor, as he had requested.

All that night and the next day, and for many nights and days, did that devoted and heroic woman struggle with the Destroyer for the life of one who had made her own life a bitterness and a curse. No mother beside the bed of her darling child, no bride beside the bed of the young husband of her love, no wife of a sick old man whose death will plunge her into penury and obscurity, could have contested the battle more strenuously, forgotten herself more thoroughly, showed more courage, patience and strength.

"If he recovers, it will be thanks to you," said the old doctor, admiringly.

"Under God!" murmured Sister Margaret.

That night he attempted her life. Quite worn out physically, she had consented to sleep for some hours upon a couch in the sick-room, while one of the women of the house watched.

About three o'clock in the morning, Lee, waking suddenly with a sense of danger to the saint whom he so fondly worshiped, leaped out of bed, hastily dressed himself, and went to the sick man's door.

It stood a little ajar, and, through the opening, the boy could see the nun's pure, pale face, with the dark lashes sweeping down upon the cheek, and one hand upon the cross at her breast, as she lay fast asleep.

Unwilling to disturb her, he lingered for a moment before creeping away, and, as he stood, saw the gaunt and maniac face of the sick man thrust forward, as he came creeping stealthily on from behind the bed.

In his hand glittered a knife, and in his eyes shone the lust of murder, heightened by maniacal fury.

Pushing open the door, Lee sprang forward with an inarticulate cry. The madman cast one wild glance toward him; then, dropping the knife, threw himself upon his victim, seizing her slender throat in both his hands.

The watcher, awakened from her faithless sleep, shrieked aloud; and Sister Margaret, struggling wildly in that deadly grasp, uttered a gurgling and convulsed cry, which thrilled through the heart of her young champion.

With a shout of horror and anger, he threw himself upon the murderer; but he, strong with the strength of madness, yelled back defiance, and might, in the end, have proved too powerful for the boy's callow strength, had not others rushed into the room, and, among them, conquered him, and replaced him in his bed and under proper guardianship.

After this, Sister Margaret was never suffered to watch alone, and during a part of almost every night Lee Blaisdell shared her watch.

It was in one of these nights that the sick man, opening his eyes suddenly, looked from one to the other of the figures sitting silently beside his bed, and calmly asked:

"What is your name, young man?"

"Lee Blaisdell, son of the landlord of this house."

"And who is that lady?"

"Sister Margaret, of the Orphanage."

"You are mistaken, Lee Blaisdell. That lady is Margaret Livermore, my lawful wife, who ran away from me some three years ago, and whom I now claim before you as witness."

"He is raving again, Sister, is he not?"

"She dare not say so. Look at her guilty face."

"It is worse than raving to use that word in connection with her."

And the boy looked proudly and fondly at the face of his saint, and was shocked to see how disturbed, even terrified, it could look.

"Does he frighten you, Sister?" asked he, wistfully.

"Yes, Lee. I am afraid lest the peaceful and happy life I have led in this place is to be ended. It is quite true that he was my husband, and that I left him without his permission; but I had cause—good cause; and, if he drives me to extremity, I shall show it."

"It is a lie, madam!" broke in the sick man, coarsely. "You fancied me in love with your cousin Alice."

"Fancied?"

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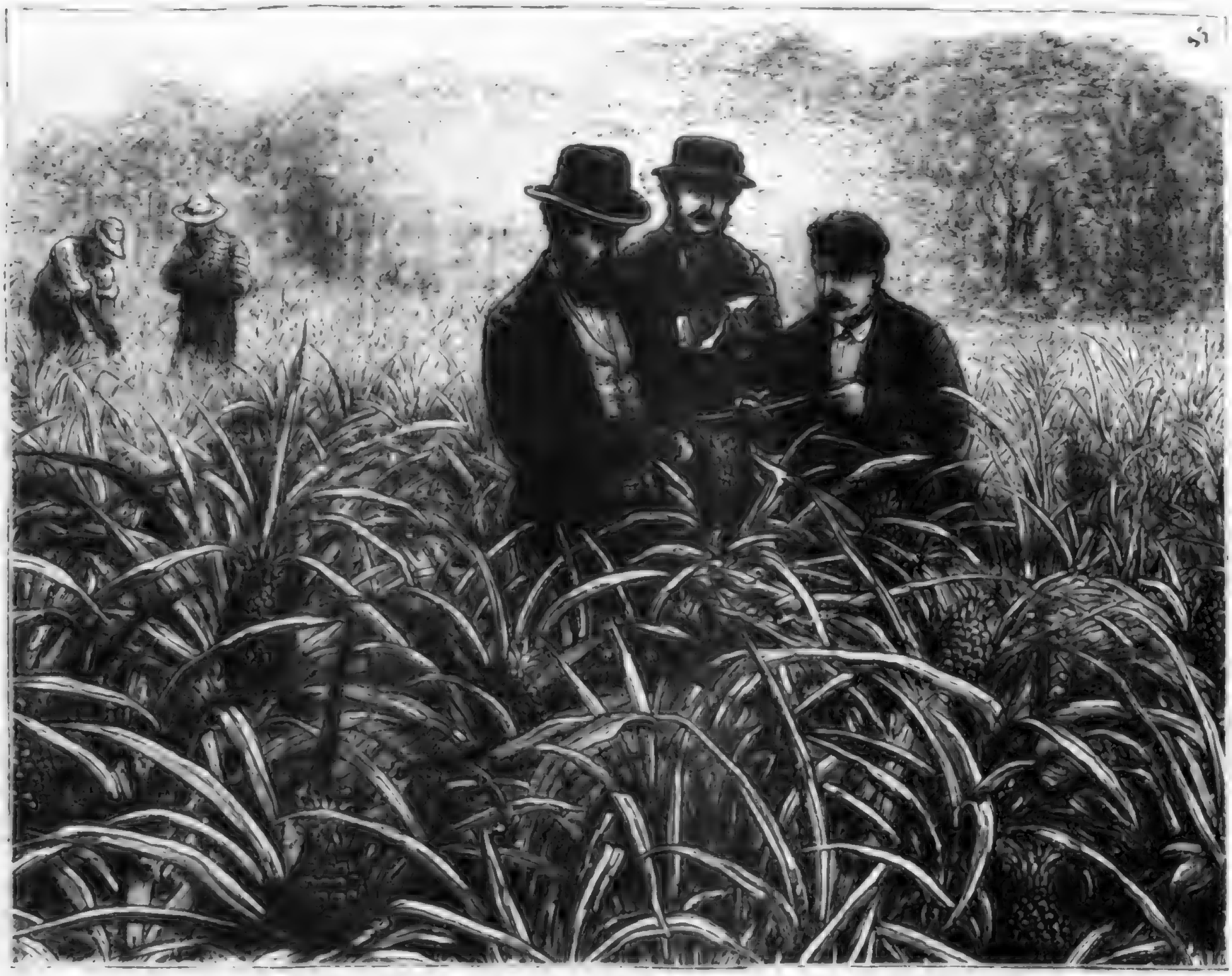


THE PINEAPPLE TRADE IN THE BAHAMAS.—BUYERS MEASURING THE STANDING FRUIT.—SEE PAGE 364.

"Yes; a mere jealous fancy without proof."

"I have proof—proof that would give me a divorce, if I chose to use it."

"What is it, now? Come, produce it, once for all."

"I have Alice's own sworn statement, written, signed and witnessed."

"I don't believe it."

"Alice herself, deeply penitent, most humbly contrite, leading a new and holy life of devotion and charity in our religious house, does not deny the sin into which she was blindly led."

"She lives here, with you, in this Orphanage?"

"Yes."

"And you would publicly blast her character in a court of law to obtain a divorce?" he asked, with a sneer.

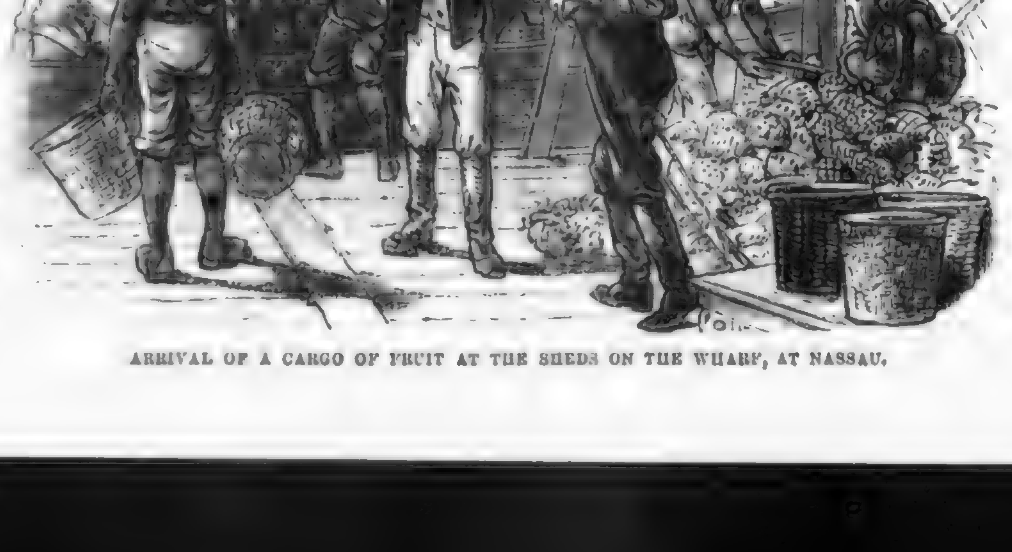
"It would not be necessary. I have the forged check by which you tried to rob my mother of her fortune. I can convict you of felony, and shut you up in a State prison, and the law releases a felon's wife from the disgrace of her bonds."

"You told me that should be destroyed."

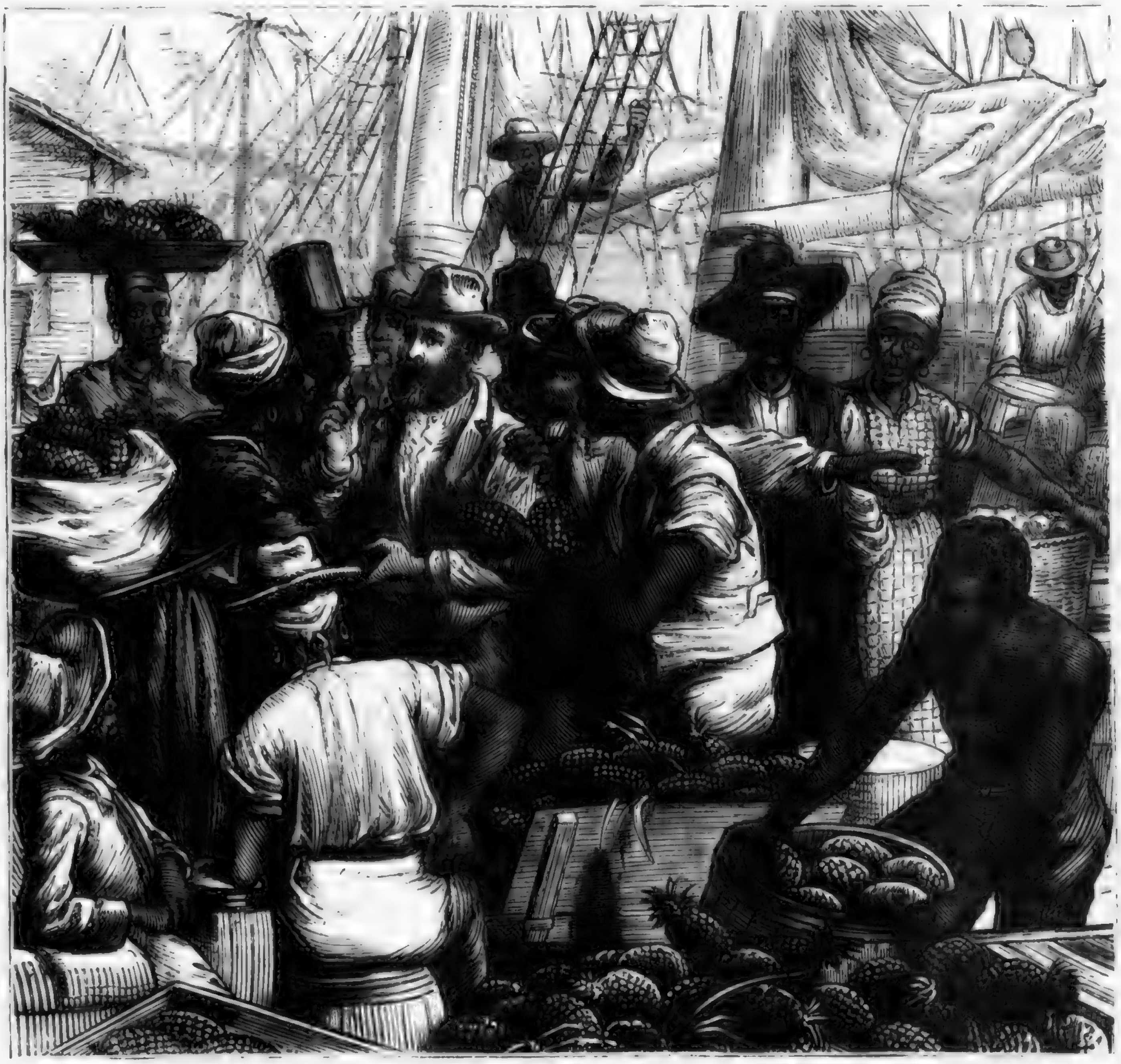
"It was not mine, and when I asked my mother for it, she refused it. She wisely foresaw that I might yet need it for a safe protection against your tyranny."

"You and your mother are a couple of liars and traitors. As for you, there is no name bad enough to brand a woman who deserts her husband, who breaks her marriage vows——"

"Hold on there, Mr. Livermore! Sister Margaret has saved



ARRIVAL OF A CARGO OF FRUIT AT THE SHEDS ON THE WHARF, AT NASSAU.



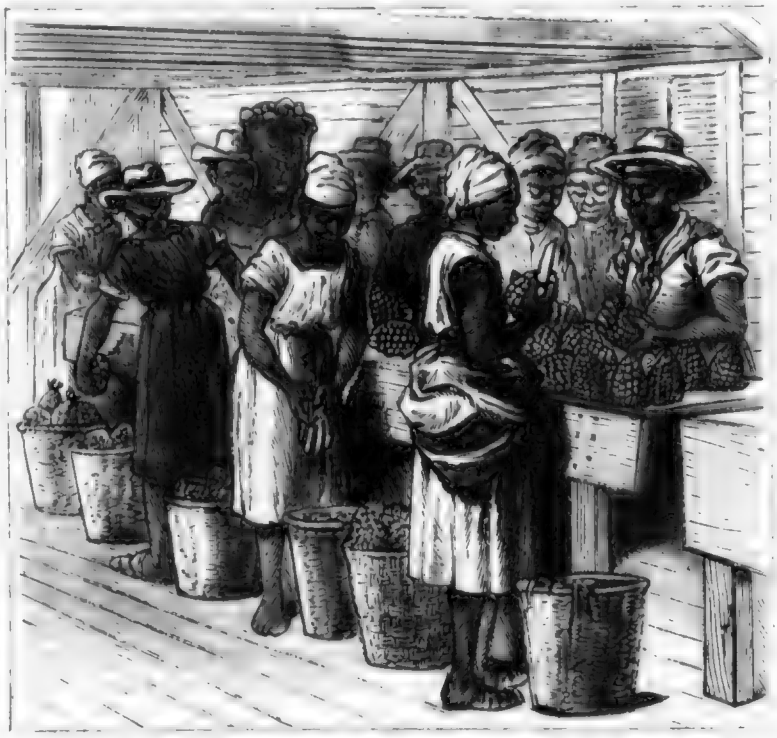
THE CAPTAIN OF A TRADING SLOOP BARGAINING WITH NEGROES FOR A CARGO OF PINEAPPLES, AT NASSAU.

your life a dozen times over, and whatever she says about you is what I believe, and I'm not going to have her so abused!"

It was Lee who spoke, and the other two started and looked toward him, half terrified at his voice; for both, carried away by the passions and the memories that their own words had stirred, had quite forgotten his presence, and the woman, at least, would never have spoken so openly had she remembered it.

Lee's quick eyes read her glance, and he answered it frankly:

"Don't be afraid, Sister. I shall never repeat one single word that I have heard, though it's not you that ought to be ashamed of the truth; but I can see how the proving him a villain would hurt and grieve you, and I shall hold my tongue, unless he tries to injure you in any way. Then I'll speak out."



NEGROES PARING THE FRUIT FOR THE SLICERS AND CANNERS.

"You will consult me first, won't you, Lee?" asked Margaret, and the sick man, gnashing his teeth, cried, viciously:

"Yes; see her coaxing and fooling this boy before my very eyes, the shameless jade! And she to flout at poor little Alice!"

"Since you are so much better, I shall

leave you now to the care of a hired nurse," said Sister Margaret, coldly. "I do not think there is any more danger of a relapse, and I am very much worn in body and mind. God be with you, and grant that we may never meet again. I shall keep the secret of your crimes, unless you force me to betray them in self-defense, and I answer for this lad's silence. But you are not to say one word about me, good or bad, remember."

He made no reply, and she, going out of his sight, sat down by the window, and watched the dim red morning breaking through the eastern clouds, and when the sun was risen went her away, telling the landlady that no especial nursing was needed more, and that Mrs. Fordick might be able to perform such duties as would be required for a few days longer.

But, although Aunty Fordick performed the menial duties of the sick-room, and Mrs. Blaisdell was most happy to give all the companionship the invalid would accept, there was another volunteer watcher whose attentions never failed by day or night; for, while he slept, Lee's dog Leo kept watch in the corridor, with strict orders from his master, whose every word he comprehended, to let no rat stir without giving an alarm.

Almost four weeks passed away. Aunty Fordick had long since been relieved from duty, and Mrs. Blaisdell every morning dreaded lest before night her profitable lodger should pay his bill and take his departure. Lee, without relaxing his vigilance, had begun to think it useless, and Leo spent the night in wondering what all this amounted to in the end, when, about two o'clock one morning, he found a delicate piece of steak lying upon the floor near Mr. Livermore's bedroom door. Watching is hungry work, as every one knows; and Leo, after a little consideration, began to eat the steak, and, having his mouth full, did not growl very loudly when the lodger, who had for some days made many private advances toward his friendship, walked quietly past him and down the stairs. The meat swallowed, Leo sat himself down to consider the matter, and the more he considered the more uneasy he became, especially as certain qualms of the stomach suggested that his supper might possibly disagree with him.

Finally, feeling that two heads are often better than one, and wishing advice upon the matter, he rose upon four very queer and unsteady legs, and staggered into his master's room, where his piteous whines soon attracted attention, and Lee, striking a light, discovered that his dog was very ill indeed.

"Poison!" exclaimed he, aloud, and poor Leo's whining groan echoed the suspicion.

"Who did it?" was the mental question forming itself immediately in the young man's mind; and following out the chain of reasoning, he went to Mr. Livermore's door, and quietly raised the latch. The room was empty, and Lee felt the flesh of his scalp creeping with terror; but not on his own account. Hastily dragging on his clothes, he half carried, half dragged poor Leo down-stairs, found the outer door unfastened, and made his way to the barn, where slept Peter, the old hostler.

Him he roused, gave orders for certain vigorous remedies to be administered to the dog, and seizing a shot-gun hanging above the desk in the little office, he set off upon a run in the direction of the Orphanage.

As he made the last turn in the side-road leading toward it, a column of sparks and smoke shot up into the air, then another, and another; the house was on fire in three places!

Redoubling his speed, and shouting hoarsely for help, the boy dashed forward, discharging his gun at a black figure which glided away from the front of the house as he approached. A shriek of agony echoed the report of the gun, and following it came cry upon cry from the blazing house, as the inmates suddenly waked to a sense of their peril.

The front steps and door were already blazing, and smoke and flame pouring out of the lower windows proved that the incendiary had found means to enter the house and set fires within. Rushing round to the back, Lee discovered that the two back doors were also on fire, and the horrible idea flashed upon his mind that the intention had been to cut off all means of egress, so that the inmates of the house should perish in the flames.

"We'll see! God and Saint Margaret help me!" shouted the boy, and flinging himself upon the least formidable of the fiery barriers, he beat and scattered it with the stock of his gun, with branches dragged from the trees close at hand, with his own hands and feet, until, scorched, blinded, breathless, he had torn and scattered it asunder, kicked in the door, and stood in the dense smoke filling the passage within.

One moment for breath, and then dashing along the corridor and through the dining-room, he stood in the front hall, and started back in horror. Chairs, tables and pictures had been piled upon and beneath the stairs, and all were in a light blaze, while above were heard the voices of women and children, lamenting, crying, praying, and the clear tones of Sister Margaret's voice crying out:

"Be quiet—be calm! God is here, and will care for us in life or death!"

"Bring water up, then, and pour it upon the stairs—quick, quick! or it will be too late!" shouted Lee, already dragging away the lighter combustibles, unheeding the terrible burns of hands and face, and the scorching air seeking an entrance to his lungs.

"Lee!" cried Sister Margaret, in a tone of relief and hope, that shot straight to the boy's heart; and then came the dash of water from above, and his own strength revived, and presently the stairs were safe, and the prisoners came rushing down and out into the living air through the door the brave boy had opened for them.

Then all wrought together, and so effectively that the flames were presently got under; and when the townspeople, with their little engine, arrived, there remained almost nothing to do except to wonder and exclaim at what seemed almost a supernatural escape.

But while others talked and exclaimed and stood about in groups, Lee Blaisdell was looking for something or some one in the barn in the grove behind the house, in every nook and corner.

Presently he found it in the cellar, just beneath a burned and broken bulkhead, which had fallen in with it—a moaning, senseless, bleeding and scorched body of a man, with a charge of shot through the calf of his right leg.

The boy knelt beside him, looking down in doubt and disgust.

"Shall I accuse him? I can prove it on him. What would *she* say? She would let him go, I am sure. Coals of fire on his head—that's what the parson said about doing good to your enemies. Well, I wish some of these real coals had been a little livelier."

So Lee called help, and the almost lifeless form was dragged out from the ruins, and carried on a litter back to the Hopvine Inn, and the doctor called again, who shook his head, this time more mournfully than before.

"He oughtn't to have gone to the fire; it was too much for him. Lee, you hadn't ought to have let him," said he, reproachfully. "And then it was awfully simple to carry a gun, anyway. What did he want of that? I suppose when he fell in through the bulkhead, it went off and shot him, didn't it? You found the gun alongside of him, didn't you?"

"Somebody did—Peter, our hostler, I believe it was. You can ask him how it all happened when he gets better," said Leo, sententiously, and again the doctor shook his head.

"*When* he gets better!" said he. "He's going to be a very sick man yet. It ain't the shot—that's only a flesh-wound, and don't signify—but he was all shaken to pieces by the first accident; and I'm afraid now of those inward injuries that he'd scarcely got over, and maybe has aggravated. I'm mortally afraid Mr. Montgomery Livermore's last will and testament will be probated very soon."

Which prognostic proved correct, for within another month the wretched man had gone to his account without ever speaking a rational word again. His body lay in the little church the last night before it was returned to earth, and Sister Margaret, Sister Alice, and the sad, stern Mother Angelica kept vigil beside it—the two younger women with tears, and piteous supplication for God's mercy upon him whom both had loved, and to whom both had forgiven the bitterest injuries man can offer to woman; but Mother Angelica shed no tears, asked not for mercy, but solemnly repeated to herself those texts of Scripture speaking of the justice, the retribution, the vengeance of the Almighty Judge. Let us hope the Recording Angel failed to set down her words.

The Orphanage was rebuilt and refurnished with the money returning to Sister Margaret at her former husband's death, and it still thrives and prospers, bringing to Happy Valley something of that good fortune which the German goblin story describes as accruing to a little hamlet near which a colony of fairies had temporarily settled.

And Leo recovered his health, living to a good old age, and enduring the rough caresses of three hearty little youngsters, children of Lee Blaisdell, who inherited the Hopvine House, and remained in youth and middle-age, and to this day, as stanch an admirer and partisan of Sister Margaret as on the night when he offered his life to save hers, and followed her example in heaping fiery coals of forgiveness and mercy upon his enemy's head.

THE HEDGEHOG.

The dog trained to aid his master in hunting the feathered fowl is here at fault. This creature seems fair prey, but the fellow has rolled himself up, and the tightness of the skin sets every spine erect and firm. Even a fox is baffled. However, an old practiced dog will find a way. He will cautiously roll the ball on toward a pool or stream, and when poor hedgehog unrolls at his sudden splash it is all over with him.

The food of the hedgehog consists of insects, snails, frogs, mice and snakes. Dr. Buckland placed a snake in the same box with a hedgehog. The hedgehog gave the snake a severe bite, and then rolled itself up, this process being repeated until the spine of the snake was broken in several places; it then began at the tail, and ate the snake gradually, as one would eat a radish. White has seen it bore down and eat the roots of the plantain, leaving the leaves and stem untouched.

The flesh of the hedgehog is said to be good eating, and the gypsies frequently make it a part of their diet, as do the people in some parts of Europe.

During the Winter it lives in a torpid state, in a hole well lined with grass and moss, and when discovered looks like a round mass of leaves, as it has rolled itself among the fallen foliage, which adheres to its spikes.

The hedgehog has been known to throw itself boldly from a considerable height, trusting to the elasticity of the spring for breaking its fall. It will be seen that when the spines are upright the force of the fall would not tend to drive the end of the quill upon the animal, but merely test the elasticity of the curved portion.

MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.

This perhaps greatest of all French tragediennes (after Rachel) was born toward the close of the last century. Her father was the leader of the orchestra at the theatre of a small village in Normandy, where her mother performed the *soubrette* parts. Subsequently, her father became manager of a theatre at Amiens, and here the little Marguerite Georges Weimer, who afterward became so celebrated under the name of Mademoiselle Georges, appeared on the stage at the age of five. The public would have spoiled her with flowers, sweetmeats, and indulgences, had nature intended gifts so magnificent to be exhausted during immaturity. She became, at fifteen years of age, the pupil of Mlle. Raucourt, then without a rival as an actress. After fourteen months of study, Mlle. Georges made her *début*. The supremacy of the tragic scene was at this time held by Mlle. Duchesnois, whose first appearance had taken place some months previously. Her admirers thronged to her support on the eventful evening when Mlle. Georges first tested her powers as a tragedienne, and partisan feeling ran high between the two camps.

The battle was long and desperate; it was opened with hisses, continued with blows, and ended with small-swords and pistols. When the rival divinities played in the same tragedy, the two armies tore up the benches of the pit, and threw them at each other's heads. The honors of these demonstrations, said Geoffroy, the redoubtable and renowned critic, belonged to the *débutante;* the dust to Duchesnois. In a word, both had talents of the highest order; but while Duchesnois was almost repulsive in her ugliness, her rival possessed a face and form marvelous in their beauty. What wonder, then, that the latter carried the day?

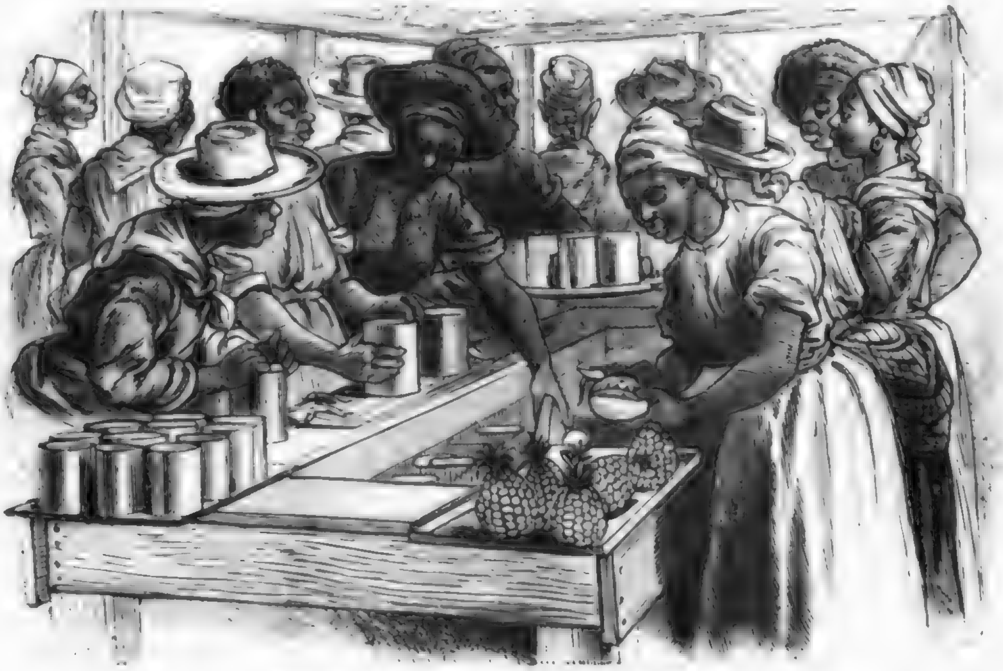
The first protector of Mlle. Georges—we use the word in its primitive and paternal, and not its derided and scandalous sense—was a Polish prince. He furnished her a suite of rooms of Oriental magnificence, stocking the drawers with satins and diamonds. She accepted the key to this marvelous establishment, upon the prince's solemn declaration that no second key existed.

Lucien Bonaparte first fell a victim to her talent and beauty. He was an assiduous and impassioned, but an unsuccessful, suitor. His first consular brother, it is said, was more fortunate.

She carried success with her all over Europe, remaining four years in Russia, and was the idol of the Czar, and the especial favorite of the Empress-mother. After the fall of Napoleon, she returned to France, and abandoned tragedy for the drama.

No actress ever created so many masterpieces. She interpreted the vigorous and palpitating prose of Victor Hugo, Dumas, De Vigny, and all contemporaneous playwrights of ability.

We believe that Mlle. Georges is still living; certain it is that at seventy-five she performed, from time to time, the characters that she played in her teens, in spite of the remonstrances and advice of friends.



SLICING AND CANNING THE FRUIT FOR EXPORT.

THE PINEAPPLE TRADE IN THE BAHAMAS.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.

During our recent trip to Nassau and the Bahama Islands, the artist and I spent a very enjoyable day amongst the pines—not those odoriferous trees beneath whose turpentine shades consumptive invalids ebb their life-breath away, but in the midst of fragrant pineapples, which we visited on their native heath, criticized in the bud, admired in the stem, and tasted in the—can. Hiring a conveyance in Nassau, we drove five miles to a picturesque plantation, situated on the shores of an exquisite sheet of water, smooth as a mirror and glittering with sun-sparks, called Lake Killarney, which, from its strong family resemblance, is evidently a near relative to those celebrated lakes over the beauties of which the American tourist so fondly loves to linger. We found the plantation quite an original and peculiar sight, the leaves, blossoms and young fruit all brilliantly colored in green, purple, pink and yellow, each pine seated royally upon its throne of sword-like leaves, and ripening in a leisurely and arrogant fashion of its own, promising maturity about midsummer.

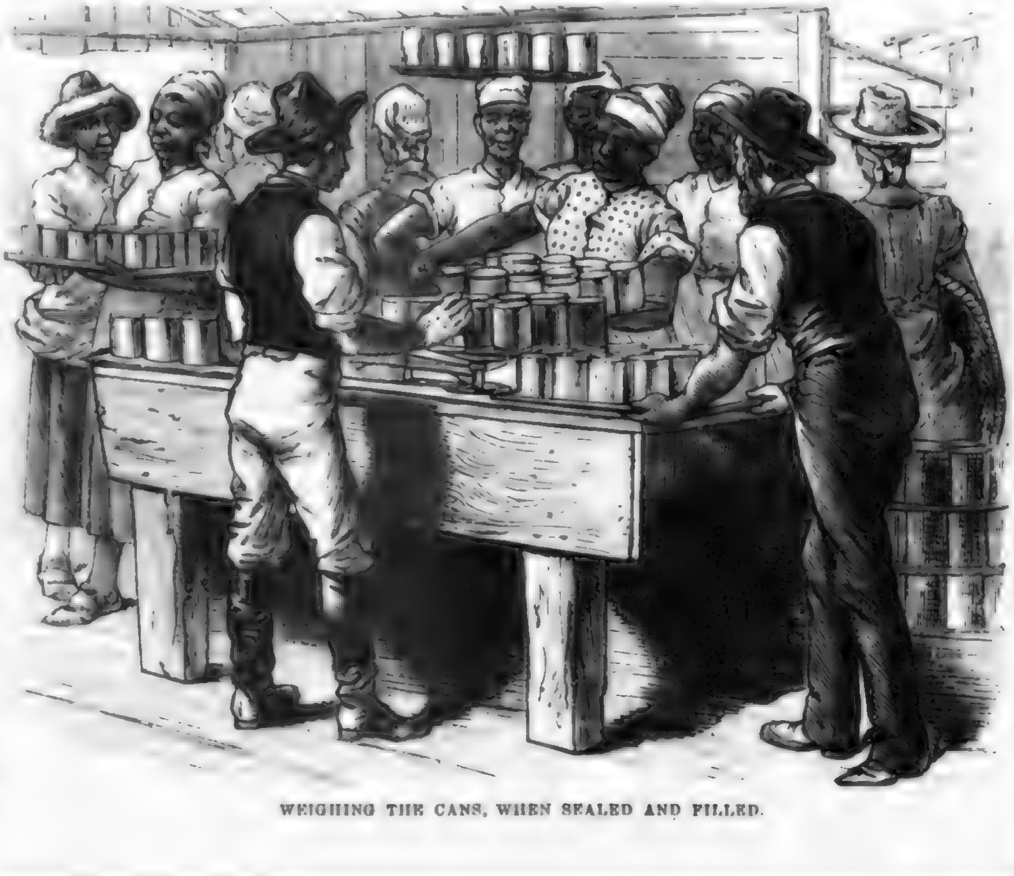
The overseer received us most courteously, and our tour, like one of Cook's, was "personally conducted." With considerable prickings, not of conscience, but of the spiky and vicious thorns bristling upon the sword-like leaves, we plunged through acres of pines, admiring the coniferous plants, now stopping to "tap" a prize specimen of a glorious orange-yellow, suggestive of golden syrup; now halting to criticize a sucking youngster, still green, but promising great things. The dealers pass through plantations much as we did, making notes of area, space, size and condition of the plants. Measurements are taken, calculations are made and entered in a book kept for that purpose; estimates are rapidly conjectured as to ripening, and agreements ratified on the spot.

The overseer of this plantation estimated that he cut from seventy to eighty thousand dozen pines a year, and informed us that during the previous season fifteen cargoes of fresh fruit and forty thousand dozen cans of preserved pineapples were shipped by the owner of the estate.

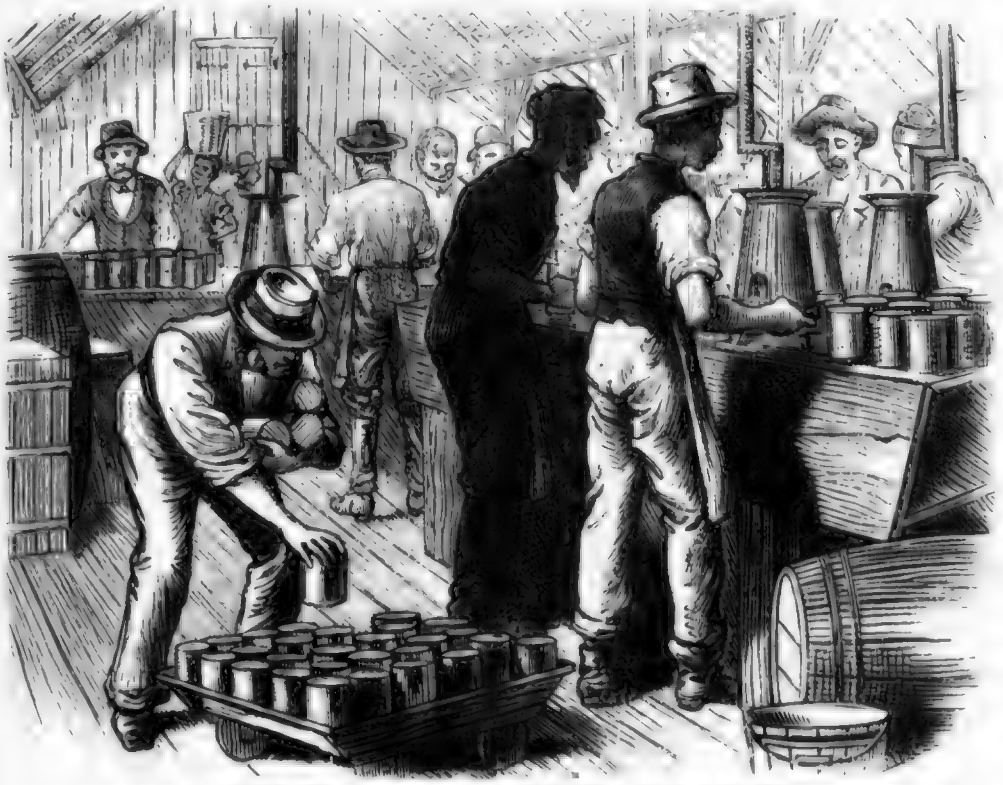
The fruit trade of these islands is quite large, but carried on in a desultory and uncertain fashion; oranges, lemons, bananas, pineapples and cocoanuts are the principal exports; the softer fruits, as sapadillos, guavas, mammées, alligator pears, soursops, Jamaica apples, grape-fruits, star apples, and several other varieties, being mostly consumed at home.

The most extensive orchards are on the other islands of the group, known here as the Outside Islands, and trading schooners go round from island to island, collecting their cargoes piecemeal and making separate bargains with each fruit-grower.

We boarded a sloop trading in pines, and it was as good as "Pinafore" to hear that captain sing out. Surrounded by gesticulating darkeys, picturesquely attired and in animated groups, each particular darkey having pineapples to dispose of, and each howling at the top of his or her voice: "Dar's de pine for de money!" "Here's lubbly fruit!" "Take dis one, cap!" "Dere's juice for ye, honey!" "Growed 'em myself, cap!" "Dar ain't such pines as dese on d'island!" "Gib dis child a chance, cap!" the captain,



WEIGHING THE CANS, WHEN SEALED AND FILLED.



SEALING THE CANS BEFORE SENDING THEM TO THE BOILER.

roaring louder than the chorus, named his lowest price, and in spite of entreaties, suggestions, denunciations, howls of scorn, expressions of contempt, and other indications of popular resentment, held on to his offer; and ere we quitted the deck of his tight little craft her hold was crammed full of the selected apples.

"I guess I'll lose thirty per cent. on the voyage," observed the captain, "but you see, gents, I bought at low water from those blamed niggers."

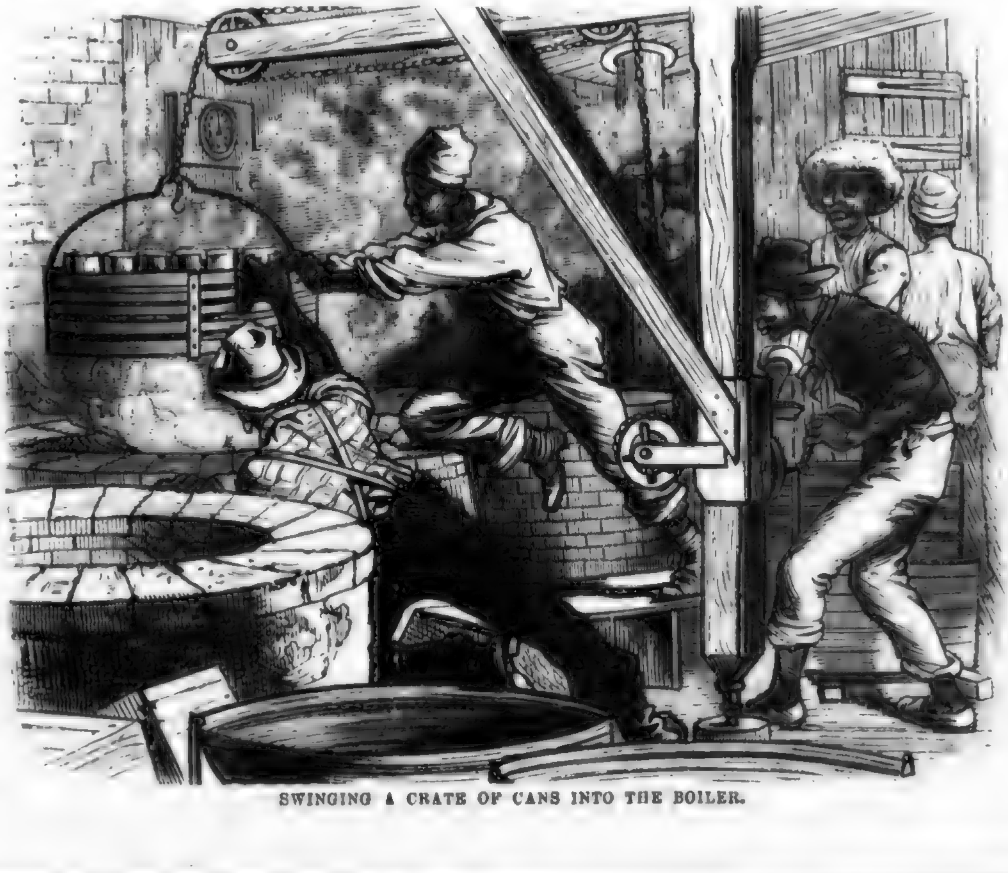
The process of canning pines is somewhat elaborate. The ripe fruit is brought in from the surrounding plantations on donkey-carts, or it is delivered at the wharf from boats coming from the Outside Islands, the natives bearing it on their shoulders in baskets to the shore, where it is somewhat unceremoniously dumped beneath a shed. No pineapple below a certain standard is ever taken. Tables are ranged along the wharf, at which women and girls stand in readiness to receive the fruit, which is handed to each "parer" in a basket, and with it a tin check, good at the office for a certain stated amount.

The "parers" operate on the tough-hided fruit with wondrous dexterity and marvelous rapidity. How they cut and slash and chop so swiftly without lopping off slices of their own flesh, is a marvel to the writer. They stand at the tables, each operator placing her pines in position, and in a few minutes the fruit is as innocent of cuticle as a billiard-ball. The ladies lighten their labors by that which is so dear to every daughter of Eve — gossip. Sometimes a song is introduced, while that peculiar laughter, so feebly imitated by even the best negro delineators, rings and yaw-yaws, till the blue waves re-echo it to the glistening beach.

In an adjoining shed, to which the pared pines are conveyed, is a long counter laden with the cans that are to travel from "Indus to the Pole." Behind this counter, and beside the cases of pared pines, stands a small regiment of "slicers," whose business it is to slice the fruit, and place it, when sliced, in the cans. This movement is one of extreme celerity, and again do we expect to see human fingers sent flying into the cans along with the yellow-white fruit disks.

When the pines pass the "slicers," the cans, still open, are transferred to another department to be filled with syrup, which is ladled into each by a dipper. This syrup is manufactured of pure rain-water, caught for the purpose in cisterns lined with hydraulic cement, and sugar of the very highest standard of quality. Two experts are continually employed in ladling the syrup from miniature vats into the cans.

Now comes the process of sealing the tops of the cans. In a long, well-ventilated shed, several men stand opposite small charcoal furnaces. A number of cans are placed by assistants upon the shining counter, and as fast as is possible, consistent with effective work, the sealer dexterously manipulates the loosely topped cans with the fiery breath of the furnace-rod, which fastens on the tops, the solder doing the rest. The cans are then weighed and passed on to the boiling-room, an apartment in which we did not linger one second longer than was absolutely necessary



SWINGING A CRATE OF CANS INTO THE BOILER.

to the purpose of our visit. Enormous caldrons, half full of madly boiling water, stand imbedded in the floor; over each caldron tackle for lifting and lowering the iron vessel containing the cans. When the vessel is filled, it is lowered into the boiling water, where it remains until the air within each can becomes expanded—the space of four or five minutes; then the vessel is hoisted high and dry, and a hole punctured in the top of each can to permit the air to escape, this hole being instantly resoldered, when the cans are again lowered ,into the caldron, where they remain until the fruit is completely cooked.

All these departments of labor, of course, require skill and system in execution.

The labeling next takes place, after this the packing in cases, and then comes the shipment. Thanks to the perfect system of canning and exporting the pineapple, it is now within easy reach of poor as well as rich, and the wooden shanty and the brown-stone mansion can store this piquant delicacy with the assured conviction that at all times a delectable morsel may be summoned to aid in the development of the frugal meal, or in that of the lordly *menu* of fifteen courses.

BILLIARDS.

The game of billiards was introduced by the first Baron Kew, who was the Chief Lord of the Board of Green Cloth, with power to add to his number.

The votes were registered by the deposition of one white ball, one ball with a speck upon it, and one red ball, in the three pockets with which the board itself (a sort of table) was originally furnished.

The president—*i.e.*, the Baron Kew—marked with a stick, the pointed end of which was chalked, the numbers gained by the candidates, *e.g.*, for the office of Bedellus Parochialis.

During the sitting of the board, the mace—the ensign of authority—was held by the president's daughter.

In time, however, this cumbersome piece of official machinery was entirely superseded by 13 William I., cap. 2.

Sitting at the head of the board of green cloth, attended only by his secretary, the youthful Lord Goodun de Fluke, and his daughter the Honorable Miss Everie Stroke, the baron from time to time listlessly rolled the three balls into the three pockets of the now unused table, whence they were picked out again either by Lord Goodun or Miss Everie, whose eyes were speaking more passionately than words, while the baron, occasionally striking one ball against another with his pointed wand, stopped to consider the effect.

The white ball hit the ball with a speck on it, and glanced off against the red.

"C'este une combinayson nouvelle!" said the baron, meditatively, in the best Norman-French of the period.

Lord Goodun squoze the hand of the faire Everie.

"Il me faut six poches," said the baron; then added to himself, "poches vides."

"Je vous prendraye sans kelkshows," whispered Lord Goodun.

Again the lovely girl bent her head, and blushed for the seventeenth time that morning.

The baron sent two balls into a pocket.

"Je voys tout ce qu'este!" he exclaimed, looking toward the young couple.

Lord Goodun appeared confused, but the beautiful Everie, rising from her seat, replaced the balls on the table.

"I will now try," said the baron, in plain Saxon—he spoke excellent Saxon on occasion, especially when he was, what was *then* termed, "put out"—"I will now try something new, only, though I see what the game will be in time, it is so difficult to invent names for the strokes."

Goodun and Everie stood together—always together—behind him, while he smote the speckled ball, high up on its right side, with considerable force. It drove the unspeckled ball against the side of the table, and suddenly returning, intervened between the red ball and the white, so craftily as to prevent their meeting. "Smack!" went the speckled and the white, coming together sharply.

Smack! . . . . It seemed to be an echo behind the baron, or was it only the noise made on the table?

"It sounded like a kiss," quoth the baron. Then he turned and eyed his two companions, who were, however, standing at some distance from one another.

"Call it a kiss," returned Miss Everie, demurely.

"Hum!" said the baron, "I will.

Lord Goodun, as his secretary, wrote down the first rule and title in the new game—"When, etc. etc., coming together, etc. etc., it shall be called a kiss."

"And what shall a kiss count for in the game?" asked Miss Everie.

Lord Goodun was about to reply something enthusiastically, when the baron interrupted with:

"Nothing. A kiss, being merely an accident, shall count for nothing. You see," continued the baron, scientifically, "you can't always rely upon a kiss. You may get it, or you may not, and it leads to nothing."

Lord Goodun and Miss Everie exchanged looks.

"You try your hand," said the baron, presenting Lord Goodun with the stick.

"I should call this," observed the young aristocrat, playfully, "the Kew; for I shall never see it without thinking of you."

"Et alors," cried the fair girl, "par là est suspendue une queue."

"*Très-bien*," said the baron, and put it down in his new book of Anglo-Saxon Games, dedicated to William, Duc de Normandie et Roi d'Angleterre.

"And I'll play with the mace," continued Miss Everie, whose object was evidently to put her father in the very best of tempers.

"*Encore bien!*" exclaimed the baron, and out came his note-book once more. "You two play together, and I'll mark. Stop! let's see—how old am I?"

"Fifty," answered the demoiselle. He was sixty, if a day.

"Je le suis, tu as rayson," replied the baron; "à cinquante le jeu sera fayt. Allez."

There was yet another consideration, of which the baron, as an old gamester (all the Norman nobility were gamesters in those days), could not lose sight. What were his child and Lord Goodun to play for?

"*L'amour*," murmured Miss Everie, softly.

"Well," said the baron, "it's all speculation. However, it's a match. So, as I said before, *allez*."

The strokes that Lord Goodun made surprised no one more than himself, and so, being unintentional, they were called after him, and set down as Flukes.

Then the mode of scoring was settled.

One evening, an affable dignitary of the neighboring Cathedral of St. Hedwigs happened to look in when they were hard at their new game. This time the baron was making a stroke, and his daughter was scoring. The white ball, struck by the baron, hit the red, and glancing off at a tangent, struck the spotted ball; thence, with half-expended force, it spun against the side of the table, and for some inexplicable reason flew upward, and caught the

Very Reverend Dr. Johannes Petrus on the nose. He had "looked in" without "looking out."

"What's that?" cried the baron.

"The canon! the good canon!" shrieked Miss Everie, running to the assistance of her friend and confessor.

"Omne est rectum," said the good-natured ecclesiastic, in monastic Latin. "Quid sit ludus hic? Timeo diabolos dona ferentes. Vous comprenney bang cela?"

"I'll name that stroke after you, monseigneur," said the baron; "that's a canonicus—*id est*, a canon."

Whenever the young people played, Lord Goodun lost everything to his fair antagonist. She commenced by being "twenty to his love," and ended by being everything to his love, which remained, as the mathematici say, "constant."

The canon performed the marriage ceremony, and united the hands of Miss Everie Stroke and Lord Goodun de Fluke. He (the canon) never recovered the blow on the nose, from which he had silently suffered a martyrdom. He died *in odore sanctitatis*, and engraved on the exquisite brass (a portrait of himself holding his right hand, extended, to his injured organ) are the words—

> "Ejus mortis causa proxima fuit
> Naso super-violenté afflato."

The baron appeased the wrath of the King by dedicating to him his book of sports, and by calling the newly-invented game after his Majesty. William the Conqueror, of England, was popularly known as William the Hardy Norman, and among his friends as Billy l'Hardy. In a moment of inspiration the baron said, "Enregistrez le jeu sous le tistre de Billy-ardi." In the gradual refinement of the French and English languages, the name has reached us as "Billiards."

WHAT ARE BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY?

Burke, Mengs, and other adherents of the dogmatic system, make beauty to consist in mere shape. Coleridge stated the principle of beauty as "multiety in unity." "All the disputes," writes Schiller (in "Letters and Essays"), "which ever reigned in the philosophical world, upon the conception of beauty, and which reign in part at the present day, have only this origin, that the inquiries commenced, either not with a rigorous discrimination, or resulted in a combination not sufficiently perfect."

Beautiful art, and that beauty in Greek architecture on which the mind rests with complacency, shows no parade of means; yet, like efficiency of character, its force is made visible only by its results. The motto of the artist should be, "Ostendo non ostento." Yet, as Reynolds (8th Discourse) said, "When simplicity, instead of being a corrector, seems to set up for herself—that is, when an artist seems to value himself solely upon this quality—such an ostentatious display of simplicity becomes then as disagreeable and nauseous as any other kind of affectation. It is in art as in moral: no character would inspire us with an enthusiastic admiration of his virtues, if that virtue consisted only in an absence of vice; something more is required; a man must do more than merely his duty to be a hero. Those works of the ancients which are in the highest esteem, have something besides mere simplicity to recommend them. Yet simplicity is our barrier against that great enemy to truth and nature—affectation."

Beauty and sublimity are thus considered by Coleridge ("Lectures on the Dramatists"): "The Greek art is beautiful. When I enter a Greek church, my eye is charmed, and my mind elated. I feel exalted, and proud that I am a man. But the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left is, 'that I am nothing.'"

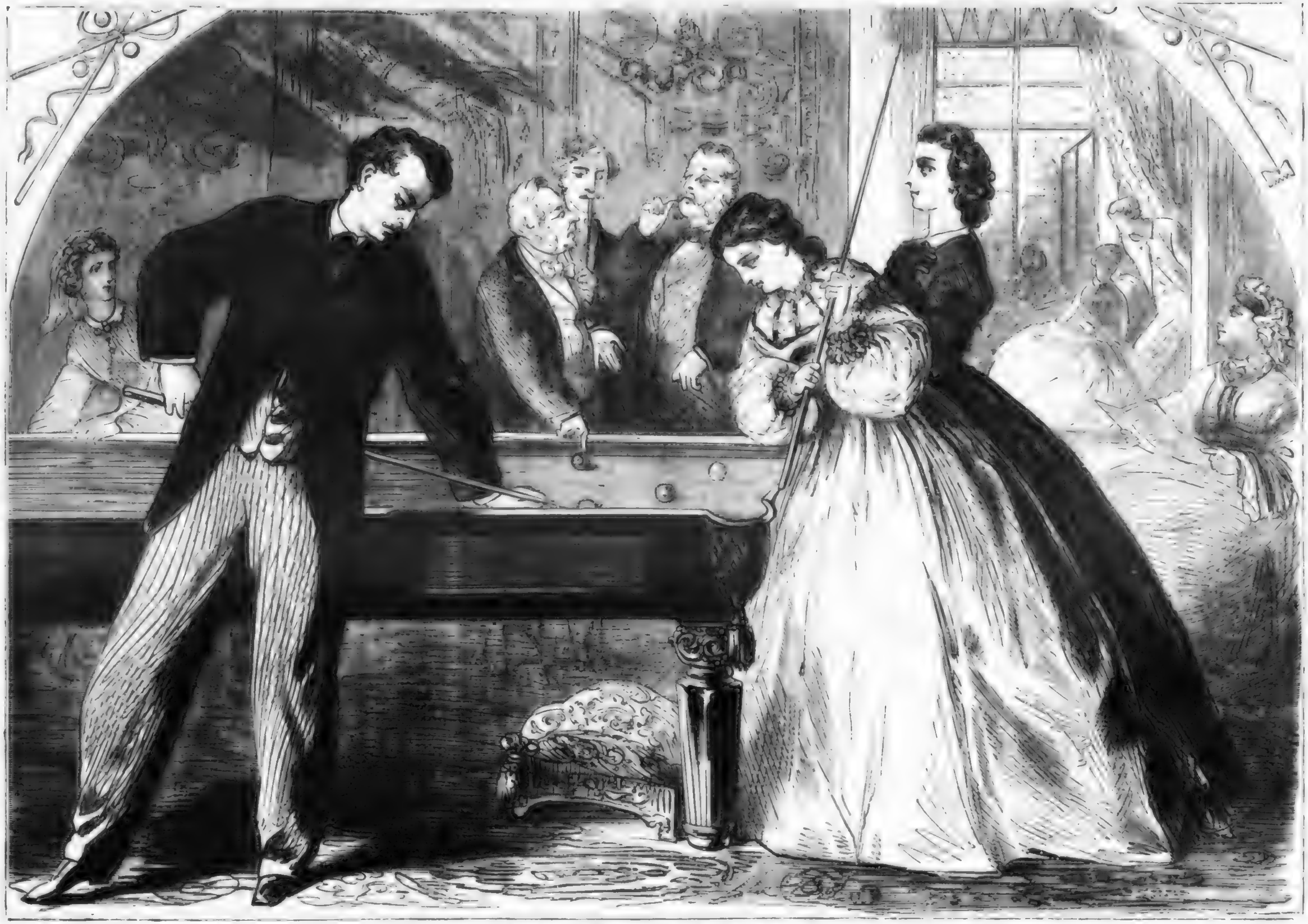
TURKISH WOMEN IN THE FASHION.

A correspondent writes from Constantinople: The inmates of the harem walk abroad enveloped in gay silk, or more commonly in white, as though on their way to a masquerade; or as if a cemetery had suddenly come to life, and the shrouded forms were out on a general parade. The faces must be kept covered with a piece of figured cotton, called a "mandil," which is indescribably ugly. The feet and ankles of these sheeted figures are in full view. The Syrian women and girls go visiting and to church with a scarf of white dotted lace thrown jauntily over their pretty black hair and bright ribbons, but modesty requires them to don the Moslem sheet when they do their shopping in the bazaars. There are ambitious women, who aspire to Paris styles instead of the plainer print of the ordinary Syrian, and who yet cling to the gayer colors of a more barbaric taste. As, for example, one whom I saw at the Pasha's garden reception, attired in a scarlet and drab walking-suit, plum-colored velvet hat with light blue feather and pink flowers, and yellow kids, her child decked in red velvet and gold braid. There was a grand wedding the other day in the high-toned native society, where the trousseau was from Paris and the supper by a caterer; but some of the relations from the country, not understanding the ways of more civilized society, put their hands into the salad and helped themselves, sitting with their shoes off and their feet tucked up under them on the satin divan.

WASHINGTON AS A FIREMAN.

In 1774 the Friendship Fire Company, which still exists, was organized. It at first consisted of citizens who, out of "mutual friendship," agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of oznaburg, or wider linen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the Congress of 1774, at Philadelphia, he examined the fire-engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress, in 1775, he bought from one Gibbs a small fourth-class engine for £80 10s, and just before he set out for Boston Heights to become commander-in-chief he dispatched this little engine to the Friendship Company. When in Alexandria, during his younger days, he always attended at fires, and assisted to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King Street, followed by his servant, also on horseback, and he saw the Friendship engine poorly manned. Riding up to a group of well-dressed gentlemen near by, he called out: "Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters." And throwing the bridle of his horse to his servant, he leaped off and seized the brakes, followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a "shaking up" as it never knew afterward.

From the piety, gentleness and forbearance of women spring most of the Christian virtues that adorn society; and from the tenderness and compassion stamped on their hearts arise the greatest number of those benevolent deeds that form the chief blessings of life.



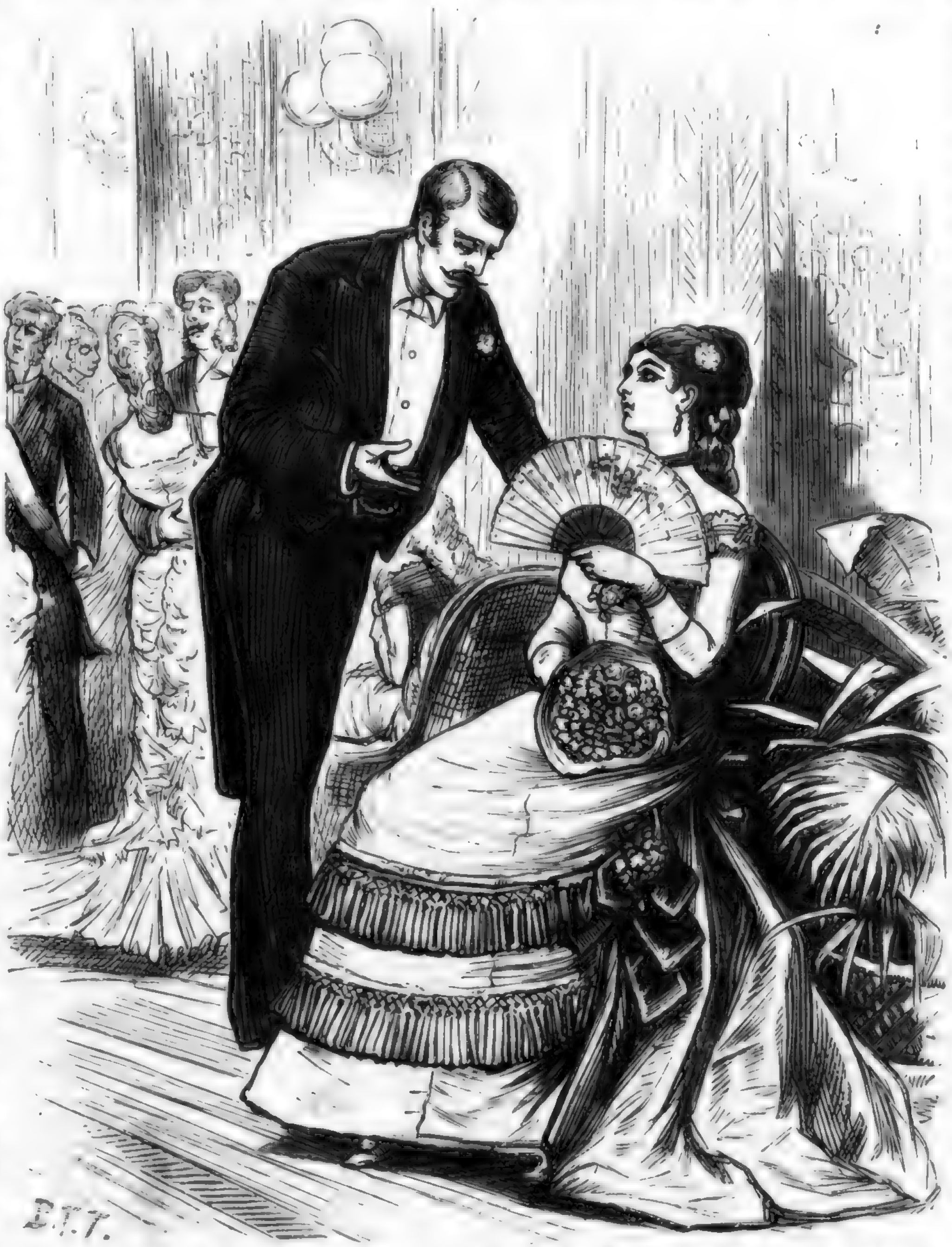
THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.—SEE PAGE 366.

I, LEAH.

"I AM going to bring Winny Page to call upon you, Leah. I wonder if you will like him."

"On the basis of Winny Page's being a man, my dear Nell, most of my friends would express surprise at your questioning the result," I answer, laughing up into Helen Burton's face.

She frowns her ready frown.



I, LEAH.—"I WAS ALONE FOR A MOMENT, FANNING MYSELF BY ONE OF THE WINDOWS, WHEN I FELT, RATHER THAN SAW, HIM COMING TOWARD ME. 'MISS THORNE, WILL YOU GIVE ME ONE WALTZ? THIS IS WINNY'S GREETING AFTER THREE MONTHS."

"I do not look upon you as they do, and—once for all, Leah, it hurts me to hear you sneer in the way you do—hurts me to hear you estimate yourself beneath your standard——"

I laugh as I interrupt her—a little scornfully, perhaps; in that line, at least, I do not spare myself.

"'Below my standard!'—maybe, Nell, but not below my actual self!"

"Pshaw!" she cries, laughing too. "You know perfectly well what I mean. You are true and honest and clean-souled as ever a woman was, and yet you try—positively rejoice, I think, in making people believe that you are a sort of demon in human form, seeking whom you may devour."

"Do I? Well, what is Winny Page like? A fine field, think you, for domestic missions?—since, *selon vous, mon ami*, that is rather my vocation than flirting naughtily with men and women."

"Winny—well, seriously—Winny is nothing at all wonderful, Leah. But then, really, he is like no other man."

"I never saw him, I believe."

"No; he is not a disagreeable object of contemplation, on the whole—what you and I call a handsome man, though the world would scarcely back us."

"Well, bring him, if you like."

"When?"

"Oh, let me see. Tuesday?—no. Wednesday evening."

"True, honest, and clean-souled," am I? Ah, Nell, what strange power is there in Leah Thorne's weak, unbeautiful face, in her weak, unbeautiful character, to have drawn *you*—strong, clever woman that you are—to deem her those three things which she is not? What strange power is it that has made men her playthings since she was thirteen, and has left her heart-whole, even if the bloom has been brushed off her peachy youth, at twenty-three? What strange power that, by instinct or caprice, rather than by will, makes women learn to love her with something of that fierce passion women now and then feel for some other of their own kind?—and, withal, leaves her—God help her!—starving in the midst of a feast, thirsty with the full cup pressed to her lips!

He makes—or, perhaps, I should say ten thousand grouping ancestors make—some women sweet and wholesome because it is their innate requirement; others battle for the healthy supremacy with wild desires and eager, impatient pulses, and gain the day by dint of struggle and self-control; and yet others, specially constructed with a capacity for developing and illustrating the evil of a woman when she is evil. I—Leah, am of this latter class. I sit down, nay, I kneel down, helplessly before my irresistible tendernesses. I am powerless before them. Every groove and channel of my character and nature plays remorselessly into the same worthless, craving want—love, desire, *necessity* for admiration. I must have it, I always have had it, and I shall go on having it, I suppose, until some day when the gray creeps in among my brown locks and the slumberous fires die out of my eyes; and perchance, too, Leah, dear, you will then learn the incoming of that strange, foreign word, "rest."

XUM

Wednesday night I am going with my father to Mrs. Graham's ball—it is for her daughter Minnie's *début*, and supposed to be going to be a triumph in the ball line. This circumstance I had not at all overlooked when I told Nell that she might bring Winny Page on Wednesday evening instead of Tuesday. First impressions, on the whole, are apt to be indelible; and, somehow or other, I think Winny Page may just as well see me first in black tulle, with crimson trails of roses about it, and with corals on my neck and arms and in my ears, as not.

"Leah, you will do."

I cast my last glance at my mirror as John hands me the two cards at about half-past eight; and, a little weary of the old face—a little weary, too, of myself and my ways, I run in to tell papa that I should like to leave at a quarter-past nine, and then I go down very slowly to meet Winny Page.

Nellie's eyes fly open for a second at my gala appearance, but close instantly, for Nell is proverbially "good form."

"Mr. Page—Miss Thorne."

Mr. Page and Miss Thorne are mutually delighted to meet each other; and while I see in a hazy sort of style the quick glance of Winny Page's blue-gray eyes over all of me, looking at Nell, and including him with a little gesture, I apologize for my ball-dress, and plead a general lack of memory for my engagements, although I keep the letter of the law, and do not particularize in this instance.

Winny Page produced no impression whatever upon me the first time that we met, save that he was slightly imperious, and had a weak, handsome mouth; and I, moreover, wondered for a moment if he were not a demonstrative man, who would also display sufficient *savoir faire* in his mode of loving a woman.

At half-past nine papa appeared, and, excusing myself, I was off for Mrs. Graham's, not illy pleased with my call from Winny Page—the "irresistible Winny," as his club associates and the girls called him—perhaps he was.

I had had a certain long, absorbing look from his eyes that I was well enough used to, and Winny Page had seen Leah Thorne with all her faults and all her failings.

I met him at the Academy reception a week or two later. Nell was there with some other man, however, and when I saw Winny Page's blonde head I was with another man also; but Bierstadt's picture puzzled me, and I sent my cavalier across to decipher it, and Winny Page came quietly up and took the vacated place beside me.

"You do not care a button for these things," he says, lazily, leaning over and taking my fan from my hand with a rapid, not ungraceful movement; at the same time his eyes flash a trifle inquiringly under their drooped lids.

"You are quite right," I answer.

"Why do you sit here, then? Let us go out in the corridor and listen to the music."

He draws my arm through his, and takes possession of my catalogue. We lean over the railing, inhaling the sweet odors from the azalea-trees and the callas, and the rhythmic waltz-time sets all my pulses playing.

"Ah, you care for this!" Winny Page says, fanning my face. "You look like *tempo di valse*, Miss Thorne, and like some sort of sweet, perilous poison!"

"What a delightful combination, to be sure!" I reply, regardless of the intent, curious eyes that are bent upon my face.

"What do you say to my estimate—correct, or the reverse?"

He is bending low over me, and I raise my eyes to answer; they meet Nell's—Nell, who is opposite me, leaning over the railing also, with some man talking to her. Perhaps I am a woman of quick perceptions—perhaps, oh! perhaps this quick instinct was erroneous! Nell, Nell, if I could love, I loved you!

"Your estimate, Mr. Page?" I say, a trifle coldly. "Why, you must pardon me if I consider that the subject could scarcely be estimated in two brief views."

He smiles quietly enough under his thick, blonde mustache.

"Do not put me off. I am not used to it!"

"Indeed!" I exclaim, haughtily. "Should our acquaintance continue, Mr. Page, I fear you will have to become used to many things to which hitherto you have been a stranger!"

Again he smiles—a tortured, painful sort of smile—and his eyes prison mine for a second.

"You are right; I am already a sufferer from a new experience. I thank *you* for it. Shall we go back and see the pictures in the east room? Moran's sea-piece is exquisite."

Winny Page, you gained an advantage over me that March night; I had lost my *sang froid*, while you kept yours!

I saw him frequently, met him here and there—for we knew many of the same people—and he fell into the habit of dropping in once or twice a week, as a matter of course.

In May—the last week in May, I remember—he asked me to go to the theatre with him, and, I know not why, save the old evil nature in me, I said "Yes." It was a stormy night, the rain fell in torrents, and we drove down to Wallack's in complete silence. Only as we neared our destination, he spoke:

"I can be quiet with you—at least, you hold me in a sort of thraldom. What is it? Why is it? Language forsakes me, and now that I have need of words, they are not mine."

I sink back away from him, a faint, sick feeling creeping through my veins, and then I laugh—my woman's ready weapon.

"Oh, Mr. Page, it must be the perilous poison in me working its will upon your powers of speech."

"I am not a weak man; I am strong, and yet——"

He glances down at me, and, thank heaven, we pull up with a jerk before the theatre.

He pays little attention to "Money," or to the woes of *Alfred Evelyn* or the sorrows of *Clara*. And do I? His arm lies over the back of my chair; his eyes scarcely leave my face; my hands busy themselves with opera-glass and programme; my eyes are fixed unrelentingly on the stage; but my thoughts! Who will tell me the secrets of a woman's soul? Who will paint with a just and accurate pencil the maddening, flickering whirl of my brain? So cannot I. He was near me, and with my own consent. If I, who in ten long years had been so strong to make men speak, could not keep this man silent, what manner of power was mine? I had chosen to walk with open, ay, wide-open, eyes to the verge of the precipice, and now that I had reached the brink, should the prospect terrify me into an ignoble concession? Was I right thus to play with my emotions—feelings, if you will? Ah! they were mine; and if the dangerous glimpses I chose to give myself of Winny Page's heart were sweet to me, I could close the book when it listed me, albeit with a bitter pang. And of him? I never thought of him until that night. They say I never did think of men in that way. With a first-born blush of ineffable compassion, I looked up into his haggard face. Nell, Nell, I almost forgot you! Nay, I set myself to reason it out. Why, since he never would give his love and life to you, should I not stretch forth my hand and take that which was mine own? Only for five minutes, Nell; the logic, false to all friendship, died with the last sweep of the violin-strings, and we surged out of Wallack's with the crowd. Half the distance home we were silent again; then I thought to mend the situation by talk.

"The scenery was not bad," I venture.

He languidly assents.

"*Georgina's* costumes quite gorgeous, were not they? I believe you go in for that sort of thing, do not you, Mr. Page?"

"Do I?" He speaks vaguely, and stares vaguely out of the window at the storm as he speaks.

I relapse into silence. Am I then stronger than Winny Page? Have I—I, Leah! so weak, so faltering—more force than this man sitting beside me? Have I, with that curious, subtle, insufferable *something* that there is about me, lulled his purpose into a state of quiescence? Can I thus play with sharp steel, passing the naked edge over my hand, and come away unscathed? And of your woman's heart, oh, Leah, what of that?

* * * * * *

I did not see Winny Page from that night on until August; then we met again at Saratoga. I was at the Union for the season with my indulgent father, and Nell was at the Clarendon; he came to the Union, and we saw each other for the first time once more in the ballroom. I knew that he was coming, and I determined just how he should see me. Oh, Winny, if I stirred the dagger in your wound, did I spare myself?—nay, not one quiver that a woman's wanting heart *can* know, and live.

I was leaning on Will Graham's arm, staring up with brightest eyes into his face; my cream-colored gown, with its gold fringes and clusters of violets, must have brushed against Winny as I passed, and Nell was looking—Nell, with her honest, beautiful soul, and her crushed, darling heart—Nell, with her proud eyes and her soft lips.

I was alone for a moment—just one—fanning myself by one of the windows, when I felt, rather than saw, him coming toward me.

"Miss Thorne, will you give me one waltz?"

This is Winny's greeting, after three months.

"Can't waltz, Mr. Page," I answer, lightly; "my card is full."

"I must turn thief, then, and steal some other man's chance of happiness, since there is none of my own."

He slips his arm around me, and we dance together for perhaps five minutes.

"Thanks."

I turn to Will Graham, whose angry eyes have been following us, and then Winny Page goes out of the room.

The next day I am mounted on Pet—Pet is a beauty, and a spoiled one at that—and my wrists are weak; and to-day she seems especially frisky. However, Nell is a superb horsewoman, and John is a careful groom.

"Miss Thorne, may I join you, with Miss Burton's permission?"

Winny gallantly lifts his cap from his blonde, boyish curls.

What can I say but "Yes"? We ride slowly at first, then a mild canter out to the lake, slowly around the shore-road for a while, and there Pet is restive, and I propose a race home. Nell is more than willing, and Winny's eyes flash as he brings his horse close to Pet.

"Give me your reins, and let me guide you a mile or two. I can do it."

"Nonsense! Mr. Page, we are going to race. There, Pet, be happy!"

I give her her head, and off we go. Once I feel timid at the terrible, lightning-like speed—once I hear Winny's voice sounding from afar off: "Stop her, if you can, for God's sake!" Once I hear Nell's "Leah!" It echoes like a whisper in my ear, and then no more—no more of anything for many and many an hour.

They picked me up for a dead woman, but I was not—not that yet—only likely to die after a few months' weary suffering, so they told me, and I was not illy pleased.

Winny Page came to see me yesterday. The old Leah rose up within me. I must see him, only looking as I wished to—just for once—all the dark glory of my hair swept over the pillows and over the rose-colored gown, with its downy trimmings—just for once, with the jewels flashing on my white hands, and the slumberous light, so soon to be put out for ever, in my eyes—for him!

"Leah! Leah!"

He crosses the wide room swiftly, and is beside me, and has my hands both fast in his.

"Yes," I say; and so looking, I feel my old power ebbing away from me.

Winny, I know, will have his say before he leaves me. He has; and I experience the soft, enticing luxury once again in my life. I listen to the strong, passionate words of a man's loving, jealous heart; I hear the broken, bitter anguish that knows relinquishment must follow fast on fleet possession; I glory to the core of my sensuous soul in this last love-telling that I, Leah, shall ever listen to.

I can return him love for love. At last, Nell—dear Nell!—dying, I can take a fore-glimpse of heaven, and show Winny Page that this worldly Leah, whom so many men have kissed, gave nothing ever until now.

There comes a knock at my door. It is Nell; and she enters at my bidding. There are no tears in her eyes, but her soft lips quiver.

"Nell," I say, "come close to me. Bend down your head—there, low. Nell, you're all I ever loved—*really*, you know. It must be so, Nell, for I gave up my chance of being a happy, good woman, for your sake. I had my chance, Nell, but he preferred you. Winny Page, will you do something for me when I'm gone?"

"Yes," he says, simply, and a little eagerly.

"This woman here has been my chief blessing through a dark, terrible life of twenty-three years. I want you to hold her happiness the dearest thing on earth."

Nell draws back a little haughtily from my arms; over her averted head Winny's eyes meet mine in mute, questioning wonder; a pained smile curves his lips, but why should not she be happy, even if he and I—Pshaw! Nell must make him happy—Nell, a purer, truer, tenderer woman than Leah Thorne ever dreamed of being.

He lays his hand almost reverentially on her soft hair, rests his eyes on me for a moment, and turns away and leaves us. I shall never see Winny Page again.

But this woman whom I love—whom I love so dearly, and by whom I am so beloved—she will stay with me till the end of all things, for me. Her arms never tire, her feet never weary, her lips are never lacking in their kisses—and I joy in her.

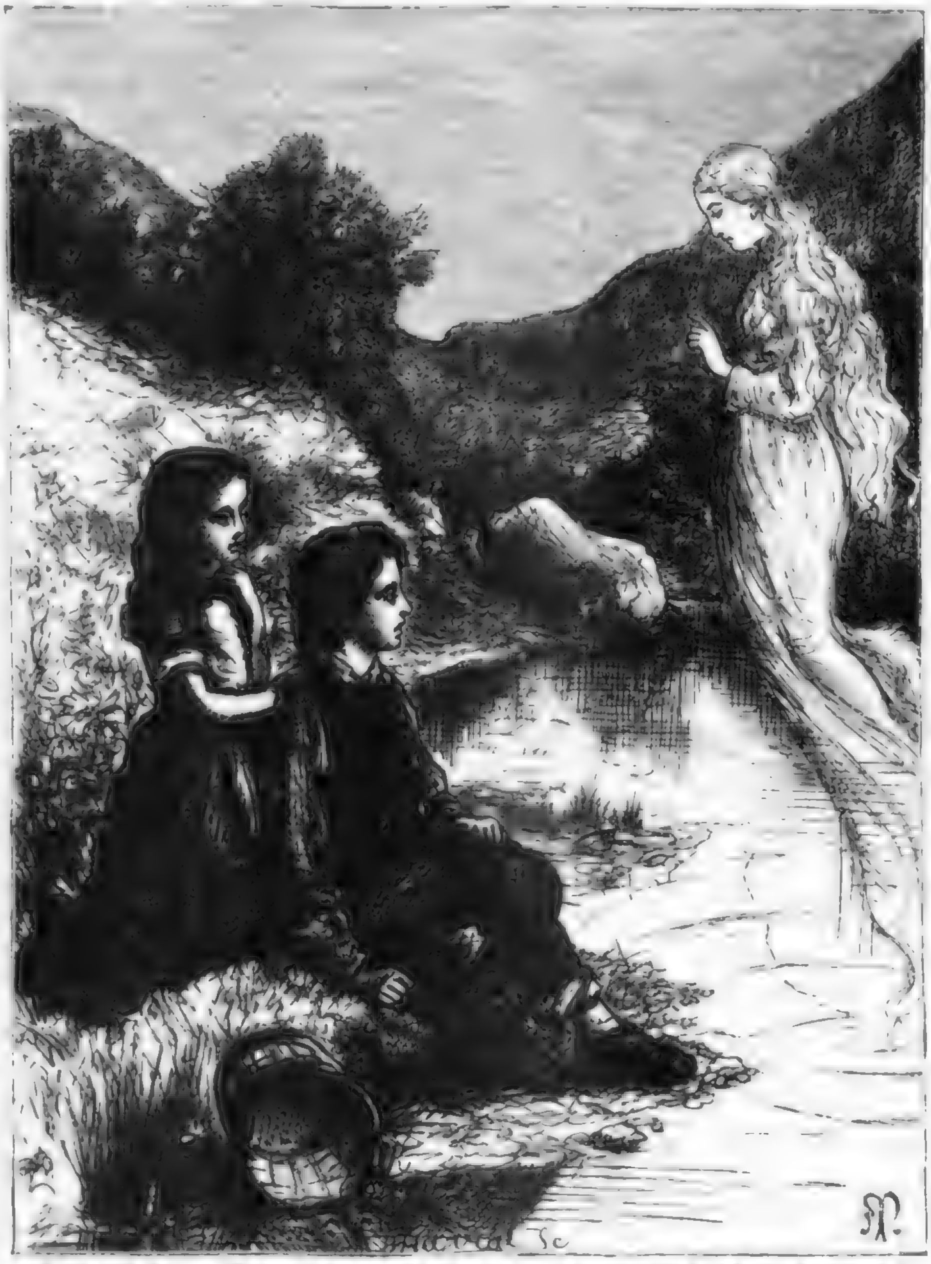
Curious that I, who have lived my life long for men, should, at its close, find all my peace between a woman's two young arms. Curious that I, who reveled so in my power and my pleasure, should to-day have forgotten all those old care-takings, and only remember to hope that Nell will never know—to hope that happy children will call her "mother," and that no one of them will have the fatal gifts that have made my life so sad a failure! Ah, Leah! where is your old brave spirit? Where your laughs and scorns and wonders as to where your heart was? Gone, clean gone! Leah only longs for the solution of that strange, foreign word, "Rest."

JACK AND GILL.

"Jack and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after."

Once upon a time, a brother and sister, named Jack and Gill, lived in a little cottage in a pleasant wooded valley. They were young—very young, the neighbors said, to set up house all alone; but they had no one belonging to them, and as they were hard-working, healthy children, they got on very well. Jack dug in the garden and fished in the stream, and gained many a loaf of bread and piece of meat by cutting firewood in the forest for the farmers and cottagers round. Gillian washed and baked, and kept their home tidy; and, when her other work was done, she would sit and spin the flax her brother planted in their little strip of field.

The baron, whose great gray stone castle stood on the hill above, was very kind to them, and only charged them half the rent for their cottage that he might otherwise have had; and at Christmas he always sent them a present—a new cloak for Gillian, or a jerkin for Jack. He was so kind to all his tenants, that there was great mourning when the old baron died.



JACK AND GILL.—"THEY WERE NOW SO NEAR THAT THEY COULD SEE THAT IT TOOK THE FORM OF A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN."

The new baron was a stranger, and even a foreigner, people said, for he and his household spoke among themselves in a foreign tongue. He was stiff and cold and silent—very different to the kindly old baron; and the people, who had made up their minds to dislike him before he came, soon began to hate him. He had new ways of farming which they did not like, and they grumbled even at his improvements. Jack and Gill grumbled, too; for the new baron did not spare them like the old, but charged them their full rent.

"What did we want with a stranger like that coming to set himself over us?" growled Jack. "We'll show him that we are as good as he, for all his pride. Our good old ways won't do for him, indeed, and we must alter them all to please him!"

"He does not seem to get much pleasure out of that, or anything else," said Gill. "I had rather live here in our little cottage, although there is a hole in the roof, than up there in his great gloomy castle."

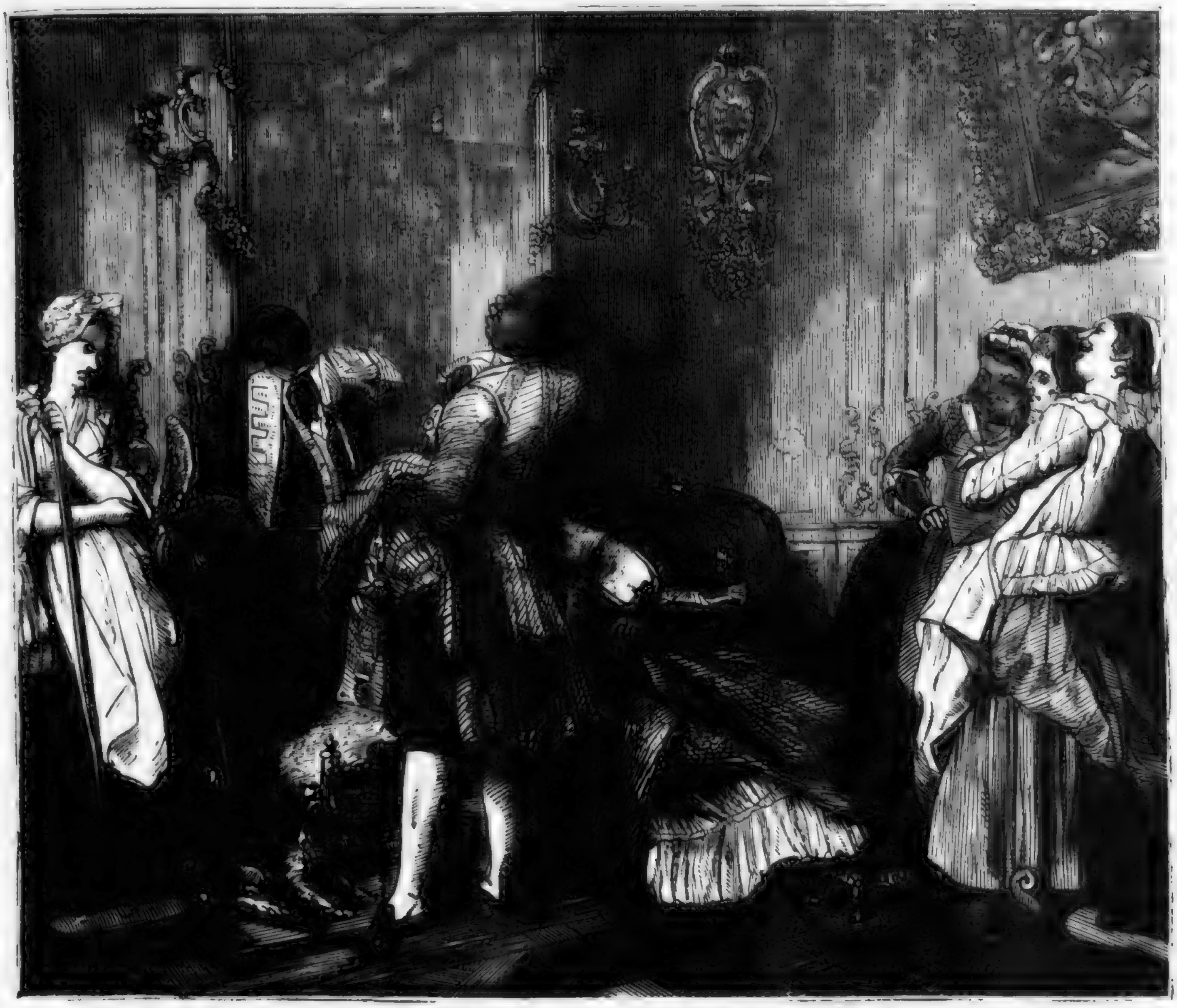
There was one person in his great gloomy castle, however, whom the baron loved so dearly that she was like a gleam of sunshine to him, and that was his little daughter. When she rode out beside him on her pony, the country people noticed that the grave baron could smile and talk with his bright little girl; and he was always finding out some present or some new excursion to give her pleasure. After a time, the little Lady Edda was no longer to be met in the lanes and on the heath; and when the baron came out, which was not often, he looked more dark and stern than ever. And one day Jack brought home the news that the baron's little girl was very ill. He sent far and wide for doctors to come and cure her; and they came, but they could none of them do her any good. At last the baron sent for an old doctor, who had been born in the place, and he said:

"Nothing will cure her, except it be a bath from the waters of the enchanted well on the top of the opposite hill."

"Let one of my yeomen go at once and fill a pitcher at that well," commanded the baron.

So the man went. But, as he came down the hill again with his full pitcher, his foot slipped, the pitcher was broken, and all the water spilt.

The baron chid him for his carelessness, without heeding his excuse that the ground itself seemed to give way beneath him, and sent another of his servants up to the enchanted well. But his pitcherful met with the same fate. Yet another, and another went; and the baron grew angry and fierce, for not one of them but fell and



MASTERS ARE OUT.—BY HENRY SCHLESINGER.

spilled his water before he reached the foot of the hill. The villagers gathered together to watch them.

"Why is it that they cannot bring the water safely to the bottom of the hill?" asked Gillian.

"Because they are all strangers and intruders," replied a man amongst the crowd; "and the well, be it enchanted or not, is a good English well, and likes them no better than we do."

"Enchanted? Of course it is," said a very old woman, who was commonly called Granny Bridget. "Why, neighbor Thorlson, my grandmother used to say she could mind the time when that well was a merry streamlet flowing all down this valley. But it came in the way of a wizard who lived on the hillside, under the old ash-tree stump yonder, and he laid a spell on it, and there it lies imprisoned in its cave until such time as its waters may be drawn and put to some good and noble use. But no one has ever yet loosed the spell."

"If strangers cannot do it," said Gill, "why do not some of our own people go up and try what can be done?"

"And serve the baron?—not I!" said Thorlson. "If he wants our help, let him come himself and ask us for it. He has been proud and haughty enough—let him be a bit humbled now. There goes another of them, soiling his fine coat!"

Gillian did not like to watch any longer, and went back into her cottage. She busied herself there for some time, when a louder talking than usual made her look out again, and she saw the baron himself coming slowly and carefully down the hill, carrying a pitcher of water. But even as she looked, he too slipped and fell, like all the rest. And when the people saw it, they laughed; but Jack felt too sorry for the poor father to laugh.

The baron did not seem to care for their laughter; he got up and shook the dust from his cloak, and pulling his cap lower over his eyes, passed through the crowd as if he did not observe that there was any one there.

"He don't care a bit," said one of the men.

"He does, though," said Jack.

And, while the others went to watch the baron as he strode home, Jack turned to look at the precious pitcherful of water that was trickling uselessly down the path. As he looked, he saw a little thin mist, like steam, rising from the spilt water, and a sound came from it, though so faint that he could scarcely feel sure that he heard it, which seemed to say:

"Jack and Gill
Go up the hill,
And fetch a pail of water.
Jack and Gill
Give good for ill,
And save the stranger's daughter."

"Why, who said that?" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes, Jack, do let us," cried Gill.

"Let us what?"

"Give good for ill, and save the stranger's daughter."

"What, you heard it too?" said Jack. "Then it could not have been fancy. But I don't see what we have got to do with it, and you know the baron has raised our rent, and he is so proud that he will scarcely say 'Good-morning,' if a fellow takes off his cap to him."

"But the little girl," said Gillian. "And it would be doing good, you know."

"But the baron is rich, and he ought to do good to us," objected Jack.

"So he ought," said Gill; "but that doesn't make any difference in our duty to him, does it? Why, he is just as much our neighbor as old Bridget, whose pigsty you worked at so hard yesterday."

Jack pushed his cap on to the back of his head, and looked puzzled.

"H'm, I suppose he is, though I can't say I ever thought much about it. I shouldn't wonder but you are in the right, Gill. Anyhow, if you will go up and fetch a pail of water to-morrow morning, I'll go with you."

Very early the next morning, before the sun had risen, Jack and Gill were on their way up the hill, and soon reached the enchanted well. The water looked very dark and mysterious in its deep, rocky cave. A few blackened fronds of hartstongue fern trailed over the mouth, and there was a tinkling echo within as of drops of water falling into the pool. But Jack and Gill staid neither to look nor to listen. Hastily drawing the water, they began their journey down again, carrying the pail between them.

"Steadily, Gill," said Jack; "don't slip, or you will be down."

"I cannot help it," said Gill: "it feels to me as if the whole hill was shaking. And what is that strange rumbling noise that I hear behind me?"

"It must be a storm coming up behind the hill," answered Jack; "yet it looked fine enough when we started. Never mind, Gill; we are more than half-way down now. Ha, ha! they will find that we can do what all the fine serving-lads and men-at-arms—hollo!"

For before Jack could finish his speech, down he fell, and over he rolled, cutting his forehead pretty sharply upon a stone in the way. Down went the pail, and out poured all the water, and Gill came tumbling after upon the top of all.

"Oh, what a pity!" she said, looking at the empty pail. "But, dear Jack, you have hurt yourself; is it very bad?"

And she dipped her kerchief in the slop, and began to bathe his forehead.

"That does me good; I scarcely feel it now," said Jack. "Oh, sister, look!"

He pointed to the enchanted water, for lo! the same white mist that they had seen before was rising from it, and they were now so near that they could see that it took the form of a beautiful maiden. Every fold in her robe was distinct, and yet she was so transparent that they saw plainly the woods and sky behind her. Her robe sparkled in the rays of the rising sun, like myriads of dewdrops, and the same musical voice seemed to float toward them from her:

"Think upon the baron's need,
Try again the kindly deed,
And save his little daughter.
Lesser haste makes better speed.
Jack and Gill,
Go up the hill,
And fetch a pail of water."

"I know they say, 'More haste worst speed,'" said Jack to himself; "but I suppose the other is the fairy way of putting it."

And Gillian whispered, "Oh, Jack, how beautiful! Do let us go again, as she says."

"And tumble down and break my head again," said Jack. "Never mind, it will be worth while, if it cures the little girl; so come along, Gill."

They were soon beside the enchanted well again. Instead of dipping their pail at once, they remembered the dewdrop-maiden's warning, and stopped this time to look and to listen. And as they stood, the tinkling echo within the cave seemed to form itself into words, and said—

"Take a pebble from the brink,
Let it in the waters sink;
Pluck a daisy from the brim,
Let it on the waters swim;
Three times thirty count the charm;
Dip and fill, and fear not harm."

"That will not be very hard to do," said Gill. "Only, can you count up to thirty, Jack?"

"Thirty! Yes, or a hundred," said Jack; "and more too. Only I am not quite sure about the millions and billions."

Then Jack took up a white pebble that touched the very brink of the water, and dropped it in. And Gillian plucked a daisy, whose white leaflets kissed the water's brim, and flung it in. Immediately the well began to toss and foam, and bubble and boil, until it seemed as if the cave could not hold it all; and the hill rumbled and shook as it had done when they had fallen down.

Gillian was frightened, and held fast by her brother. But Jack put his arm round her, and boldly began to count. And when he had counted the first thirty, the shaking of the hill ceased. When he had counted the second thirty, the well left off tossing its spray over the ferns and mosses. And by the time he had counted the third thirty, it was as calm and smooth and still as if nothing had ever ruffled it, not even a dragon-fly's wing. The pebble shone white at the bottom, and the daisy floated motionless on the top. And the children dipped and filled without fear, and went safely and joyously down the hill, and up again on the other side of the valley, until they stood before the castle gate. A gayly-dressed squire led them to the hall. Here the baron himself met them.

"Please, sir, here's the water you wanted," said Jack.

"I will gladly take it, my lad, if it be really from the right well," replied the baron.

Jack did not know that somebody had been trying to get money from him the day before by bringing him water that was not drawn from the enchanted well, and he answered in a huff:

"Oh, if you doubt our word, you need not take it: it doesn't matter to us."

The baron looked at them for a moment, and then suddenly took up the pail and went away with it. The squire went after, offering to carry it for the baron, and Jack and Gill were left alone in the hall.

They waited and waited, but the baron did not come back, nor send them any message. At last Gillian, speaking in a very low voice—for she was a little frightened in that great hall—ventured to say:

"Jack, do you think they have forgotten us?"

"I am sure they have," said Jack. "Come along; we'll go home."

"I should like to know about the little girl," said Gill, lingering. But Jack took her hand and said:

"You will know soon enough—come on. I want my breakfast; don't you?"

But when the day passed away and evening came, and there had been no message from the castle, Jack grew very indignant, and said it was a shame of the baron; he might have said "Thank you" for the trouble they had taken, at the very least.

The next day at noon, however, just as Jack and Gill were finishing dinner, in walked the gayly-dressed squire with the pail in his hand.

"My lord the baron returns you this with many thanks," he said. "And he desires your presence immediately at the castle."

Jack looked as if he had no mind to go, but Gill cried:

"Wait a moment for me, Jack, and I shall be ready to come with you." And with that she ran and fetched him his Sunday jerkin, for indeed his week-day one was nothing but patches and darns.

So they started in company with the squire. Gillian's first question was:

"How is the little Lady Edda? did the water do her good?"

"Good!" said the squire. "It put fresh life in her at once. Why, we thought she was dying fast; my master was like one distraught."

"What was the matter with her?" asked Jack.

"She seemed to be pining away," answered the squire; "partly for want of companions, and partly for love of her native land."

The baron met them again in the hall, and thanked them so heartily for what they had done for his child, that Jack made bold to ask after her.

"Come and see her yourselves," said the baron. "She is wishing to thank you also."

And he led the way up flights of stairs, and along galleries and passages, till Jack began to wonder how many men it would take to defend the castle against an enemy, and Gill thought what work it must be to sweep it all out every day. At last the baron stopped and opened a door, and they followed him into a room—but what a room it was! Jack and Gill had never even imagined anything so grand. There were Persian carpets on the floor, and silken tapestry on the walls, and painted glass in the windows, and on a carved couch in the middle of the room there lay a pretty little, pale, fair-haired girl. There were pictures, and toys, and rare shells strewed about her; but she did not seem to care for them, or even to notice them.

She looked up as they entered, and when she saw Jack and Gill's faces of wonder and admiration, she suddenly clapped her hands together and laughed merrily. The baron looked quite pleased, and said: "Go to the Lady Edda, children."

Gill made a step forward, but Jack was seized with such a fit of shyness that he would not stir until the little girl came and led them in. She showed them her treasures, which were all new and wonderful to Jack and Gill, and told them about the pictures, and made them listen to the sound of the ocean waves that still lingers in the hollow shells, and grew quite eager and delighted at their delight.

The time went so fast, that when Jack at last looked up, he was dismayed to see how near sunset it was, and said that they must go home at once.

Then little Edda pulled her father's head down close to her, and whispered something to him; and the baron said to Jack and Gill:

"My little girl is lonely here, with no one to play with; if you will come and spend at any rate the greater part of your days with her, I will feed and clothe and take care of you."

Jack and Gill scarcely knew what to answer, but the baron saw that they would like it, and he said:

"You, Gillian, shall be my daughter's companion and attendant; and you, Jack, shall be her page, and accompany her in her walks, and lead her horse when she rides."

"Oh, I'm sure——" said Jack, and then he could not think what more to say; so he and Gill bowed and courtesied with all their might, and little Edda called out to them as they went away to mind and come early to-morrow.

The neighbors had heard of their visit to the castle, and were waiting at Jack and Gill's cottage to question them about it.

They had so much to tell about the baron's kindness, and what the squire had told them about his troubles, and how he was only just learning to speak the language, that even neighbor Thorlson began to think that his shy, silent manner might not be all from pride and sulkiness.

So next time that the baron rode into the valley, instead of glum looks and faces turned away, he met with civil greetings, to which he answered so readily, that before long the baron and his people were great friends, and they even began to allow that there might be some sense in his new plans and ways of farming.

As for Jack and Gill, they spent almost all their time at the castle. Little Edda grew better so fast that in a few days she was able to go out on her pony, with Jack holding the bridle, and Gill walking by her side.

"Let us go to the glen where the dry watercourse is," said Gill; "it is so pretty there." And they threaded their way to it among the bushes.

Presently Jack said:

"I fancy I can hear a sound of running water, as if the dry bed had a stream in it again. Yes, it has, too; and yet we have had no heavy rain. Why, Gill!" he exclaimed, after looking about him, "this stream must come from the enchanted well!"

"Then the spell is broken, and its waters are free again! I am so glad!" said Gillian.

And she and Jack told Edda all the story of how they had gone up the hill to fetch a pail of water, and how Jack tumbled down, and about the dewdrop-maiden, and what old Bridget had told them about the well.

"I am very glad you went to fetch the water," said Edda, "and did as the dewdrop-maiden told you. How beautiful she must be! I do so wish I could see her."

"Look yonder, where the stream falls over the rocks," said Jack. "I thought I saw the wave of her mantle then, as the sunbeam slanted across the spot."

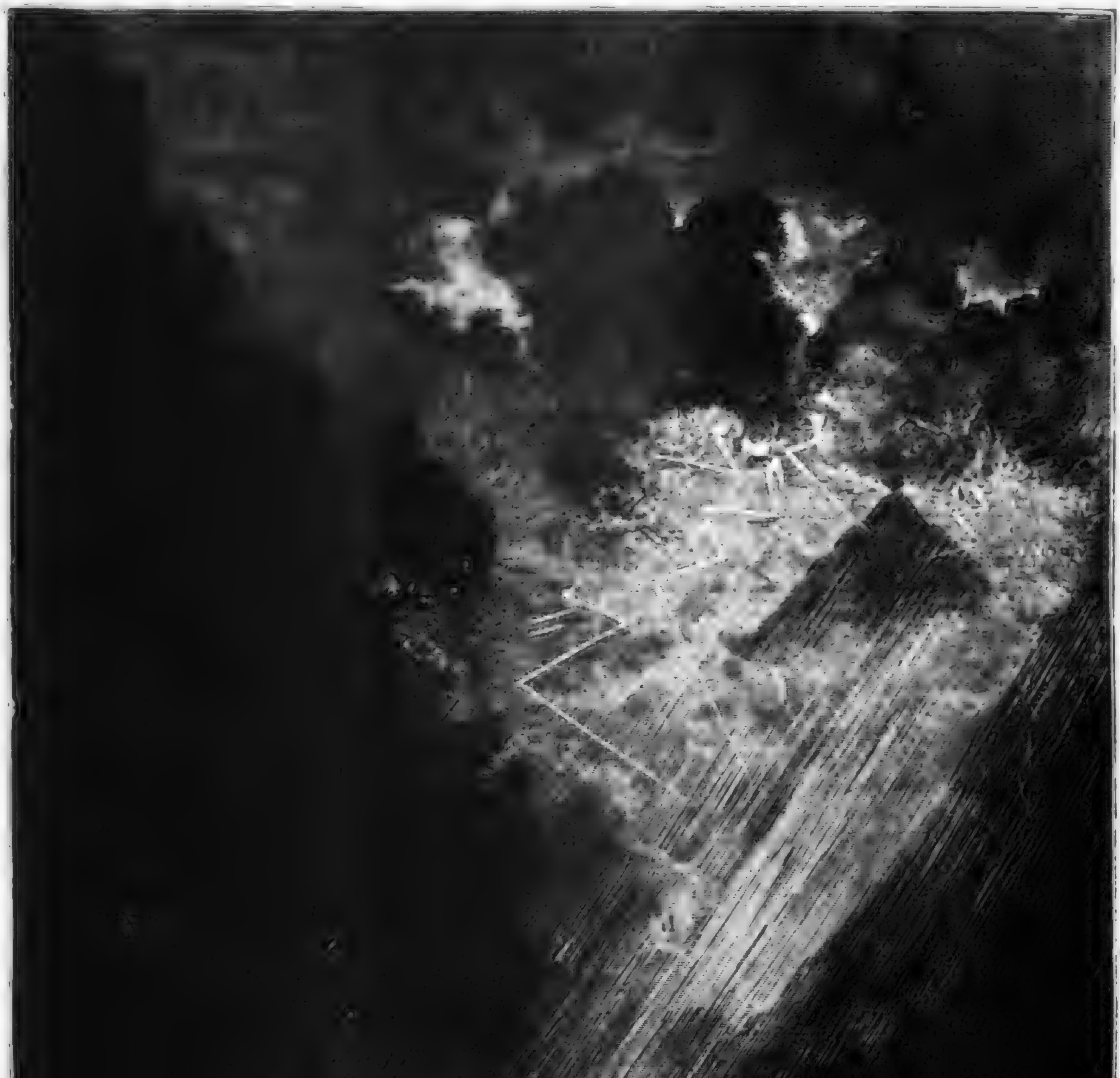
Edda slid down from her pony, and the three children went to the edge of the little waterfall, and stood gazing in delight at the beautiful dewdrop-maiden who was there, hovering in her rainbow robe amid the spray.

"Hark!" said Gillian, presently; "I think I can hear the same sweet, tinkling song that we heard before."

Yes, the stream was singing as it bounded joyously from stone to stone, and this was the song that the children heard:

"Joy, joy! for my wave
Is no more a slave
In the darksome cave;
I am free, I am free!
I may leap down the hills, I may glide o'er the lea,
I may scatter fresh showers to grass and tree,
I may join my stream-sisters who call to me,
And with them embracing, so glad, so free,
I may flow, I may go, to the far-away sea!"

"Are you going so far, bright stream?" said little Edda. "Then take this flower with you to the sea, and bid him bear it to the shores of my fair Normandy, and carry this message with it, that we have found good friends and kind words and loving hearts, and we are happy now at last in our new English home."

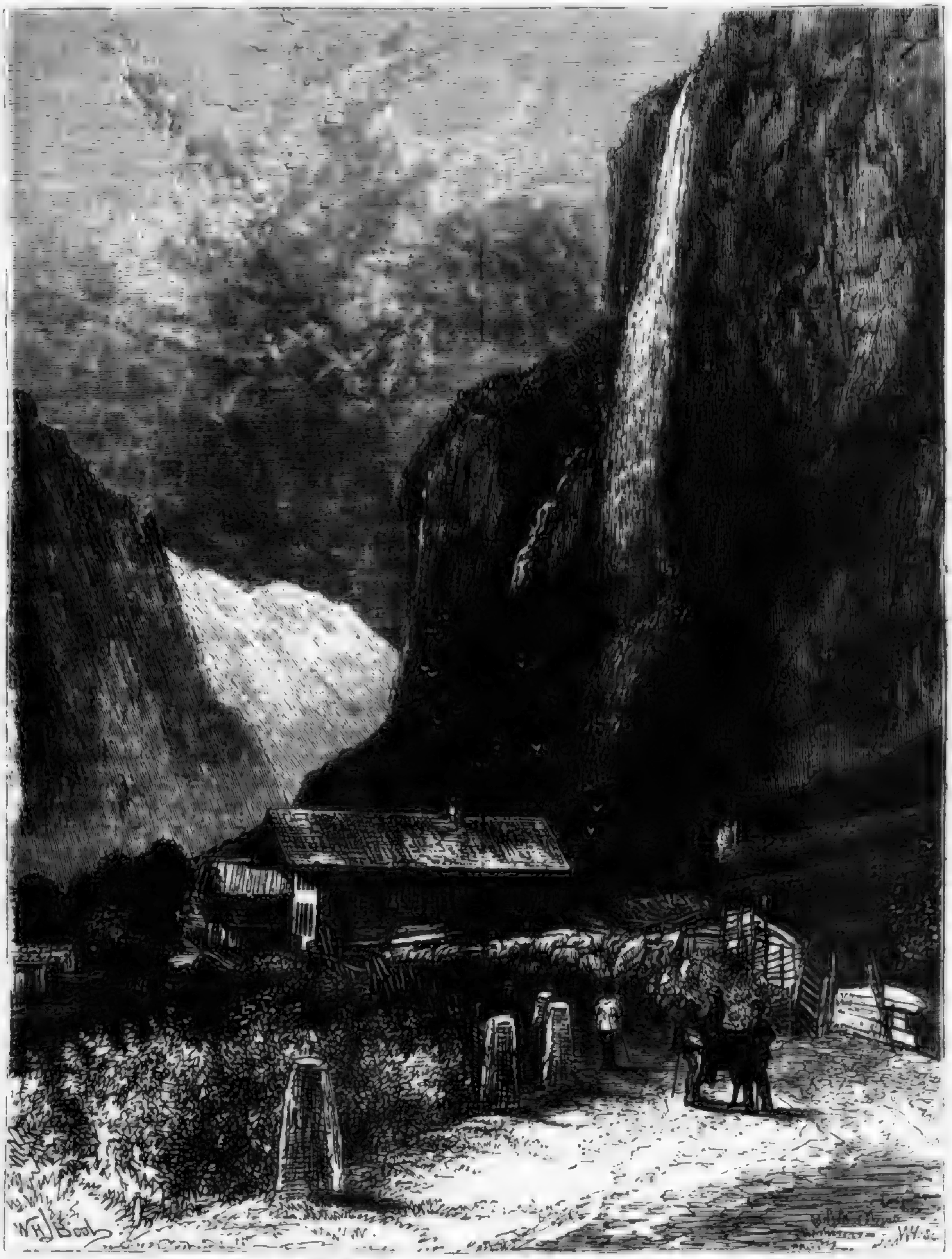

Hildebrand.

TROPIC CLOUDS AND RAIN.

WHY THE CLOUDS FLOAT, AND WHAT THE CLOUDS SAY.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S.

When water is evaporated into the air under the influence of heat, the vapor so raised is scattered invisibly amidst the air particles. Both the air particles and the molecules of the water are, however, so minute, and so widely severed in this state, that the vibrations of light pass *almost* as freely and as unimpeded amongst them as they do through empty space. The mixed vapor and air are virtually transparent—that is to say, they allow objects of various kinds to "appear through" or from beyond them in their proper conditions of color and form, instead of becoming visible themselves. It was essential that this should be the case if the surrounding objects of material Nature were to be freely visible to the eyes of animals living in the midst of circumambient air.



THE FALL OF THE STAUBBACH, IN THE SWISS VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

This absolute invisibility and transparency of aqueous vapor, even under the circumstance of very considerable abundance, is instructively illustrated in the fact that steam is quite imperceptible by the eye so long as it is in its actually vaporous state. If the eye could penetrate into the interior of the boiler of a steam-engine when the part above the water is filled with a pressure of steam almost strong enough to burst asunder the cohesive tenacity of the iron plate, it would be found that such steam was as absolutely invisible as the fine breath of vapor which rises from the earth in bright noontide sunshine. The steam which issues from the spout of a kettle of boiling water presents no visible trace to the eye until it has been thrown some distance away into the outer freedom of the air. It only becomes visible as white mist when it has ceased, at that distance, to be actual steam.

The change which takes place when invisible vapor is transformed into visible mist, is a very decided one. It is not merely that there is an increase in the quantity of the aqueous particles that are present in the air, for, as a matter of fact, there is a larger abundance of vapor in the clear air of a Summer noontide than there is in the thick air of a Winter sunset. The change which is brought about is an actual transformation of material state. It is a conversion of air-like vapor into water. The visible particles of mist are clusterings of molecules of water into groups of considerable, and therefore of visible, dimensions. In the white mist, the molecules of the water are not evenly and widely scattered. They are so grouped that there are larger spaces between the clustering particles than there were between the molecules of the vapor, and many molecules connected together in those clusterings. It is this gathering together of the molecules in isolated groups, with comparatively blank intervals between, which is comprised in the process familiarly spoken of as "condensation."

A similar state is produced to that which is found when liquid water is mechanically broken up into spray. It is then in the condition which has been, not inaptly, spoken of as "water-dust." Thus in the long Fall of the Staubbach (from *Staub*, dust; and *Bach*, a brook or rivulet), which plunges headlong from the top of a rocky wall in the Lauterbrunnen Valley in Switzerland, in a clear leap of nearly one thousand feet, the particles of the water get so severed from each other by the resistance of the air which they have to pass through, that before they reach the ground they present themselves only as "water-dust," or drifting mist. Mist is thus a sort of intermediate state lying midway between water and vapor. It appears alike when water is scattered into spray and when vapor is condensing into water.

The clustering of water molecules into granular specks is easily seen in mist by the help of a magnifying glass. Small opaque bodies, which must contain a very considerable gathering of water-molecules in each, are then discerned. These bodies have manifestly a rounded or globular form, such as they would wear if they were minute drops. The Swiss philosopher, De Saussure, who gave considerable attention to their examination, has shown that they are commonly nearly a hundredth part of an inch across, and that occasionally they are very much larger. They are quite twice as large in cold, damp days as they are in warm ones. Mr. W. D. Cooley states that he once saw mist-globules floating in the air upon Mount Leinster, Ireland, which were half the size of hemp-seed.

The distinguished astronomer, Halley, who was a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton, first conceived the idea, which has since met with somewhat large acceptance, that these mist-specks are of the character of little hollow vesicles, or bladders, in which the outer films only are water, the interior space being filled with air. This conception of Halley was in some measure strengthened by the researches of De Saussure, who ascertained that the visible particles which rise from the surface of warm water during the process of evaporation have quite a different aspect to those which fall from the air during rapid condensation of moisture. He satisfied himself that the rising specks were hollow spheres, or bladders, and that the falling ones were liquid drops. The actual state in which the water-particles are arranged in mist is still questioned by competent authorities; but so far as research has yet gone, the notion that mist-specks may be hollow films of water encasing internal nuclei of air seems to possess a fair degree of probability.

The fabrication of visible mist from the condensation of invisible vapor is familiarly illustrated every day in the puffing escape of the waste steam from the funnel of the locomotive as it runs panting along the rail. This white, rolling mist which is left in a thick trail behind the funnel of a locomotive engine, is, in all essential particulars, cloud. Its close kinship to the heap-cloud, which floats above it in the higher region of the air, is manifest at a glance. The steam-puff is miniature cloud-wreath artificially formed. It is visible to the eye on account of its coarse-grained texture. It is not freely permeable to light, because the clustering spherules, or vesicles, arrest the luminous vibrations which fall upon them, and send these back to the eye, and because these light-reflecting spherules are distributed in a deep bed, in which the more remote individuals present themselves through the clear spaces that lie between the nearer ones. The cloud is white or gray, accordingly as its spherules reflect, or absorb and hold, more or less of the incident light. It is dark when it holds back the chief part of the luminous vibrations which fall upon it, and it is white, like snow, when it freely reflects the whole.

The fundamental and primary form in which natural cloud appears, is the very beautiful and distinct one which is seen on most ordinarily fine days sailing grandly across the blue sky, and which is designated the *Heap-cloud*, *Mount-cloud*, or *Cumulus*, because it assumes the aspect and shape of rounded masses piled up in heaps.

Luke Howard, the meteorologist who first attempted a scientific classification of the clouds, and who printed an admirable treatise on the subject in 1803, tersely and accurately defined this primary form as "Nubes cumulata, densa sursum crescens"—"a dense, heaped-up cloud, increasing above." The rolled heap-cloud, indeed, may not inappropriately be regarded as nature's steam-wreath, formed when warm vapor-laden air is puffed up into the colder and rarer regions of the atmosphere that lie a few hundred feet above the earth. In the case of the cloud, the warm moisture-laden air is not shot out from the inside of a furnace-heated boiler, but it is shot up from the surface of the sunshine-heated ground. When the sunshine falls upon the heat-absorbing soil, the air which rests in immediate contact with it gets warmed by the touch, and expands as it is warmed, drinking up at the same time whatever moisture is rising up into it from the earth in the condition of vapor. The expanded air is then driven directly up from the ground by the pressure of the inflowing, heavier and colder atmosphere from around and above, and as it rises, balloon-like, under the influence of this pressure, it carries with it the aqueous load which is entangled amidst its particles. As it mounts up, however, in the atmosphere, it is first expanded still more on account of the diminishing air-weight above, as it escapes gradually from the superincumbent load, and is immediately after chilled, in part as a consequence of its own expansion, and in part because of the lower temperature of the high region which it has reached. Under this double influence, the air-expansion and the chill, the invisible vapor gathers itself into mist-spherules, and appears as visible clouds.

Professor Tyndall happily speaks of the rolling masses of the heap-cloud as being the "capitals" of underlying columns of warm air. Wherever the air is heated by resting upon the warm ground, it is forthwith fashioned into an ascending, although unseen, air-column, which crowns itself with a capital of wreathing cloud as soon as it has got high enough to chill the entangled water-molecules into clustering spherules of condensing liquid.

But in order to accomplish a complete comprehension of this process of cloud manufacture, it must be understood that these mist-capitals of the warm air-columns are cut off from the pillars and wafted away as soon as they have been formed. The heap-clouds invariably are seen *to drift along in the sky.* The fact simply is that as soon as the ascending columns of warm air reach the cool upper regions, where transverse currents, instead of ascending ones, prevail, the rolling mist-wreaths which are precipitated from the air are carried away by the wind. The so-called *floating* of clouds is simply a matter of *drift.* Water is 815 times as heavy again as air, consequently it must fall when deposited in air, as, indeed, it is actually seen to do in the case of rain-drops. If clouds, therefore, are composed of liquid water gathered out of the vapor, they should fall, and not float.

Some ingenuity has been expended by scientific men in the attempt to account for this apparent anomaly. No large effort of intelligence, however, is really required to enable this to be done satisfactorily. A glance of the eye on the white mist-heaps in the sky is enough to furnish the full solution of the mystery. Clouds never rest still in air; they are at all times *in motion;* they are always in the act of being blown along by the wind.

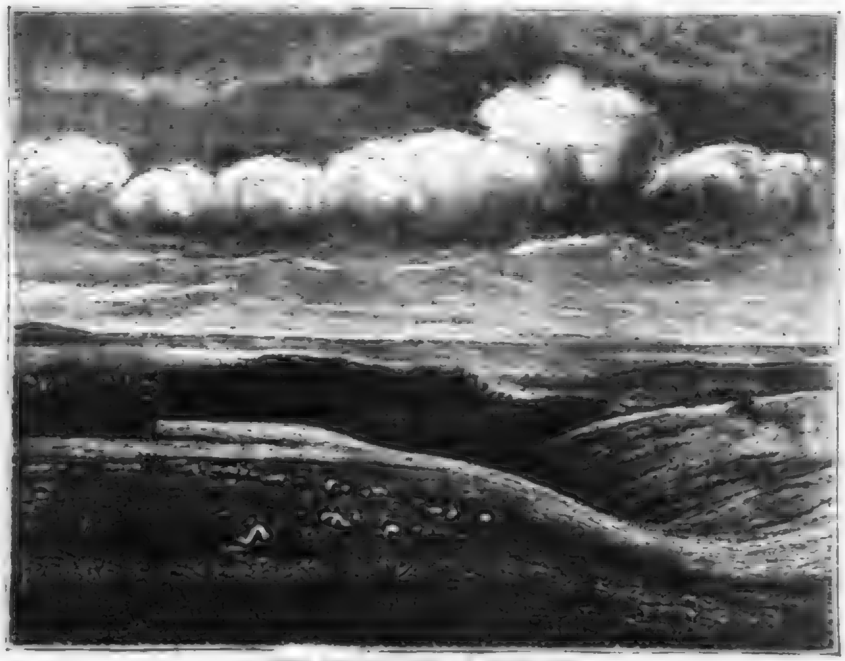
When rain-drops fall at the time that a strong wind is blowing, even they are observed to be carried a considerable distance along; and if the rain-drops were lighter than they are they would be carried still further by the wind before they finally reached the ground. If, for instance, they were hollow, air-filled balls, like balloons, instead of being compact drops of liquid, they would assuredly drift upon the wind long distances; and this, it will be remembered, is precisely what cloud-spherules are.

They are hollow balls, constituted of the lightest and thinnest conceivable films, and therefore possessing very large surfaces in proportion to their weight. They are just in the condition which fits them to be seized and hurried along by the drifting air-currents. When clouds exist in really still air, their spherules do fall. It has been ascertained that aqueous mist, by falling through some three thousand feet of air, can acquire a downward velocity of something like fifty inches per second. It would, indeed, fall with the headlong impetuosity of a leaden bullet or a stone, but for the resistance which it encounters in making its way down amongst the air-particles. When, therefore, the air is itself moving instead of being at rest, this resistance to its descent becomes an actual carrying power. In all probability, electrical force at times has something to do with the suspension of clouds. But there can be no doubt that, in the main, the result is merely the effect of a mechanical influence—that it is a case of drift rather than of buoyancy. The notable instances in which clouds appear to be still are all simply illusions. In such cases the cloud is in the process of being dissolved away at one edge as fast as it is deposited at the opposite one, and so it is the visible form only, and not the substance, which is still. The table-cloth which frequently covers the top of Table Mountain, at the Cape of Good Hope, is a cloud of this character. The moist air from the southeast is blown from the warm sea up the slopes of the mountain, until it is high enough to deposit its vapor as white mist, and it then passes over the flat summit of the mountain, and falls on the opposite side, until it gets back into the lower and warmer region, where the white mist is again dissolved into transparent vapor. In mountainous countries it often happens that all the summits of the lofty mountains are cloud-capped, whilst the intervening spaces of the atmosphere are clear. The same explanation applies to this. The cloud is deposited where the air is chilled by the close neighborhood of the snow-covered summits, but is dissolved as soon as it is drifted away clear of the mountain into the warmer stretches of air. The white cloud-caps are thus not stationary clouds, but fresh clouds continually formed, and as continually dissipated as they move from the place where each white cap is seen.

The heap-cloud, or cumulus, is properly a day cloud. It begins to appear in the early morning, as the ground gets warmed enough by the sunshine to establish ascending currents of air. It rises into higher regions of the atmosphere and assumes its largest dimensions soon after noon, and it then sinks and dwindles away toward evening. It belongs also properly to the mid-region of the air, ascending to a somewhat higher elevation at midday, and sinking to a lower one in the evening. It is also a cloud of land districts rather than of the sea, as heated ground is required to establish the upcast of the air-currents. But when it has once been formed over the land it is capable of being drifted away long distances over the sea, as it invariably is in the great currents of the trade winds which prevail in the intertropical regions of the ocean. When these cumulus clouds observe their normal rule of growing in size and rising in height at midday, and of diminishing in size and sinking in the evening, they are invariably indications of settled weather; but when, on the other hand, they grow in size and in density as they subside in the evening, they indicate increasing moisture and greater chill in the lower regions of the atmosphere, and may be regarded as certain harbingers of approaching rain.

In settled fine weather, when there is not moisture enough in the ascending currents of the air to form heap-clouds in the mid-region of the atmosphere, faint streaks of white cloud appear flecking the blue sky-canopy, far above the region where the heap-clouds should sail. A few delicate threads are first penciled out on the azure background, and these then grow by the addition to them and interlacing with them of new strands. The streaks sometimes assume the form of feathers, or of tufts like flowing horse-tails; sometimes they are parallel to each other, and sometimes they cross and interlace like the meshes of a net; sometimes they diverge like the fingers of a hand, and very frequently they are curled up like locks of hair. In all these diversities of form, however, they are of a thin, filmy nature, and in all they present themselves only at very high elevations, being commonly as much as five or six miles above the ground. These filmy cloud-streaks of very elevated regions are all classed as the *Curl-cloud* or *Cirrus* (from *Cirrus*, a curl).

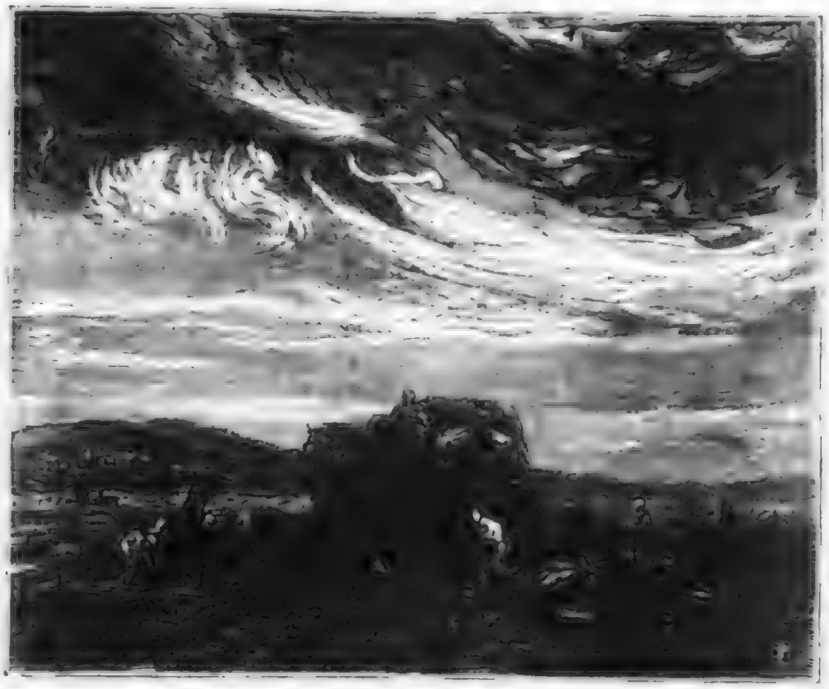
The white streaks in these clouds seem to be formed by particles of snow or ice rather than by vesicles of water. On account of the dryness of the air, no deposit of visible mist occurs excepting at an elevation in the atmosphere that is cold enough to deposit ice instead of water, which then arranges itself in the state of spicules or needles, of the most exquisite delicacy and fineness. This cloud is thus *ice-dust* rather than water-dust. During steady high winds the cirrus streaks not uncommonly run quite across the sky, arranging themselves as they do so in the direction of the wind. Very often they are bent up at the end



THE HEAP-CLOUD, OR CUMULUS.

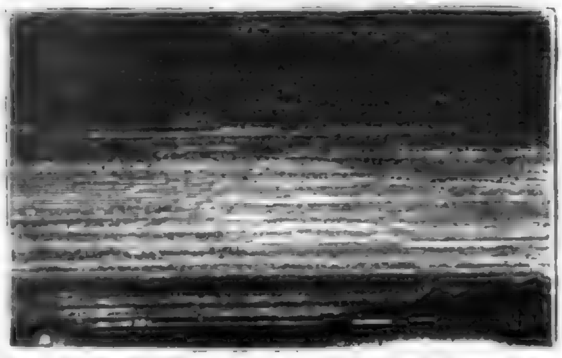
which is forward in the drift, as if they were there lifted into bellying sails to catch the wind. This delicate cirrus, or frost-cloud, is formed far above the summits of the highest mountains. The well-known German meteorologist, Kœmitz, states that during a residence of eleven weeks near the Finsteraarhorn, the highest mountain of the Bernese Oberland, he never once saw the cirrus-cloud as low as the summit of the mountain, which is 14,026 feet above the level of the sea. The travelers who climb such mountains, on the other hand, see the heap-clouds floating in the valleys far beneath their feet, and it is a not uncommon event for such travelers to have the cumulus-cloud below them in the morning, above them one or two hours after noon, and around them in the intermediate hours which lie between the early afternoon and evening.

When, in consequence of a sudden increase of moisture from the drifting in of a vapor-laden wind, the streaks of the curl-cloud in the upper region of the air become more abundant, they at length get woven out into a continuous stratum, or bed, and at the same time settle down to a lower level on account of their augmented density. The cloud, however, then receives a new name among meteorologists. It is termed the *Thread-cloud*, or *Cirro-stratus* (from *Stratus*, strewed, or scattered, as it were, into a bed). It is properly the streak-cloud, or Cirrus, passing into the state of *Sheet-cloud*, or *Stratus*. The streaks are woven out into a thin layer or misty web, which is thinned gradually away toward the edges all round, and therefore assumes the appearance of a long, narrow band with pointed extremities when seen in profile, low down toward the horizon.



PRIMITIVE FORMS OF CURL-CLOUD, OR CIRRUS, CONSTITUTED IN THE HIGHER REGIONS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

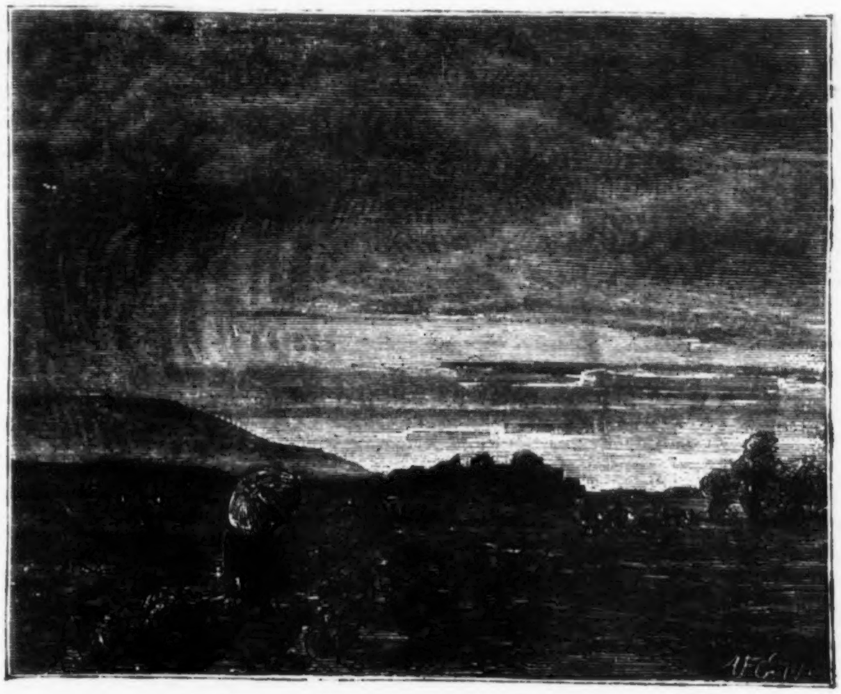
It is from this peculiarity that it has received the familiar designation of thread-cloud. In its completed form it is a cloud of considerable lateral extent and of small perpendicular depth; the fibres and streaks of the cirrus, in its fabrication, settle down into a horizontal position, approach each other, and finally interweave, or fuse themselves into a continuous layer. The streaks not uncommonly assume the grained appearance of polished wood. The beds are almost always thick in the middle and thinned out toward the edges. In the distance the pointed cloud-masses occasionally look like shoals of fish. The mackerel-back sky is also caused by a variety of this kind of cloud. The cirro-stratus, when abundantly developed and persistently maintained, almost certainly indicates the approach of wind and rain.



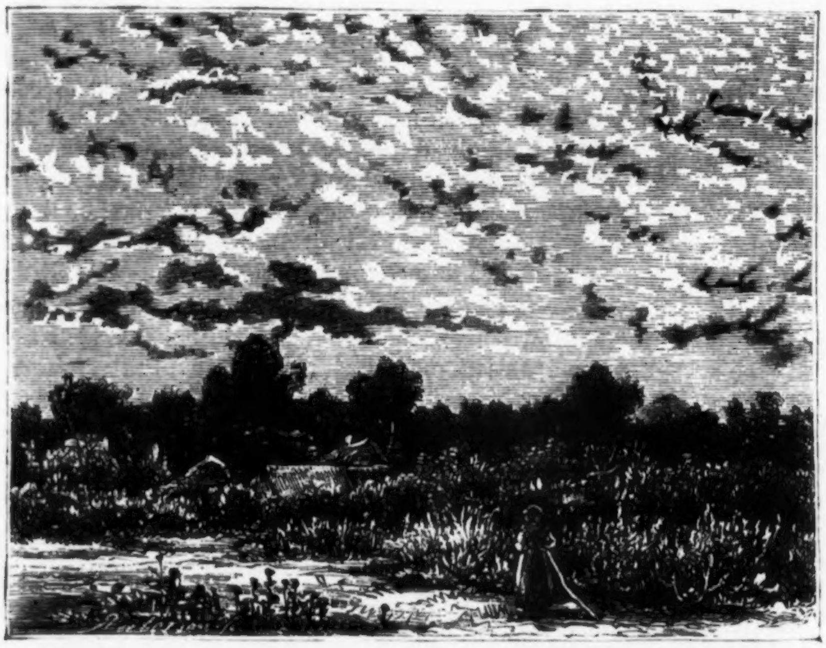
BANDS OF CIRRO-STRATUS, OR THREAD-CLOUD, PASSING INTO THE STATE OF STRATIFIED BEDS.

In all probability the cirro-stratus cloud still retains in some degree its frozen condition. It still has the sharp lines appropriate to the ice-dust of which it is composed. But the ice is gradually approximating to the state of water with the thickening and descent of the cloud. When this gets low enough the frozen spicules are quite melted into water, and the stratification of the cloud is then broken up into separate mottlings, scattered like flocks of carded wool upon the sky. This is the form which is distinguished as the *Curdled-cloud*, or *Cirro-cumulus*.

It is the sheet-cloud, or cirro-stratus, in the process of being remodeled into miniature cumuli, and is regarded as a kind of intermingling of cirrus and cumulus, as its compound technical name indicates. The cirro-cumulus was well described by Luke Howard as consisting of "small, dense, roundish cloud-masses, grouped like a flock of sheep." It is the cloud of the mottled sky which occurs so frequently in Summer, and which is also occasionally seen in the intervals between showers in winter-time. It is constantly formed from the subsidence of cirro-stratus into the lower and warmer regions of the air, and when this is the process of its formation the flocculi of the cloud are slowly and gradually dissolved away. It not uncommonly appears at the same time with the cirro-stratus, and alternates with it, the one or the other form predominating accordingly as there is increasing deposit or loosening and dissolving away of the cloud-mass. As a general rule, the true curdled-cloud indicates increasing warmth, diminishing moisture, and a tendency toward fine weather.


THE NIMBUS, OR RAIN-CLOUD.

The streak-cloud, however, is not the only cloud which is prone to gather into continuous masses. The heap-cloud, in very moist states of the atmosphere, does the same thing; but the accumulation is then deep as well as broad. The cloud-mass is piled up higher and higher, and the rolling heaps are connected together by horizontal beds. The cloud is then looked upon as being a combination of the heap-cloud with the streak-cloud, and is on that account technically distinguished as *cumulo-stratus.*

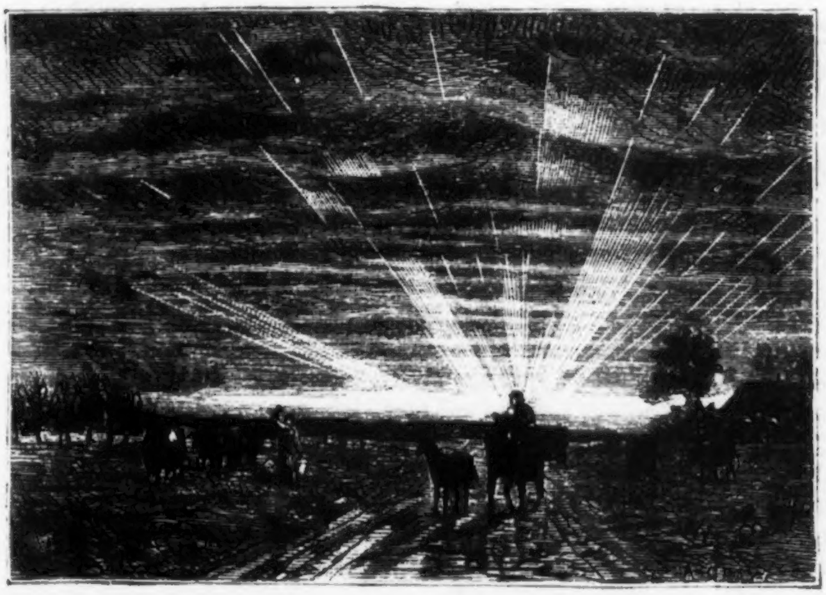

CURDLED-CLOUD, OR CIRRO-CUMULUS, FORMED BY THE DISSOLVING AWAY OF STRATIFIED CLOUD-BEDS INTO SEPARATE FLOCKS.

The rolled form of the cumulus can generally be traced for a long time in the thickening and growing mass. In the first instance it towers up in projecting summits above the stratified base, but subsequently the rolled protuberances overflow at the sides, and hang down from the flat bed, until at last the whole sky gets to be filled with one dense and undistinguishable mass. But when this dense mass floats away toward the distant horizon it is finally seen there as a flat drift overlapped by rolling summits which at times very closely simulate the aspect of snow mountains.

The immediate tendency and the final destiny of the cumulo-stratus cloud is obvious at a glance. It is the parent of *The Nimbus,* or *Rain-cloud,* which was also classed by Luke Howard as *cumulo-cirro-stratus,* because it was regarded by him as a confused intermingling of heap-cloud, streak-cloud and sheet-cloud —a congeries of clouds pouring forth rain.

In the formation of the rain-cloud the lower clouds spread out in all directions until they unite into one uniform and compact homogeneous mass, from which the gathering raindrops fall. The distinctive characteristic of the rain-cloud is the thick, impenetrable confusion of its homogeneous mass, and the streaky, undefined shading away of its outer edges.

In his original sketch of the classification of clouds, Luke Howard recognized three primary forms, and considered that all other kinds were secondary productions compounded from these. The types which he adopted as the primary ones were the streak-cloud, the heap-cloud and the sheet-cloud (cirrus, cumulus and stratus). The streak-clouds he held to be the clouds of the higher


GROUND-FOG, THE STRATUS-CLOUD OF LUKE HOWARD.

regions of the atmosphere; the heap-clouds those of the mid-regions; and the sheet-cloud, in his acceptation, was the creeping mist which rests upon the water or upon the ground, and which is now more accurately distinguished as *ground fog.*

The stratus was, with him, the cloud of the night, as contrasted with the cloud of the day. He described it as appearing about sunset, often continuing through the night, and as vanishing with the return of the sun, and either evaporating and disappearing upon the breeze, or ascending into the higher region to feed the heap-cloud. Howard, nevertheless, although he mainly restricted the term stratus to what is now distinguished as fog, recognized some similar constituent as being present in the compound clouds at all elevations.

There is one hitherto unnamed, yet remarkably distinct and interesting, form of cloud which has been brought to the notice of meteorologists by Mr. Clement Ley. It is a very high cloud, rarely appearing so near to the ground as 14,000 feet, and is essentially a continuous layer of sheet-cloud, with numerous turret-like protuberances rising up out of the horizontal bed.

This cloud is of an exceedingly beautiful form, and is not infrequently mistaken for a modification of cirro-cumulus. It has, however, nothing of cirrus about it, and should rather be classed with cumulo-stratus, to which it is more naturally allied. It is most generally seen during the prevalence of very hot weather, and is essentially connected with great electrical disturbance in the higher regions of the atmosphere. It is the constant precursor and herald of violent thunderstorms.

A somewhat practical modification of the now classic cloud system of Luke Howard has been suggested by Professor Poey, of Havana, in Cuba. He proposes that the great sheet-cloud of mid-region, formed by the agglomeration in itself of cirrus, cumulus and stratus, should be called the *Pallium* (from *Pallium*, a cloak), or *cloud-cloak.* In its most complete form this pallium-cloud spreads as a gray or ash-colored vail over the whole face of the heavens, with rain precipitating from it for hours at a time. But there are two quite distinct states in which it presents itself. The first of these, which is the proper representative of the cirro-stratus, and which is constructed out of the cirrus and stratus in the higher region, Professor Poey terms the *Pallio-cirrus*, or *sheet-cloud.* In the second variety the cloak is formed below instead of above, and is constituted by the denesly-gathering vapors in that lower region of the air. This, properly, is the rain-cloud, or nimbus, of Luke Howard's system.

But Professor Poey designates it the *Pallio-cumulus.* He considers that the high pallio-cirrus is a frost-cloud, and the low pallio-cumulus a water-cloud. But the two constantly co-exist as separate beds, and then have an interval of clear air resting between. The upper pallio-cirrus is first formed on the approach of rain, and is of longer continuance. When fine weather passes into wet, the upper sky-mantle first collects and settles down, and then the lower mist-mantle begins to appear. As fine weather returns, the lower mantle first thins away and breaks up, and the higher pallio-cirrus is then seen through the chinks, floating as an unbroken stratum above. Professor Poey also recognizes another form of cloud which was not distinguished by Luke Howard, although it is well marked and of constant occurrence. It is what he terms the *Fracto-cumulus* (from *Fractus*, broken—fragmentary or wind-broken cloud), or *wind-cloud.* It is really, however, only the disintegrated and torn fragments of the denser clouds drifting away upon the wind when the pallio-cumulus is broken up. It is at once distinguished from the heap-cloud by its torn and tattered look. It is shreds rather than heaps of cloud, hurried along out of the dissolving wreck by the wind. Professor Poey's cloud system thus consists of (1) the high snow and ice-clouds; (2) the low vesicular, or water-clouds; (3) the cloud-mantle, which is fed both by the high ice-clouds and by the low water-clouds; and (4) the wind-clouds, torn out of the dissolving cloud-mantle.

It thus appears, upon a general review and summary of these recognized modifications of clouds, that:

The cirrus is the cloud-streak, formed in the highest regions of the air by the chill touch of frost.

The cirro-stratus is the cloud-web, woven when these frost-streaks are multiplied as they descend into regions of more copious moisture.

The cirro-cumulus is the frost-cloud, stippled and rounded away when the ice-dust is melted into vesicular vapor.

The cumulus is rolling wreaths of vesicular vapor thrown down out of ascending upcasts of warm, moist air, when these reach the influences of combined rarefaction and chill.

The pallio-cirrus is the high ice-cloud, thickened into a broad mantle by increasing moisture.

The pallio-cumulus and cumulo-stratus are the low rain-clouds, overflowing with precipitating moisture and dripping with showers.

The fracto-cumuli are the wind-torn fragments of disintegrating rain-cloud.

When the rain-cloud has become overcharged with its condensing vapors, the aqueous vesicles of the gathering mist first grow large and heavy, and then several of them coalesce and form a liquid drop, which, when it has reached the size of about one-eightieth part of an inch in diameter, begins forthwith to descend through the air by the mere influence of its weight. If this raindrop starts from a comparatively high, and, therefore, chill region of the atmosphere, it grows in size as it reaches the warmer and yet moister regions below, by condensing more moisture upon itself, until it has attained considerable dimensions. Rain-drops a quarter of an inch in diameter have been seen. A rain-drop of this size may acquire a velocity of thirty-four feet per second in falling, but not more, because the resistance of the air prevents increase of speed beyond that amount. A rain-drop the twenty-fifth part of an inch in diameter cannot acquire a greater velocity in falling than thirteen feet in the second; and a drop the seventy-fifth part of an inch in diameter cannot acquire a speed of more than eight feet per second. A water-drop the thousandth part of an inch in diameter would have two inches per second for its greatest velocity. When, however, a raindrop passes through a stretch of comparatively dry air below, it evaporates and diminishes in size, instead of increasing, as it descends. As a matter of fact, it not infrequently happens that actually falling rain does not reach the earth, but is entirely dissolved and again taken up by the air before it gets there. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to see rain-clouds in flat countries, in the Spring, pouring out their gray bands of rain near the horizon, with a ragged fringe of attenuated ends hanging down from them below toward the ground, but not reaching it.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Pneumatic Clocks in Paris.—A system of public clocks, actuated by means of compressed air, has been introduced into the City of Paris. It consists mainly of the central standard clock, the receiving or district clocks, and the tubes for conveying the compressed air from the central to the several receiving clocks.

At the central station air is compressed by a pump to a pressure of about five atmospheres, or seventy-five pounds on the square inch, and stored in a reservoir. Every minute the air is distributed from this reservoir, at a fixed pressure of seven-tenths atmosphere, to the receiving clocks, through the action of the standard timepiece, which works a sliding valve so as to allow the air to pass from the reservoir into the distributing pipes. These are made of wrought iron, and run to the various districts of the city which possess a street clock. Smaller pipes of the same kind are also laid on to private houses, and connected by india-rubber tubes to the clocks of rooms and corridors. By sending a current of the compressed air through these tubes for twenty seconds at the beginning of every minute, any number of clocks can be operated at a distance of one to two miles from the central station. The receiving clocks may be of any description whatever, with a device which consists of a small bellows, resembling that used in pneumatic call-bells, and communicating with the tube conducting the compressed air from the central station. At the beginning of every minute the transmitted pulse of air raises the bellows, and a rod attached to the top of the bellows actuates a lever engaging a toothed wheel, which is rigidly connected to the arbor of the minute-hand of the clock. The wheel has sixty teeth, and rotates one tooth every minute, and a weighted pawl at the other side of the dial checks this movement. The hour-hand is rotated by means of the usual dial-wheels. To make the clock strike the hours a second bellows is required. Clocks operated in this way require no winding up, since the controlling agency is also the motive power; and the ordinary spring or weight clocks can be easily transformed into pneumatic receiving clocks. Many of the chief hotels, railway stations and public offices of Paris are provided with these clocks; and street pillar-clocks are erected in various parts of the city.

Hearing Through the Teeth.—Dr. Thomas proposes the term "osteophone" for all appliances—including the audiphone and dentaphone—intended to aid hearing by conveying articulate sounds through the medium of the cranial bones. His researches led him to the following, amongst other conclusions: The audiphone is much better adapted for use at a distance than the dentaphone, the latter being only suited to transmit sounds emitted near its mouthpiece. Although these instruments are of great value in a considerable portion of cases, they supply, the author considers, a very small fraction of normal hearing—much *less than a hundredth part.* It is important that this should be taken into account, for a large number of partially deaf persons suffer such disappointment at their failure to hear in full, that they undervalue or altogether disregard a positive gain of many times their usual hearing. The very small fraction of normal hearing gained is, the author thinks, of priceless value in many cases of those who hear practically nothing without these instruments. In regard to deaf mutes, the audiphone is worthless unless they possess the faculty of hearing their own voices without the instrument. The author has constructed an audiphone which can be kept in position without the use of the hand. The best material for diaphragms he finds to be Fuller's board (or press board) treated with shellac varnish. A simple rod of hard wood, one end of which is placed on the upper teeth of the speaker, the other on those of the listener, or on his head, acts as a powerful osteophone, and will transmit the vocal vibrations in great volume to the ears of the deaf person.

The Annual Revolution of the Earth Round the Sun—How Discovered—Most of us must remember to have heard the story how Newton discovered the force of attraction of gravitation by seeing an apple fall to the ground; but the following, which I came across recently in an old magazine, is, perhaps, not so generally known, and may interest some of your readers. That the annual revolution of the sun was completed in 365 days is said to have been first known by accident. There was a well near Syene, in ancient Egypt, into which, on a certain day, it was observed the sun cast no shadow, being exactly vertical. Astonished at this, the inhabitants came in crowds to behold the miracle. A day passed, and the well was not entirely free from shadow. Another and another day rolled on, and the shadow increased. The circumstance created so much wonder that persons were appointed to watch, by whom it was discovered that in 365 days, not sooner, the same phenomenon—that is, of the sun being exactly vertical—was again visible. Hence the very natural inference that, as it is commonly but erroneously described, the sun's revolution round the earth is completed once in every 365 days.

M. Jacob, of Paris, obtained a prize medal at the French exhibition for a metallic paint, the peculiar advantage of which, it is claimed, consists in the fact that there is no substance requiring coloring matter to which it is not applicable. A valuable property of this substance is its adaptation for capsuling any kind of bottles or jars containing liquids or viands. The colors employed for the various uses of this material are, it appears, not confined to any particular shade, and, when on, the objects painted have all the appearance of different-colored bronzes. The liquid paint having been poured into an ordinary utensil, the neck of the bottle, when properly corked, is dipped into it, and removed almost as quickly as in the waxing process. The paint appearing to set instantly, is absolutely dry in three minutes from the time it is applied, and becomes quite hard in about an hour; the bottle becomes hermetically sealed.

The ebonizing of cherry wood is now very successfully accomplished by the following simple process: Brazil wood, powdered nutgalls and alum are boiled in water until a blackish color is obtained, this liquid being filtered and applied to the wood, which is next washed in a liquid made by digesting strong vinegar and a little oil of vitriol for some time with excess of iron turnings—the wood after this being thoroughly washed, dried and oiled. In the operation of staining, the following method is found most effective, viz.: Four ounces of gallnuts and one of powdered logwood, one-half ounce of green vitriol and the same of verdigris, are boiled with water; this solution, filtered hot, is applied to the wood, and the latter is coated with a solution of one-half ounce of fine iron filing, dissolved by digestion in a small quantity of hot wine vinegar.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Real S State—Mississippi.

A man upon change—A meteorologist.

Only a question of time—Asking the hour.

When iron has been exposed to fogs, it is apt to be mist-rusted.

A woman who throws herself at the heads of men very soon find herself at their feet.

We presume tailors are generally successful in love-affairs—they know so well how to press a suit.

"Mike, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes, sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate them with a stick, sor."

Why is i the happiest of vowels?—Because it is in the midst of bliss; e is in hell, and all the others in purgatory.

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

"You never have a cross to bear," said a husband to his wife. "No; except when you are as cross as a bear," she retorted.

It is odd, and sometimes melancholy, to see a man trying to "make up his mind," when he has no material on hand to work with.

Young man, don't try to forget your identity and become somebody else, for the other chap is almost sure to be an inferior person.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his girl about seven nights per week.

For Poetasters.—The best and most thoughtful editors now allow contributors to the waste-basket to write on both sides of the paper.

The dear little Spanish princess, when she grows up, will be a prominent member of that class of girls who wish they had been born boys.

It is maintained that the most inspiring natural sight which a glazier can contemplate is the gleam of early day breaking through the windows.

The Philadelphia *Dispatch* remarks—"Man proposes, and woman often wishes that he would not be so long in making up his mind to do it."

It is said that sharks will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can kick longer than a shark can keep waiting, you'll be all right.

A very disagreeable old gentleman dies. A nephew, charged with the duty of preparing his epitaph, suggests: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

It was a man of considerable means who said, when thrown from his horse, that although not in a very comfortable position, yet he considered himself pretty well off.

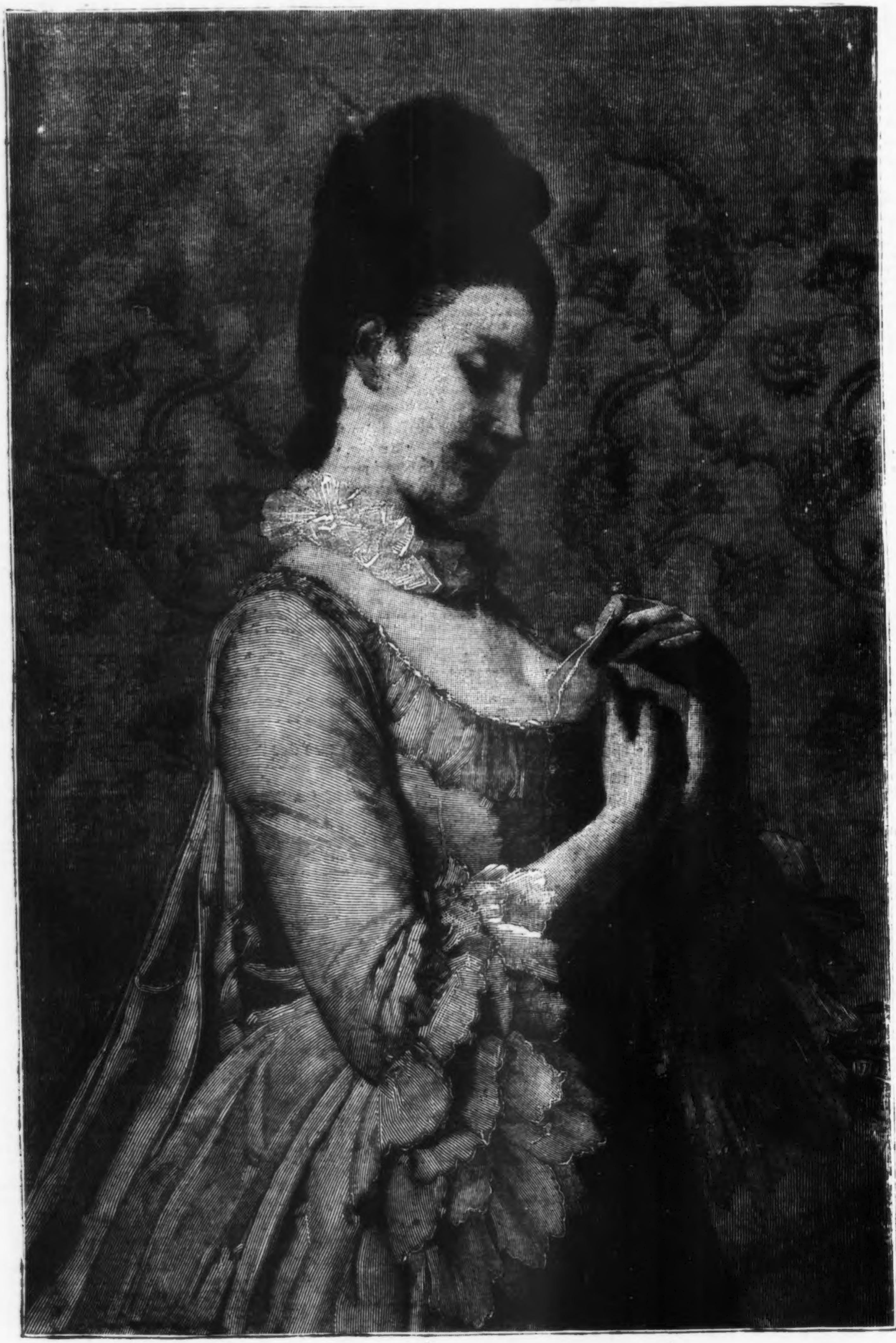
Bjornson, the Norwegian novelist and poet, hjas ajrrived ijn tjhis cjountry, cjreating qjuite ajn ejxcitement ijn ljiterary cjircles, ajnd ijs ajnxious tjo mjeet Wilhelmji, bjingo.

Two schoolmasters of a Western town have been put to flight by the inhabitants for cruelty to the children. The pupils do not intend to set out in search of the missing whalers.

The members of a young ladies' debating society in Birmingham have decided in favor of long courtships. Sensible girls! Observation has taught them that there is a wonderful falling off off in confections, balls, carriage drives and opera when courtship ends and the stern realities of married life begin.

A gentleman was conversing with an English doctor about a very famous Scotch surgeon, whose audacity in his experiments was at least equal to his skill. "I wonder," said he, innocently, "why such a man remains in Scotland?" "Because," answered the doctor, gravely, "in Scotland there are no coroner's inquests."

It must have been tremendously embarrassing to that nice young man out at Bowling Green, who escorted the preacher's fair daughter to church on Sunday night, and arrived late, to hear the reverend gentleman read from the Bible as the couple marched up the aisle, "My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." It would be hard to tell which felt the worst, the preacher, his daughter, or her escort.



THE SECRET.